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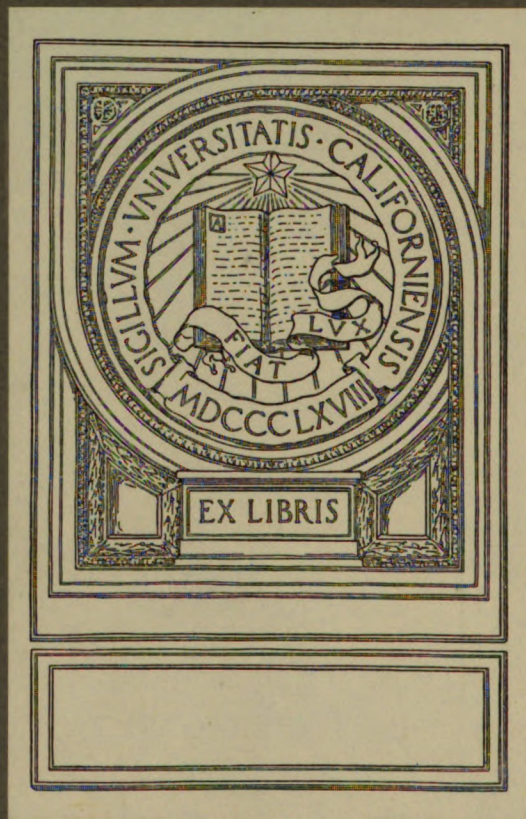
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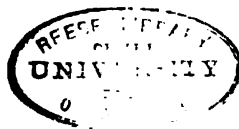
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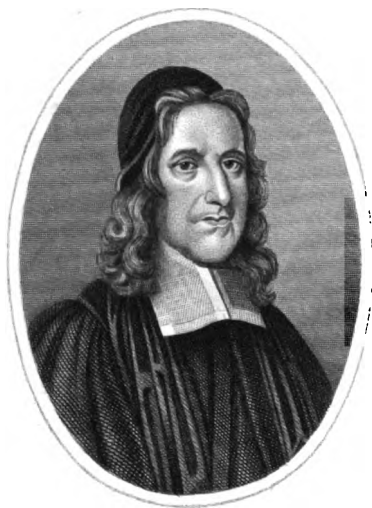
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JOSEPH BLACK.

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THE
COMPLETE POEMS
OF
Dr. Joseph Beaumont
(1615-1699)

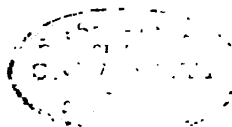
*FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED:
WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
GLOSSARIAL INDEX, AND PORTRAIT, &c.*

BY
THE REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.
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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

1880.

436
-3371
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Edinburgh University Press:

THOMAS AND ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY.

76298

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PORTRAIT to face Title-page.

To

C. M. INGLEBY, Esq., M.A. LL.D.,
VALENTINES, ILFORD.

THOU CAM'ST, MY BEAUMONT, OF A NOBLE RACE,
THE GREAT HOUSE OF GRACE-DIEU; NOR THINN'D NOR SERE
THE WREATH THOU WEAR'ST: FLETCHER'S AUGUST COMPEER
AND *HIS* RARE BROTHER, HAD AGREED TO GRACE
THEE WITH THEIR PRAISES, NOR DISDAINED TO TRACE
THE CURRENT OF THY SONG TO THOSE HEIGHTS, WHERE
AMID SUPERNAL SHINE AND SHADE, AND AIR
AMPLER THAN EARTH'S, AND TOUCH'D OF NOUGHT THAT'S BASE,
POETS—NOT MADE BUT BORN—HOLD FELLOWSHIP.
GRANTED THAT 'PSYCHE'S' PINIONS SINK NOT RISE
O' TIMES, AND MEN WHO CHOOSE TO NOTE EACH SLIP
MAY CHANCE TO OPEN SUPERCILIOUS EYES—
'TIS A GREAT POEM. FRIEND! FORBEAR COMPLAINT,
AND WHEN THE BARD COMES SHORT, REVERE THE SAINT.'

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.



MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

I.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

IT has been my privilege, in an introduction to the Fuller Worthies' Library collection of the Poems of SIR JOHN BEAUMONT, to recall attention to the illustrious house of BEAUMONT. Thither I may be permitted to refer those who wish to know more of a family, than which few in England have been so permanently associated with poetry and poets from the days of the 'Mermaid Inn' circle to our own, as represented by SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT and WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Even with the best genealogical authorities anxious to help, I have not been successful in tracing the links between the Grace-dieu and other Leicestershire Beaumonts and our Poet. But all are agreed that he did descend from them. GEE thus puts it:—

'The great Author . . . derived his descent from the ancient family of BEAUMONT in Leicestershire: his father Mr. John Beaumont descended from a younger branch of that house, settled at Hadleigh, at that time a wealthy trading Corporation in the County of Suffolk, where he employed the moderate fortune allotted to him as a younger brother, in the Woollen Manufacture.'¹

Similarly the Historian of Hadleigh, the REV. HUGH PIGOT, M.A. (now of Stretham, Ely), describes him as 'a descendant of the

Leicestershire family of that name,' 'though,' he observes, 'his immediate relations, like those of Lawrence Bretton, were engaged in the cloth-trade here.'¹ The 'though' was scarcely called for, seeing that earlier and later it was deemed no staining of bluest blood to engage in an honest trade. Then 'merchant prince' was no misnomer; for the noblest in intellect and achievement were England's buyers and sellers. It had been better for our nation if the grand old tradition had been kept up instead of the nonsense that 'trade' lowers, and that only idleness (often impoverished) leaves 'gentle descent' uncontaminated. The great Queen herself was avowedly a foremost 'trader.'

In *East Anglian Notes and Queries* (April 1860, pp. 73-4), a well-qualified local antiquary (F. S. GROWSE, Esq.) furnishes a Note and pedigree of our Worthy; and as the former is corrective, in one important point, of Mr. Pigot, it must find a place here, as well as the pedigree (abbreviated):—

'Looking through the History of Hadleigh, which has recently appeared in the Proceedings of the

¹ 'An Account of the Life and Writings of the Author,' prefixed to 'Original Poems in English and Latin.' . . . By Joseph Beaumont, D.D. . . . Cambridge, 1749, 4to. The 'Account' is signed J. G., which represents, Mr. Pigot informs me, the Rev. John Gee, M.A., of Peterhouse.

¹ 'Hadleigh. The Town; The Church; and the Great Men who have been born in, or connected with the Parish.' A Paper read before the Suffolk Archaeological Institute, at their Meeting at Hadleigh, October 9, 1857. By the Rev. Hugh Pigot, M.A., Curate of Hadleigh. Lowestoft: 1860, 4to., pp. x., 889. Mr. Pigot has been so obliging as to intrust me with his own interleaved copy of his book. The additions and corrections are numerous and important; and it were well if a new edition could be published. It might easily be made a much more valuable work than even now it is. Resort throughout to first-hand sources would specially improve it.

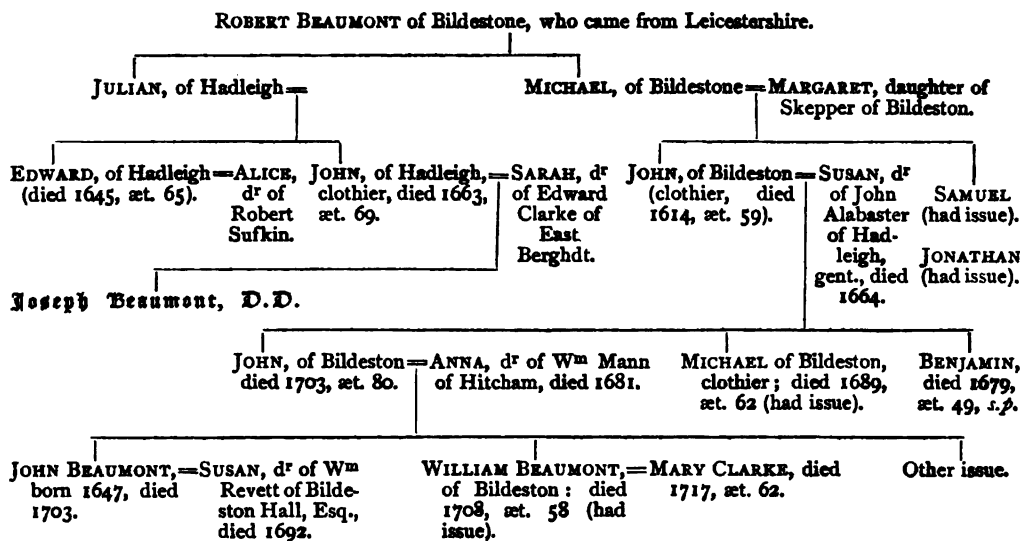
Suffolk Institute of Archaeology, I notice a slight error (p. 158) which it may be worth while to correct. Joseph Beaumont's mother was not an Alabaster, but one of his father's cousins, of the same Christian name as his father, married into that family. This appears from an inscription in the north aisle of Bildeston church :

Michael Beaumont married to Margaret,
y^e daughter of . . . Skepper, of Bilderstone,
in the County of Suffolk, clothier, by whom he
had Margaret and Alice. At the age of 64 years
he departed this life, y^e 14^o day of December,

the year of grace 1614, whose body lieth under
this stone, and his spirit is restored to God who
gave it.

On the north side were interred John
Beaumont his eldest Son ; y^e 30^o of No-
vember, 1641, aged 59 yrs : and Susan
his wife, daughter of John Alabaster of
Hadleigh, gent, the 10^o day of Februar[y]
1664. John had living at his decease
3 Sons and 5 daughters.

The pedigree, then, stands thus :—



In agreement with this pedigree, the Parish Register of Hadleigh furnishes several entries. Under burials in 1586 occurs the name of 'Julian Beaumont, Clothier,' and it is added in another, though ancient handwriting, 'father of Edward and John of Hadleigh, and son of Robert of Bildeston, who came out of Leicestershire.'¹ It thus appears that our Poet was son of John Beaumont of

¹ Pigot, as before, p. 157.

Hadleigh, Clothier, and Sarah Clarke. He was born on the 13th of March, 1616, and baptized on the 21st of the same month, the entry running—'Joseph Beaumont, son to John Beaumont, Clothier.'¹

HADLEIGH, in its site and surroundings and memories, was a covetable birthplace. It is of historical renown. Among the 'great' men—allowing the Historian's par-

¹ *Ibid.* p. 158.

donable adjective—associated with it, are not a few names of still living interest—ROWLAND TAYLOR, ‘martyr,’ pre-eminent, and DR. WILLIAM ALABASTER, in spite of himself immortal, in the ‘lofty praise’ of EDMUND SPENSER in *Colin Clout’s come home again*. Later there came NATHAN DRAKE, M.D., a pioneer in modern literary research and criticism, who has not received that recognition which he deserves, though stolen from everywhere; and more recently as vicar, HUGH JAMES ROSE, B.D., and as curates, no less than Dean ROBERT LYALL and the present ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.¹ The Reader desirous of information on the story of this quaint old Suffolk town must consult the matterful book of Mr. Pigot (as before). Through all ‘Psyche’ there is no allusion to it; but in one of the posthumous Latin Poems—‘Ad T. S. qui ruri agentem, Incusavit languentis amoris’ he apostrophises his native stream, the Brett, and his native place, *e.g.* :—

‘Tu, Brette, pratis qui recreas sitim,
Tortisque furtim laberis atris
Qui fallis Hadleiam fluentis
Quæ fugiunt remanentque semper,’ etc.²

His earliest known verse (Latin), as recovered and sent me by Mr. Swinburne, also recalls Hadleigh.³ His Versicle of ‘The Journey’ celebrates his father and mother devoutly and lovingly :—

‘My Parents dear to see to-day
My duty summons me away :
Yet must my heart first wait on Thee,
Great Father, both of them and me.
So guide my journey, that I may
Remember still Thou art my Way.
Thou art my Way, and if of Thee I miss,
My plainest Path will prove a Precipice.’

(Vol. II. p. 244.)

Dr. Nathan Drake in his chatty papers in ‘Noontide Leisure’⁴ imagines that Uranius (in ‘Psyche,’ c. xxiii.) was portrayed in reminiscence of the martyrdom of the Hadleigh

Worthy and Witness, the illustrious Puritan, Rowland Taylor. He forgot our Poet’s unhappy scorn of the Puritans, and the impossibility of praise from him for such an one as Taylor—as will be found onward.

I must now draw upon GEE—his first Biographer—for details of his youth. He thus writes :—

‘He discovered, even in his earliest years, such a surprising readiness of wit, and so strong an inclination to letters, that his father, who was himself a lover of learning, quickly determined to give this, the favourite of his hopes, an education suitable to his promising genius. Westminster School was warmly recommended to the good man by his friends, as not doubting that his son would there soon improve his natural talents with all that politeness and elegancy which was then, and still is, peculiar to that place : But he, considering that the most valuable education is that which lays a foundation for virtue and good morals, and tinctures the mind with a strong sense of the obligation to all social and religious duties, could be prevailed upon by none of the most flattering inducements to place him at so great a distance from his own prudent care and immediate inspection. He considered that giddy youth is pliable and soft to the impressions of vicious examples, and therefore fixed him to the place of his own residence to receive the rudiments of language, where there was then a Grammar School of some character.’¹

Hadleigh ‘Grammar School’ has no place in HOWARD STAUNTON’S ‘Great Schools of England,’ albeit Suffolk holds its own among these.² There can be little doubt that if Master Joseph had been sent to famous Westminster the benefit would have been life-long. His Latinity to the close was corrupt and unscholarly, alike in verse and prose. That at least had been prevented had he been enrolled among the ‘Alumni Westmonasteriensis.’³ Nor would he have been the worse of escape from home-coddling

¹ Gee, as before, pp. ii.-iii. ² 2d edn. (1869), pp. 500-547.

³ See the noble volume so entitled, by Joseph Welch : new edn., 1852. A floating straw or feather shows how a current flows, and independent of the archaic character of Beaumont’s Latinity, there are slips in classical names and allusions such as no exact Scholar could have made, *e.g.*, in *Psyche*, c. i., st. 4, he apostrophises Helicon as a fountain, not a mountain : and this is typical, albeit the blunder is frequent elsewhere.

¹ Pigot, *s.n.*
² *Ibid.*

³ See our Vol. II. p. 260.
⁴ Vol. I. pp. 259-302 : Vol. II. pp. 249-265.

and over-praise. I suspect a good deal of his intellectual as well as physical valetudinarianism might be traced to his originally narrow and provincial experiences. His later Biographer supposes that the elder Beaumont was led to his decision for Hadleigh 'Grammar School,' against Westminster, 'by the successful career at the University of Boise, [Bishop] Overall, [Dean William] Fuller, and [Dr. Lawrence] Bretton, who had been educated there a few years before.'¹ Be this as it may, 'here our Author,' continues GEE—

'spent his youth under the eye of his watchful parent, and made so surprising a progress in classical learning, that he soon became familiar with the most valuable authors of Antiquity, whose writings he read with so much taste, and digested with so much judgment, that with the assistance of a very happy memory, he could ever after readily draw out their most beautiful sentiments for the use and refinement of his own.'²

TERENCE was a life-long favourite with him.³ Whatever the *quality* of his initiation into the tongues, it is clear that the *quantity* of his reading was prodigious. So that regarded generally he must have been well-furnished—according to the standard of the day—for the University. He proceeded to Cambridge in his sixteenth year. The college chosen was Peterhouse. Its Master was Dr. Cosin—afterwards Bishop of Durham. I have been favoured with the following extract from the Admission Book of Peterhouse by its present distinguished Master (the Rev. James Porter, M.A.)⁴:—

¹ Pigot, as before, p. 158.

² As before, p. iii.

³ Gee tells us—'From his first acquaintance with Terence he was remarkably desirous of imitating the elegant turn and sprightliness of that Author's stile; and to that purpose he was always observed to carry a small edition of him in his pocket to the end of his life' (pp. iii.-iv.).

⁴ I have to return my hearty thanks to the Master for his deep interest in my edition of Beaumont's Poems, and unfailing attention to my (I fear) over-frequent and troublesome inquiries. Onward, he has enabled me to print for the first time important documents. Would that all Masters of Colleges had the same fine jealousy for the honour of their several Colleges! I trust he will ere long give us a History of his College and its celebrities.

'Nov: 26. Josephus Beaumont, Suffolc.
1631. admissus Pensionarius sub. custodia Mrⁱ
Horne.'

Only on the July 6th preceding, his after-friend RICHARD CRASHAW had been admitted of Pembroke. GEE once more is eulogistic:—

'[At Peterhouse] by a close application to every branch of University learning, he soon made an extraordinary proficiency, and by his open behaviour and unaffected manners brought himself into the affection of the members of that society, and the esteem of all who knew him; which made his conversation eagerly courted by all who had a sincere regard for learning and virtue. Thus respected, beloved, and caressed, our young student spent his first four years in the University, where he never lost sight of the ends for which he was placed there, the acquirement of knowledge, and the improvement of virtue: he strictly observed the Statutes of the University, and those of his own College; he constantly attended at the Chapel hours of devotion, with meek and unaffected piety; and his exercises of every kind were performed with so much accuracy and judgment, that they were then heard with the greatest pleasure, and remembered many years after with the highest applause.'¹

From the University and College Records I glean these *data*.² He took the degree of B.A. in 1634. He was admitted Fellow of the College on November 20th, 1636, by the patronage of Dr. Cosin. He proceeded M.A. at the same time with RICHARD CRASHAW,—who in 1636 had passed from Pembroke to Peterhouse—in 1638. It is extremely pleasing to know that JOSEPH BEAUMONT valued RICHARD CRASHAW not as Poet only but as man. I like to linger over the unmistakable tribute worked into 'Psyche';³ and I am sure every reader of this Introduction will be glad to have it under his eye, thus:—

'But O how low all these bow down before
Nasiansum's and the World's immortal *Glory*;
Him, whose heav'n-fired Soul did sweetly soar
Up to the top of every stage and story
Of Poetry, transforming in his way
Each *Muse* into a true *Urania*.

¹ As before, pp. iv.-v.

² Gee, Pigot and Master of Peterhouse to myself, as before.

³ C. iv. st. 106-108.

And by this heart-attracting Pattern *Thou*
My only worthy self, thy Songs didst frame :
 Witness those polish'd *Temple Steps*, which now
 Stand as the Ladder to thy mounting fame ;
 And, spite of all thy Travels, make 't appear
 Th' art more in *England* than when Thou wert here.

More unto others, but not so to me
 Privy of old to all thy secret Worth :
 What half-lost I endure for want of *Thee*,
 The World will read in this mishapen *Birth*.
 Fair had my *Psyche* been, had she at first
 By thy judicious hand been drest and nurs'd.'

Thus snug in his Fellowship, GÆ expatiates characteristically of him :—

'In this happy station of life, unembarrassed with the cares and provisions of the busy world, and exactly fitted to gratify the longings of an active, contemplative mind, our Author found himself at liberty to pursue the plan of studies which he before had formed to himself, of making himself acquainted with the Scriptures in their native tongue ; and from thence, of examining the state of Christianity from its fountain, through the successive ages of the Church down to his own. This was a large field, and opened to him an almost boundless prospect, which would have startled a less inquisitive mind. But no difficulties were great enough to abate his vigorous labours, in the search of truth, and the most concerning of all truths, Religion. He had already with unwearied and unequalled application exhausted all the fountains of Greek and Roman learning ; he had digested the annals of both those polite nations with amazing accuracy ; he had read their most celebrated orators with great care and judgment, and could upon all occasions exert that happy propriety, strength of reasoning, and graceful and sublime figures which are observed to be familiar to those justly-admired writers ; he had studied every species of poetry with the finest taste and delicacy, and entered into the true spirit of them all, from the tender and plaintive elegance of elegy, to the lofty majesty of the epic and tragic poem : and to all this, he had made himself familiar with every branch of Philosophy then in vogue. Thus furnished with all the assistances that human learning could afford, he set himself to the study of divine knowledge with indefatigable assiduity : he had observed with concern the various and sometimes disagreeing senses in the several translations of the Bible, which could by no other method be reconciled than by a recourse to the original Hebrew ; he therefore in his 21st year made himself acquainted with the sacred writers in their own expressive and manly language[s] ; and notwithstanding the difficulties and discouragement

ments which usually attend such an undertaking, especially at that time of life, he examined every version with great diligence and a scrupulous exactness, and wrote in the margin of an English Bible short but critically just remarks, which have been seen and read by the Editor with the most sensible pleasure. Having thus opened the way to the genuine sense and true meaning of the inspired books, he proceeded, in pursuance of the design which he at first laid, to the study of the primitive ecclesiastical writers ; from all which he made such large and useful abstracts, and in such a taste and method, that in them the reader may discover the solid learning, and beautiful elegance of stile, which shone forth in the work of Basil, with the clear unconstrained eloquence which adorned the writings of Chrysostom. But as he always considered knowledge which has no influence upon the lives and manners of men, as a dead and useless treasure, he afterwards recollected the illustrious examples of those Christian heroes who had suffered in the cause of religion and virtue, and digested a short account of the most material and interesting circumstances of their lives into the form of a Calendar ; that not a single day might pass without its proper guide and remembrancer.'¹

One is constrained to lament that this enormous research and reading bore such small fruit. With every 'Pleasure of Imagination' in regard to his after 'Lectures' and general teaching as Professor, two hard facts cannot be got over, as they cannot honestly be concealed. The first is, that the selected specimens of his 'learning' in the volume of 1749 present him as childishy-credulous in defending miracles ('De Legendis Sanctorum Historiis Dissertatio,' pp. 107-117), as perversely unphilosophical and uncritical, and in their Latinity unpolished and awkward, in his 'Dissertations' or 'Determinations' ('Difficultas intelligendi partim provenit a re, partim ab intellectu,' etc., pp. 118-120, and 'Angeli cognuscent singularia,' etc., pp. 120-122) while his Annotations on scattered verses of c. iii. of St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians, are miserably commonplace, without exegetical penetration, or vitality, or unction, or Bengelian concinnity. The second is, that contemporaneously Dr. JOHN

¹ As before, pp. v.-ix.

LIGHTFOOT, DR. RALPH CUDWORTH, THEOPHILUS GALE turned their co-equal vastitude of reading to practical account in great books that still live, whereas the small dust of oblivion has long thickened and grown gray unvenerably, over the unsorted dead and cumbrous MSS. of our *helluo librorum*. It pains me to thus write; but if we are to be righteous and measured in our estimates, we must refuse the high name of SCHOLAR to 'learning' (so-called) of Beaumont's type. *Discrepant facta cum dictis*. Perchance the very surplusage of Gee's demand upon our homage provokes to denial. But while reducing to its proper dimensions the indiscriminative panegyric of his first biographer, far be it from us to seek to withhold admiration from the resolute purpose, the laborious toil, the pure employment, the brave sequestering, the holy impulse, of the life of those busy and toiling years. While so many others were following in wild pursuit the pleasures of 'the world, the flesh, and the devil,' and haunting the Court and 'gay' society, it wins our reverence to find one laying his plan of life on foundations so unworldly, so unselfish, so worthy. In this he was of kin with his after-antagonist HENRY MORE earlier, and with WILLIAM WORDSWORTH later.

Turning again to Gee, we read:—

'We have hitherto seen our Author in his study busily employed in forming his own mind to the duties of a good man and a sincere Christian: in his 24th year he was called out by the Master of his College, and appointed guardian and director of the manners and learning of the students of that society. He cheerfully undertook the important charge, and executed it with the utmost vigilance, anxiety, and tenderness for his pupils. He wisely and honestly considered the force and permanency of early impressions; and that no rank or station of life which Providence should afterwards assign to them could be filled with propriety without sobriety, honesty, benevolence, and an awful sense of the Supreme Being: he therefore made it his first and principal care to form the morals of his pupils, and directed

them in the way to the practice of every virtue, not so much by friendly and moving admonitions, in which he excelled most men, as by his own more persuasive and insinuating example, in which he surely excelled all.'¹

It is impossible to think without throb of emotion of one so comparatively young bearing himself with so much gravity and unsulliedness. One is inevitably reminded of St. Paul's ideal 'young man'—'Be sober-minded [discreet]: in all things shewing thyself a pattern of good works: in doctrine shewing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech, that cannot be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you' (Titus ii. 6-8).

The date reminds us that when the Tutor entered on his duties 'coming events' were casting 'their shadows before.' Gee thus puts it:—

'When the spirit of evil dissention was gone abroad, and the storm was gathering, which afterwards fell with so much weight upon the people of *England*, and with redoubled rage upon the Clergy of the Established Church; our Author, who was a firm friend to just prerogative, and heartily attached to the cause of his unfortunate and much-abused Prince, set himself to describe historically the calamitous state of the *Roman Empire* under the two sons of *Theodosius*; here he painted in the most striking colours the scenes of horror and misery which that period, big with all the mischiefs which false counsellors and ambitious ministers could produce, abundantly furnishes; and, as it seems to have been his principal intention to display the fatal end of factious contentions, and the triumphs of a lawful Prince over his rebellious subjects, he concludes that collection in these words, "the fatal disasters of all these rebellious men, and the final success of *Honorius*, proclaim aloud to the whole world what they may expect, who, having sold their conscience to ambition, rely only upon human policy and mortal strength; and what those shall receive, who faithfully defending Christ's truth and church, fix their trust in piety and catholic religion: as also what issue infallibly follows upon disloyalty; and what protection secures lawful authority." This was finished in 1641, and contains 401

¹ As before, pp. ix.-x.

pages in 4to. But alas! his intended parallel did not hold good; for the royal prerogative which had been at first indeed strained too high, being afterwards too much let down, the constitution, for want of its proper barrier on that side, could not support itself, and what followed is too well known to need any farther description.¹

Mr. Pigot follows suit:—

‘Thus, when elected in his 24th year, he was unusually well-qualified to instruct his pupils, both in secular and sound religious learning, and to maintain both them and himself firm in “the old paths” when so many others faltered and fell beneath the trials of the times. He was more successful than even Origen, who trained many catechumens who were constant unto death (Eusebius, Eccles. Hist. B. VI. c. iv.), for every one of his pupils remained stedfast in his attachment to the Church and to the King—not one fell away.’²

These partisan words of GEE and PIGOT—the latter being a kind of adumbration of the former—must not be permitted to divert us into large controversy on the Great Civil War. But if in 1641 and 1749 it was the *mode* to designate the great historic struggle by the grotesquerie of ‘factious contentions’ it is to-day an anachronism and an outrage so to pronounce upon a sad and awful but patriotic conflict for our Civil and Religious Liberties. For myself, I have not one syllable of either anger or accusation against those who, believing Monarchy to be divine and the particular King their ‘only lawful Prince,’ sided with the King against the kingdom. On the King’s side there was pathetic allegiance, splendid courage, generous unselfishness, light-hearted sacrifice to the legend of loyalty. The worship however was grander than the god, or put it, the subjects were greater than the sovereign. There are Cavaliers whose names must remain among the proud memories of England for all time. But in the knowledge of who led the Roundheads, and what our Political and Religious Liberties owe to the so-called ‘false counsel-

lors’ and ‘ambitious ministers,’ in the recollection of what the PYMS and HAMPDENS, FAIRFAXES and BLAKES, ELIOTS and MILTONS, and OLIVER CROMWELL suffered and ‘witnessed’ and achieved for England, one’s blood grows hot with indignation that they should be refused equal credit for integrity of motive and principle and high-hearted patriotism. If BEAUMONT had simply taken his stand for the King—right or wrong—and made the sacrifices demanded, he should have had our respect. But seeing that he lost no opportunity of opposing the government of the time—far more truly ‘ordained of God’ than any mere blood-transmitted or hereditary Monarchy—it was preposterous to cry out of wrong when ‘Ejections’ followed, and men loyal to the Nation were put in their places. Thus looked at I know no more contemptibly whimpering and unmanly book than (limiting myself by my subject to Cambridge) the ‘Querela Cantabrigiensis: or A Remonstrance by way of Apologie, for the banished Members of the late flourishing University of Cambridge. By some of the said Sufferers. Oxoniæ, Anno Dom. 1646.’ As matter of historical fact, except in so far as all War necessarily interfered with scholastic occupations, our national Universities never were more scholarly, never had more thoroughly-furnished professors and teachers than during the Commonwealth. Whether Cambridge or Oxford be regarded, the ‘Puritan’ and Nonconformist names of the period, throughout, can bear comparison with any under the Monarchy. More—Oliver Cromwell and his illustrious associates did infinitely more for even Learning and Religion than Charles and his advisers.

One thing in relation to our Poet’s action must be sorrowfully accentuated. Gee informs us—as we have seen—that he prepared a book of parallels between the Roman Empire under Theodosius and his two sons. Mr. Pigot states that it was ‘published.

¹ As before, p. 159.

² P. 159.

This is notably erroneous. The work never was published, nor so much as printed. Had it been 'published,' I for one should profoundly have honoured its 'undismayed' Author for so demonstrating the courage of his opinions and convictions. - As it is, he kept all to himself and his Royalist clique. Nor does this stand alone. As elsewhere (II. Critical) I give proof, he reserved all his objurgations and scorn of Cromwell and the others, all his gibes and mocks and calumnies of the Puritans and Nonconformists, all his sneers and taunts and fooling of the 'common people' who crowded the conventicles to get the Gospel which was denied them in their Parish Churches—for posthumous publication. The 'Psyche' of 1648 is dumb, when it was perilous: that of 1702 voluble, when it was safe. Loyalty or Royalism, at once so abjectly superstitious and unreasoning, and at the same time so wary and self-careful, so timorous and truculent, raises one's gorge. I am willing to ascribe somewhat of this cowardice to lack of fibre rather than principle, to physical infirmity, not conscious ignobleness. But do not let us have your good Mr. Pigot writing 'undismayed' or making a poltroon (morally) into a hero.¹

The crash of the 'Ejection' came in Cambridge as elsewhere. It could not be that one so notoriously Royalist could be over-passed. The rescript from the Register of Peterhouse I redraw from my Memorial-Introduction to RICHARD CRASHAW:—

'Whereas in pursuite of an ordinance of Parliament for regulating and reforming of the Universitie of Cambridge, I have ejected Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Penniman, Mr. Crashaw, Mr. Holder, Mr. Tyringham, late fellowes of Peterhouse. And whereas Mr.

¹ Long-lived as he was, like the greater Richard Baxter, he seems to have been naturally of delicate constitution, *s.g.*, he had to obtain from the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge a dispensation to eat meat in Lent, because fish did not agree with him. Hook's Biogr. Dict., *s.n.*, quoting Jacob's Lives of Poets. Pigot, as before, p. 164.

Charles Hotham, Robert Quarles, Howard Becher, Walter Ellis, Edward Sammes, have been examined and approued by the Assembly of Divines now sitting at Westminster, according to the said Ordinance as fitt to be Fellowes: These are therefore to require you, and euery of you, to receive the said Charles Hotham, Robert Quarles, Howard Becher, Walter Ellis, Master of Arts; and Edward Sammes, Bach^r., as fellowes of your Colledge in room of the said Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Penniman, Mr. Crashaw, Mr. Holder, Mr. Tyringham, formerly ejected, and to give them place according to their seniority in the Universitie, in reference to all those that are or shall hereafter bee putt in by mee according to the Ordinance of Parliament aforesaid. Giuen under my hand and seale the eleaventh day of June anno 1644.

'Manchester.

'To the Master, President and Fellowes
of Peterhouse in Cambridge.'¹

Little is known of either the associates ejected with Beaumont, or of those who took their places, except the 'sweet singer,' and something more—RICHARD CRASHAW. In my Memoir of him I remark—"The ejection" of 1664, like that larger one of 1662, brought much sorrow and trial to a number of good and true souls. To one so gentle, shy, self-introspective as Crashaw, it must have been as the tearing down of a nest to a poor bird.² With our Worthy it was not so tragical. Before the 'Ejection' when 'for a season,' says Mr. Pigot (after Gee), 'his hopes seemed never likely to be realised, but the times [rather] grew more gloomy, and civil war actually broke out, he had recourse to religious studies as the best consolation of a troubled mind, and employed the summer of 1643 in writing Daily Meditations on the attributes of God, in which he vindicated the Divine dispensations towards mankind.'³ Prefixed to the MS. of these 'Meditations'—never published,⁴—is a kind of introductory Prayer,

¹ Vol. i. pp. xxxii-xxxiv. (in Fuller Worthies' Library, 2 vols., 1872.)

² *Ibid.* p. xxxiv.

³ As before, p. 159.

⁴ Mr. Pigot is again mistaken in stating that this book was published. The MS. extended to 205 pages, 4to.

which Gee printed 'as a representation of the humble and unaffected piety of its great and good Author,' and which—omitting the somewhat Pagan Greek opening—may here find a place :—

'Encouraged by Thine infinite goodness, O Almighty God, I presume to prostrate myself before Thy footstool, and beg pardon for my sins : *per crucem et passionem tuam, domine Jesu, miserere mei, et salvam fac animam meam sperantem in te. Amen.*

'The motion, which I trust Thy Holy Spirit hath breathed into my soul, I embrace with all thankfulness and humility : Thy will be done in my unworthy heart : or if I be too vile for so high and honourable an exercise ; divert me into any other path, where my ways may be acceptable unto Thee, for Thou art my God. O dreadful and fearful Deity, give Thy poor creature leave and assistance to sacrifice his daily meditations unto Thee ; which by the same permission and help, he desires to employ about Thee :

1. Thy glory and majesty.
2. Thy power and magnificence.
3. Thy wisdom and providence.
4. Thy justice and wrath.
5. Thy goodness and mercy.
6. Thy patience and humility.
7. Thy truth and purity.

All infinite like Thyself, are the objects to which my thoughts aspire ; and which may vindicate my future works from carnal and secular vanities, to the honour of Thy great and precious Name. *Miserere mei Domine. Amen.*¹

Upon the 'Ejection' in 1644, Beaumont retired to his native Hadleigh. 'We are now,' continues Gee, 'to attend him at his native town of Hadleigh, to which, being ejected from his fellowship, he retired, and where he formed a little society of gallant spirits, men of abused merits, which chiefly consisted of some of his former pupils, and the sons of his great friend and patron, Bishop Wren.'² Further—'The time when he took deacon's orders does not appear from any of the memorandums in the family, but it seems very probable that it was previous to his expulsion from the University ;

for though, on his retirement, he used all the methods which prudence could suggest to avoid danger, he constantly performed the daily services of the liturgy in his father's house, and preached to his little flock every Sunday.'¹ Whatever else needs modification in these and similar passages of his first Biographer, there can be no doubt that he was an exceedingly 'prudent' man, and that he did use 'all the methods which prudence could suggest to avoid danger.' Ingenious euphemism, if also somewhat ignoble conduct ! Alas for kingdom and king alike if their defenders had thus snail-like slunk and shrunk into comfortable retreats, and left the battle to be fought out by others through fire and sword, as these University Loyalists or Royalists did !

His main occupation while sequestered at Hadleigh was his 'Psyche.' In the Epistle of 'The Author to the Reader' we are told—'The Turbulence of these Times having deprived me of my wonted Accommodations of Study, I deliberated, for the avoiding of meer Idleness, what Task I might safest presume upon without the Society of Books, and concluded upon composing this Poem.'² 'It was begun,' Gee states, 'in April 1647, finished before the 13th March following, and published early in 1648.'³ As originally published 'Psyche' consisted of twenty long cantos—subsequently extended to twenty-four. His rapidity his first Biographer thus critically deals with :—

'That so large a work was undertaken and completed in so short a time, may create some surprise in a reader unacquainted with the vigorous imagination, and fertile flow of fancy, which so remarkably distinguished our Author from the common class of Writers. However, this may at least serve as a plea

¹ As before, p. xviii.

² Vol. I. p. 5.

³ As before, p. xx. In some copies of 'Psyche' another title-page is pasted over the first, without motto, or publisher's name, containing the date 1652, and the name of Francis Beaumont, without any addition, as author—a transparent book-seller's device. Some copies are also dated 1651. Retrospective Review, vol. xi. s.s.

¹ As before, pp. xv.-xvii.

² As before, p. xviii.

for some good-natured indulgence to the incorrectnesses and negligences which frequently occur in it. If he would have abated somewhat of his *vivida vis animi*, and suffered his poetical fire to cool a little; the criticks would have had less room to exercise their snarling talents, and we should have found his disposition more exact, his sentiments juster, and his numbers more polished than they now appear.¹

Mr. Pigot summarises all this from Horace (*Ars Poetica*, ll. 291-5) :—

‘Vos, O

Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite, quod non
Multa dies et multa litura coercuit, atque
Præsectum decies non castigavit ad unquem.’²

We might have conceded Gee’s deprecatory plea and pleading if there had been any urgency of reason for the hasty publication of ‘Psyche,’ as thus dashed off. But in the circumstances we must refuse. The revised ‘Psyche’ of 1702 left scarcely a solitary stanza unrevised. This revision ought to have preceded not succeeded publication. Neither may we agree with him that the remedy for ‘incorrectnesses and negligences’ had been an abating of his *vivida vis animi*. All the portions of ‘Psyche’ born of his vivid and unique imagination and fancy, were left—rightly left—untouched. Everything of permanent and creative or really poetical came to him without elaboration or cool after-work. Where the *limæ labor et mora* were needed, was in the wording and structure and rhythm and rhyme. The years later devoted thereto would have been rewardingly given prior to the publication. Elsewhere (II. Critical) I give proof—after every deduction—of the splendid things that are to be found in ‘Psyche.’ The *motif* to the poem was a noble one—as he himself avouches :—‘I endeavour to represent a Soul led by Divine Grace and her Guardian Angel (in fervent devotion) through the difficult temptations and assaults, of Lust, of Pride, of Heresy, of Persecution, and of spiritual Dereliction, to a holy and happy

departure from temporal life to heavenly felicity.’³

Again :—

‘My Desire is, that this Book may prompt better Wits to believe, that a *Divine Theme* is as capable and happy a Subject of Poetical Ornament, as any Pagan or Humane Device whatsoever. Which, if I can obtain, and (unto the Bargain) Charm my Readers into any true degree of Devotion, I shall be bold to hope that I have partly reached my proposed mark, and not continued nearly Idle.’⁴

Thus to do good, not for fame, was ‘Psyche’ composed and given to the world. He passionately puts it so in ‘Psyche’ itself :—

‘Defiance other Helicons ! O may
These precious *Founts* my *Vow* and *Heart* refine !
My task, dear LOVE, art Thou : if ever Bay
Court my poor *Muse*, I’ll hang it on thy *shrine*.
My Soul untun’d, unstrung, doth wait on Thee
To teach her how to sing thy *Mystery*.’

C. I. st. 4.

and again :—

‘Thy subject Thou commend’st, my subject me.’
C. IV. st. 3.

It is noteworthy that twice over in his Epistle to the Reader, our Poet emphasises his wish to avoid ‘idleness.’ It is all the more to his praise that this being a constitutional infirmity he so wonderfully overcame it. This he gratefully owns in ‘Psyche’ :—

‘... So have I, cheer’d up with Hopes at last
To double Thee, endur’d a tedious Sea ;
Through publick foaming Tempests I have past ;
Through flattering Calms of private Suavity ;
Through interrupting Companies’ thick Press ;
And through the Lake of mine own Laziness.’

C. XXIV. st. 9.

Besides his vast Poem, he wrote at Haddleigh a ‘Commentary on the Book of Ecclesiastes,’ and large critical notes upon ‘The Pentateuch.’⁵

In ‘Psyche’ there are several autobiographic snatches that, as they mainly go back on the years thus far recounted, may be fitly introduced at this point, especially as none of his former Biographers seem to have observed them, *e.g.*,

¹ As before, p. xx.

² As before, p. 160.

³ Vol. I. p. 5.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ Gee, as before, p. xxvi.

'But O my Heart, why art thou stealing thus
From thine own woes, thy Neighbours to deplore?
Time was, when (whilst thine unfledge[d] wickedness
Flew not in Heav'n's long-patient face, nor tore
This judgment down,) I once a week, at least
Could at this *Board* of wonders be a guest.

With solid joy then could I turn mine eye
Back on the year, which happily had run :
Then could I count what Gains I reaped by
My constant trading in Devotion ;
Rejoycing in my satisfied mind
That every Sunday I in heav'n had din'd.

But now the flaming Coursers of the Sun
Are drawing on the fourteenth month, since I
Was sharer in the Celebration

Of this sweet *life-enliv'ning Mystery* :

Which yet I then was fain to steal ; and so
A thief that day to Paradise did go.'

C. XII. st. 223-225.

Again :—

'He who both Leisure and Desire can find
To sequester *Impertinences*, that
His *proper Business* he may only mind
And raise by pious Thrift his best Estate,
That he a Bank of endless Wealth may have
When poor he go's and naked to his grave :

He He's the Man, on whom the Citle's Joys
And proud Excess ; the Countrie's hearty Sport ;
The gallant Licence, and the glittering Toys,
With all the glorious Nothings of the Court,
As on their Conqueror look ; Since sober He
Can of plain *Solitude* inamored be.

For here his Soul more Company can meet
And of more high and worthy Quality,
Than in the Theater's most thronging Sweat,
Where Spectacles profess to court the Eye ;
Such *Preaser* jostle out all *Heav'n*, but He
Reads it at large in this *Vacuity*.'

C. XXIII. st. 11-13.

Further :—

'No *Humor* of the Times, no *Garbs* or *Fashions*,
Can here seduce his Care ; no boistrous *News*
Of publick Woes, or fatal Alterations,
His Harbour's Halcyon Quiet can abuse.
No storms can rage but in the *open Seas* ;
His *private Bay* the Cloyster is of Ease.'

C. XXIII. st. 18.

Extremely characteristic—unhappily—of
the self-contained serenely-individual nature
of Beaumont are these (to me) shockingly
insouciant avowals :—

'no boistrous *News*
Of publick Woes, or fatal Alterations,
His Harbour's Halcyon Quiet can abuse.
No storms can rage but in the open Seas ;
His private Bay the Cloyster is of Ease.'

'Ease'—while his country was in the mortal
throes of Revolution !

Certain dates reveal that the 'Ejected
Fellow' and recluse of Hadleigh contrived
even in the crisis of the Civil War to secure
for himself 'livings' in the Church. He
appears to have held from 1643 the 'Rectory
of Kelshall, Herts,' as non-resident. Walker
in his 'Sufferings,' queries, but does not (for
a wonder) enrol him among the 'Ejected'
there.¹ In 1646 he similarly held the 'Living
of Elm, with Emneth' in Cambridgeshire—
which was non-resident and sinecure.² In the
same year he was 'appointed' to a 'Canonry
of Ely.'³ In 1650 he became 'domestic
chaplain' to Bishop Wren of Ely.⁴ After-
wards, other 'livings' were added. Through-
out, he had no scruples in being a Pluralist
and Sinecurist. Local inquiries in his suc-
cessive 'presentations,' in no case have
brought me evidence of residence. So that
now and onward to the close, he appears to
have drawn the revenues and deputed to
starveling curates the duties, less their *modi-
cum* of allowance—a holy practice not wholly
extinct among your 'dignified clergy.'⁵ I
cannot think that DR. JOSEPH BEAUMONT

¹ 'Sufferings,' Pt. ii. pp. 152-3, quoting Sir Henry Chauncy's
Antiq. of Hertf., p. 85.

² See onward.

³ See, as before, p. xxviii.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ Thus of Kelshall the present Rector (Rev. J. H. Dandsey)
writes me, that he only finds from Clutterbuck's History of
Hertfordshire (Vol. iii. p. 534), that Beaumont was Rector of
Kelshall, 13th Jan. 1643, in succession to James Swinehoe. Of
Elm, the present Rector (Rev. Edward Swann, M.A.) informs
me :—'There is no mention of Beaumont in any Register here ;
nor is it likely there would be, for Joseph Beaumont, M.A., Master
of St. Peter's College, was *rector* of Elm cum Emneth about
that time. The *rectory* was then, and is now a sinecure,
and has been absorbed by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.
William Allanson was vicar at that time. Joseph Beaumont
was succeeded in 1646 at Michaelmas by Thomas Dorr pre-
sented by Parliament. Moreover, in the Journals of the House
of Commons, it appears that Beaumont's incumbency was ignored
altogether ; for Robert Dorr, A.M., who is in the list from which
I am quoting, was instituted rector in 1641, and at his death the
Lords and Commons, to the end that the parish may be supplied
with a learned, godly, and orthodox divine, have ordered and
appointed Thomas Dorr, A.M., to be minister there. See
Watson's History of Wisbech. It was a frequent practice of the
Bishops of Ely from 1455 to 1645 to appoint their chancellor, or
some head of a house at Cambridge, to the rectory of Elm cum
Emneth.' See more in the sequel. Master of Peterhouse to me.

'suffered' very much during those trying years. He denounces 'Tepidness' usurping 'Fervor's name' (C. xxi. st. 5). He was of the 'Tepid' school, save when roused to calumniate the Puritans and their godly though lowly followers—and passed innocuously through what would have agitated and shaken more sensitive and less outwardly-favoured spirits. He proceeded to the degree of S. T. P. on August 18, 1660.

Brought into close relations to BISHOP MATTHEW WREN as his 'domestic chaplain,' he continued in this office 'in the full possession of his esteem and confidence about three years.' Thereupon a central thing in his life was brought about. I must let garrulous JOHN GEE tell it in his leisurely fashion:—

'[Then] his Lordship, as the most convincing testimony of his benevolence and affectionate regard for him, made a proposal to him, which at once filled him with inexpressible delight and astonishment. The Bishop had married the widow of Mr. Brownrigg, an eminent Merchant at Ipswich in Suffolk [I intercalate, probably of Bishop Brownrigg's family], who left an only daughter, and to her the inheritance of a considerable estate, with the manour of Tatington in the same county. His Lordship, as a faithful guardian to the young lady, had not only instructed her in the several modes of speaking and acting which are founded in nature, and which form that grace and decency of behaviour, which will ever call for, and justly demand respect; but he had touched her mind with a strong sense of moral and religious duties, and an early apprehension of those who were possessed of them in a distinguished degree. Mr. Beaumont, by his constant residence in the family, and daily conversation with the lady, was not insensible of her agreeable qualities, nor of the good opinion she had of him, but, as he enjoyed only the name of preferments in the Church, and could promise himself no great share of his father's impaired fortunes, he had never flattered himself with the most distant hope of such a wife, with so fair an estate. It may be easily conceived then how greatly and agreeably he was surprised, when she was proposed to him, by the person who, next to herself, had the best right to dispose of her. They were married at Ely House in the year 1650, and he soon after returned with her to Tatington Place, where they enjoyed the mutual pleasures of a social life, and he spent the succeeding ten years till the Restoration, on such an application

to the duties of his profession as the then condition of the times would allow of, and in the constant exercise of every virtue becoming a good man and a sincere Christian.'¹

Delicious is the old-fashioned simplicity alike of the story and its teller,—who had evidently not one glimmering of the humour of the situation, as of the exquisite obedience of the Chaplain. As it happened, this marriage proved a benediction to both. The 'fair estate' was as nothing to the 'fair soul' of the lady herself; while we shall discover immediately, she charmed him into a tenderness and wistfulness of affection that present the erewhile hard and scarcely loveable book-worm in a beautiful, pathetic, and almost holy aspect.

Everything goes to show that his married years were of the sunniest and most tranquil in his long life. Thus the Poems in the volume of 1749 were selections from 'two large manuscript books fairly transcribed by the Author's own hand . . . the latter of these books [being] entitled *Cathemerina*, and the verses in it [apparently] designed as morning preparatory exercises for the duties of the ensuing day.' Gee further informs us that 'this method which was begun May the 17th, 1652, was pursued without one day's interruption to September the 3d of the same year.' So that his minor poems belong to his residence at Tatington Place. It is most satisfying, accordingly, to find among these minor poems such winsome things as 'Love's Eye,' 'The Times,' and above all, 'Home.' The last it will do us good to read meditatively:—

Home.

'Home's Home, altho' it reached be
Thro' Wet and Dirt and Night; tho' heartily
I welcom'd was, yet something still,
Methinks, was wanting to fulfil
Content's odd Appetite: no cheer,
Say I, so good as that which meets me here.

Here, here at Home: Not that my Board
I find with quaintier, richer Dainties stor'd;

¹ Gee, as before, p. XXXI-XXXI.

No, my high Welcome all in this
Cheap simple Word presented is,
My *Home*; a Word so dearly sweet,
That all Variety in it I meet.

When I'm abroad, my Joys are so,
And therefore they to me seem Strangers too :
I may salute them lovingly,
But must not too familiar be ;
Some ceremonious Points there are
Which me from *Pleasure's* careless *Freedom* bar.

There must my Mirth's Tunes taken be
Not by mine own, but by my *Convive's* Key :
My Words and Smiles must temporize,
And I myself a Sacrifice
Must on that *Humour's* Altar yield,
Which there the Company shall please to build.

If there on every Dish I tast,
'Tis not myself, but some *Disease* I feast ;
My Friend suspects if I forbear,
That I neglect him and his Cheer :
Nor is it easy to prevent
Or mine own *Mischief*, or his *Discontent*.

But *Home*, sweet *Home*, releaseth me
From anxious Joys, into the *Liberty*
Of unsollicitous Delight ;
Which whosoever mean and slight
By being absolutely free
Enthrones me in *Contentment's* Monarchy.'

VOL. II. pp. 247-8.

Again :—

Home.

'What is *House* and what is *Home*,
Where with *Freedom* thou hast room,
And may'st to all *Tyrants* say,
This you cannot take away ?
'Tis no thing with *Doors* and *Walls*,
Which at every *Earthquake* falls ;
No fair *Towers*, whose *Princely* fashion
Is but *Plunder's* invitation ;
No stout *Marble* Structure, where
Walls *Eternity* do dare ;
No *Brass* Gates, no *Bars* of *Steel*,
Tho' *Time's* Teeth they scorn to feel :
Brass is not so bold as *Pride*,
If on *Power's* Wings it ride ;
Marble's not so hard as *Spite*
Arm'd with lawless *Strength* and *Might*.
Right and just *Possession*, be
Potent Names, when *Laws* stand free :
But if once that *Rampart* fall,
Stoutest *Thieves* inherit all :
To be rich and weak's a sure
And sufficient *Forfeiture*.

Seek no more abroad, say I,
House and *Home*, but turn thine *Eye*

Inward, and observe thy *Breast* ;
There alone dwells solid *Rest*.
That's a close immured *Tower*
Which can mock all hostile *Power*.
To thyself a *Tenant* be,
And inhabit safe and free.
Say not that this *House* is small,
Girt up in a narrow *Wall* :
In a cleanly sober *Mind*
Heav'n itself full *Room* doth find.
Th' Infinite *CREATOR* can
Dwell in it ; and may not *Man* ?
Here content make thy abode
With thyself and with thy *God*.
Here in this sweet privacy
May'st thou with thyself agree,
And keep *House* in peace, tho' all
Th' *Universe's* *Fabrick* fall.
No *Disaster* can distress thee,
Nor no *Fury* dispossess thee :
Let all *War* and *Plunder* come,
Still may'st thou dwell safe at *Home*.

Home is every where to thee,
Who can'st thine own *Dwelling* be ;
Yea, tho' ruthless *Death* assail thee,
Still thy *Lodging* will not fail thee :
Still thy *Soul's* thine own ; and she
To an *House* remov'd shall be ;
An eternal *House* above,
Wall'd, and roof'd, and pav'd with *Love*.
There shall these *Mud-walls* of thine
Gallantly repair'd out-shine
Mortal Stars ; No Stars shall be
In that *Heav'n* but such as *Thee*.'

VOL. II. pp. 238, 239.

Similarly, 'Wishes' and 'Content' and
'Reasonable Melancholy' are fine as poetry,
and finer as self-portraits.

With a patron-friend so astute and strong,
as well as appreciative, as *Bishop Wren*—
far ahead the most intellectual, if also the
most unscrupulous of the *Laudian* school—
'The Restoration' of 1660 inevitably brought
further prosperity.

'Soon after the King's happy return,' says *Gee*, 'he
not only took the legal and quiet possession of the
benefices to which he had been some years before pre-
sented, but was admitted into the first list of his
Majesty's Chaplains.'¹

By the former—seeing that except at *Elm*
there is no evidence that he had been

¹ *Gee*, as before, pp. xxxi-ii.

'deprived' of his 'livings'—he continued his pluralities and sinecures, tranquilly adding and adding to them as the years wore on. His first Biographer must again be my spokesman :—

'As he was now drawn from his books and retirement at Tatington to an attendance upon a gay and polite Court, he took the honorable and easy method which is in every man's own power, by probity, good nature, and a most candid soul, to recommend himself to the esteem of the greatest, as well as the most ingenious men of that age. It is allowed by the bitterest enemies to the memory of Charles the Second, that he was a Prince of a superiour genius, delicate taste, and very capable of distinguishing mankind; and therefore it ought to be considered as a strong proof of our Author's extraordinary merit, that he was thought worthy of his Majesty's particular notice, and frequently admitted to a private conversation with him. But, whether it is to be imputed to the detestable politicks which, after his grandfather Henry the Great of France, were too easily and successfully insinuated into that Prince, of neglecting his friends and caressing his enemies; or to his own disinterestedness and singular modesty in declining solicitations, he never received any other advantage from the Royal Favour, then a mandamus to the University to create him Doctor in Divinity in the same year 1660.'¹

What innocence have we here concerning 'our most religious King'! Little did the Biographer weigh how far his premiss would lead him. Was not RICHARD BAXTER also appointed one of His Majesty's Chaplains? The whole thing was incarnate hypocrisy. Charles II. never would for a moment have taken credit for valuing anything any one of his chaplains ever did or could say to him.

That Beaumont had his gleams of insight into the actualities of character of the king (Charles I.) and consequent alarm lest his ideal should fail him, might be shown drastically. I gleam a few *bits* that from him are most suggestive. First of all in C. IX. st. 7, we read :—

'Whilst pompous Princes build their royal Pride
On th' arm'd Protection of their numerous Guard;
Their simplest vilest Slaves are dignifi'd
With Heav'n's illustrious Host, to watch and ward

¹ Gee, as before, p. xxxii.

Their several Charges; who though scorn'd Things
Below, are yet above design'd for Kings.'

This is however neutralised by the (unconscious) blasphemy of the question elsewhere, in placing Judas' blood-money over-against the supposed 'price' paid for the supposed betrayal of Charles (C. XI. st. 164) :—

'They little think their Heirs in time to come
Will scorn this sneaking Copy, and find reason
With lusty generousness to make their Sum
Suit with the brave Magnificence of Treason;
When for a King (how much less precious?) they
Two hundred thousand Pounds will freely pay.'

But so much a creature of moods was he, that again we are stirred and startled as by a trumpet with these noble words (C. v. st. 114) :—

'When did a Realm of slaves unto their Prince
The trusty sweetness of Love's homage pay?
When did a Tyrant with safe confidence
Rely upon his Vassals? None but they
Can fairly Rule, and fairly Ruled be,
Whom freedom's bonds ty up in Monarchy.'

Once more: Here was a yearning after freedom for Greece that should have kindled Byron had he chanced upon it (C. XVII. st. 58) :—

'Had but the thousand part of those dear veins
Adventur'd to be broach'd in *Palestine*,
'T had wash'd out both our Cowardize's stains,
And black *Mahometism*: yea *Greece* had been
Redeemed also, and no longer lain
A groaning slave under a pagan chain.'

But these were evanescent stirrings of his better nature. His most purged and concentrated passion are indulged in hate of free Parliaments and in scorn of however godly Nonconformity, as witness (C. XV. st. 11) :—

'Though pitched in *Power's saddle* far they ride,
And kick and trample all things in their way;
The *insolent Vulgar* find at length their Pride
Check'd by a sudden Fall; no *Tigres* may
For ever rage; nor can the Tyranny
Of blackest *Parliaments* immortal be.'

Again—he even dares to travesty the words of our Lord in order to smite the lowly 'common people' driven from their

parish churches and enforced to be content with humblest roof in obscurest lane or slum :—

'No Conventicle's sneaking Cloisters hid
Those Doctrines which against blind Darkness fought.'
(C. XIII. st. 23).

Early in 1661 he went at the request of the Bishop to reside in his Canonry at Ely—taking charge at same time of the parish of Trinity while there.¹ Unfortunately 'the damp and foggy air of the fens' proved deadly to the delicate constitution of his wife, which was unable to 'support such a load of vapours.' She died on May 31st, 1662. They had a considerable family; but only one—Dr. Charles Beaumont, editor of 'Psyche' of 1702—appears to have reached adolescence. There can be no question that the death of his wife struck to the very heart of Dr. Beaumont. I have now to take out of 'Psyche' what is practically an Elegy or lament for his wife, than which, taken all in all, I know of nothing of the kind more beautiful, more exquisitely touched, more admirable in substance and workmanship, in thought and emotion. Thus separated as a distinct elegiac poem, I do not think it ought to be regarded as exaggeration when I pronounce it ample ground for seeking admission for its Author among the genuine Makers and Singers of England. I do not hesitate a moment in thus reproducing it here in full; for I am anxious to have it studied *per se*. Biographically and poetically it is of consummate interest. I cannot understand how all his Biographers should have overlooked so autobiographic and priceless a memorial. I venture to inscribe it 'Elegy for a beloved wife' (C. XVIII. st. 1-56) :—

No more did wretched I; who lately thought
My self pitch'd safe on *Happiness's throne* :
Ah slippery *Throne* ! how sadly hast thou taught
My credulous Joys no more to build upon
A mortal bottom, nor my solace trust
On what so soon falls into mouldring *Dust*.

¹ Pigot, as before, p. 163.

O where shall I my just Complaint begin,
Which must no Ending know ! How am I lost
In *Sorrow's Maze* ! fain would my mourning Pen
Vie with mine Eyes, and drop my Grief as fast :
Fain would my *Muse*, to complement my Smart,
Indite the *funeral* Elegy of my Heart.

But by the Ruins of my high Delight
Such vast Confusion overwhelms my Mind,
That it can prompt me nothing now to write
But meer Perplexity. Thy pardon, kind
Reader, thy pardon then : since 'tis not I
Abuse thy patience, but Necessity.

I am not I ; O no, my *I* is gone,
That precious *Self* who mighty value gave
To worthless *Me*. What 'tis to be *Undone*
None more profoundly knows than I, who live
Torn and in sunder cleft, whilst lost I see
That *Half* which was more than the Whole to me.

Sweet *Soul* how goodly was the Temple which
Heav'n pleas'd to make thy earthly Habitation !
Built all of graceful Delicacy, rich
In Symmetry ; and of a dangerous fashion
For youthful eyes, had not the *Saint* within
Govern'd the Charms of her inamoring Shrine.

How happily compendious didst Thou make
My study when I was the Lines to draw
Of genuine Beauty ! never put to take
Long journeys was my fancy ; still I saw
At home my Copy, and I knew 'twould be
But *Beauty's* wrong further to seek than *Thee*.

Full little knew the World (for I as yet
In studied silence hugg'd my secret Bliss,)
How facil was my *Muse's* task, when set
Virtue's and *Grace's* features to express !
For whilst accomplish'd Thou wert in my sight
I nothing had to do, but *Look* and *Write*.

How sadly parted are those words ; since I
Must now be *Writing*, but no more can *Look* !
Yet in my Heart thy precious Memory
So deep is grav'd, that from this faithful Book
Truly transcrib'd, thy Character shall shine ;
Nor shall thy Death devour what was divine.

Hear then, O all soft-hearted *Turtles*, hear
What you alone profoundly will resent :
A Bird of your pure feather 'tis, whom here
Her desolate *Mate* remaineth to lament,
Whilst She is flown to meet her *dearer Love*,
And sing among the winged Quire above.

Twelve times the glorious *Sovereign of Day*
Had made his progress, and in every Inn
Whose golden Signs through all his radiant way
So high are hung, as often lodged been ;
Since in the *sacred Knot* this noble *She*
Deign'd to be ty'd to (then how happy) me.

Ty'd, ty'd we were so intimately, that
 We strait were sweetly lost in one another.
 Thus when two Notes in Musick's wedlock knit
 They in one Concord blended are together :
 For nothing now our life but musick was,
 Her Soul the Treble made, and mine, the Base.

How at the needless Question would she smile
 When ask'd, what she desir'd or counted fit?
 Still bidding me examine mine own will,
 And read the surest answer ready writ.
 So center'd was her heart in mine, that She
 Would own no wish if first not wish'd by Me.

Delight was no such thing to her ; if I
 Relish'd it not : the *Palate* of her *Pleasure*
 Carefully watch'd what mine could taste, and by
 That standard her content resolv'd to measure.
 By this rare art of sweetness did she prove
 That though she joy'd, yet *all her Joy was Love*.

So was her *Grief* : for wrong'd her self she held
 If I were sad alone ; her share, alas,
 And more than so, in all my *Sorrow's* field
 She duly reap'd : and here alone she was
 Unjust to me. Ah dear injustice, which
 Mak'st me complain That I was lov'd too much !

Yet tenderest she, was no less stiff and stout
 In *Virtue's* service : from our nuptial Bed
 A lovely flower no sooner peeped out,
 But it into the grave withdrew its head.
 And let it go ; the *Method's* just, cry'd She,
 My *firstfruits* are for *Heav'n* and not for Me.

A second sprouted then ; who for a while
 Flatter'd our Joys ; but withering in his bud,
 Did only them the deeper beguile.
 When lo, my valiant *Dear* discretely shed
 Such moderate Tears as testify'd that she
 Would *Mother* here and yet not *Woman* be.

To loose the fruit, said she, shall not dismay
 My heart, so long as it enjoys the *Tree* :
 I am content the streams should slip away,
 Since still the *Spring*, the *Spring*, remains with me ;
 Whilst I th' *Original* at large possess,
 Of two small Copies little is the loss.

What wonder now that *Heav'n* was pleased this
 Twice-tryed *Patience* doubly to requite ;
 And for one Pair it snatch'd away, to bliss
 Her afterward with two, on whom she might
 Transcribe her virtuous self, and make them be
 Her Soul's as well 's her Body's *Progeny*.

And to this welcome task betimes she fell,
 Moulding the soft and tender *Wax* ; on which
 Of *Discipline* she clapt the early seal,
 That it not *Art* might seem, but *Nature* : such
 Was her *Indulgence's* sagacity
 That on the *future* still she kept her *Eye*.

Her tender *Twigs*, whilst fitted any way
 To bend, she wisely bended to the best ;
 And this was Upward, that thus thriving They
 Might grow to *Heav'n*. How oft has she profest
 'Twas not th' ambition of her prime endeavour
 To have them live, but have them *live for ever*.

Nor could her *Servants* scape her pious care,
 Whom she more truly serv'd than they did Her,
 Watching to keep them in religious fear
 And in the bounds of sober *Order* ; for
 Unless their *God* they learn to serve, said she,
 How can they faithful service do to me?

But o'r her self her watch was most severe,
 Jealous of nothing more than of her heart.
 Her richest *Virtues*, which admired were
 By others' eyes, her own suspected : *Art*,
 Art still she fear'd, and right profoundly wise
 Judg'd artificial *Virtue* real *Vice*.

And this such deep and bitter quarrels bred
 Between her Soul and Her, that often I
 Ran in to part the fray, and help her read
 The Error of her *Zeal* : and though she by
 Mine eyes resolved were to see, yet ne'r
 So lothly kept She that resolve as here.

For in her self meek She so much below
 Her self was sunk, that all her high *Deserts*
 From her own prospect vanished ; and though
 Those *Graces* which imbellish'd others' hearts
 Were to her reverent observation known,
 Her own were not, because they were her own.

To *Heav'nward* open'd She her morning eyes,
 And darted her *Devotion's* preface thither :
 Before she rose, thus did she duly rise ;
 And then gat up, and call'd her thoughts together,
 Her *Matin's* sacrifice to kindle ; for
 All Offerings but by fire did she abhor.

Then for her morning's Draught, unto the spring
 Of life and bliss, the *Book of books*, she flew ;
 Which her with various Nectar furnishing,
 Sometimes she quaff'd the *Old*, sometimes the *New* :
 And knew both Tastes so fully, that 'twas clear
 The *New* at length was not the *New* to her.

All David fairly she transcribed on
 The tables of her faithful *Memory* ;
 There likewise wrote she Soul-inamoring *Yohn* ;
 Nor e'r was more exact *Orthography*.
 That from *Love's* Laws her Soul might never start,
 She thus had *Piety* it self by heart.

But that her time might in the Chancel run
 Of pure *Devotion*, she for every day
 Cut out her holy work, by which alone
 She knew how *Weeks* both came and went away.
 Right *Christian Account*, which thus could make
 Her dearest *Jesus* be her *Almanack*.

For by the *Wonders of His Love* did she
Distinguish all the Week : She first descended
With Him from Heav'n, and His Humility
Traced to *Bethlehem* ; where she attended
His simple Cratch, and learn'd those Poms to scorn
In which true *Glory's Prince* would not be born.

The next Day led her to that Desert where
Grapling with *Hunger* and with *Satan*, she
Beheld her *Lord*. The Third invited her
To meditate His scorn and Injury
When by His *Scholar* at a sordid price
Sold and betray'd to bloody Enemies.

Her thoughts were highly entertained by
The fourth at that dear Board of purest Bliss,
Which *Jesus* furnish'd with the Mystery
Of His own Blood's and Bodie's Sacrifice.
Deep in her heart, upon the fifth she strove
To print the sacred Wounds and Death of *Love*.

The Sixth, as duly found her at His Grave
Embalming Him with sweet Devotion's spice.
But on the Seventh, His Resurrection gave
Her cheerlyest *Contemplation* leave to rise ;
Nor could the Clouds convey Him from its view,
For after His Ascension too she flew.

And by this bless'd hebdomadary Round
(The Heav'nly Orb which she on Earth contriv'd)
Weaned from our Worldly motions, she found
Her circled self in solid Rest, and liv'd
Above that Cheat which makes fond Mortals prize
For true Content, heart-veering Vanities.

Her Soul resolv'd to keep its home within,
And not dwell fluttering in her outward Tire :
Her Rule was, what was fit, not, what was fine ;
Not to be sold, but cloth'd, was her desire.
Miscall it not ; it is, said she to me
No *Suit*, unless it suits with my Degree.

Preposterousness she counted it, to wear
Her purse upon her back : yet with no less
Abhorrence look'd she on that sordid Care
Which blush'd not to appear in open Dress.
Right prudently she cut her way between,
Approving nothing Golden, but the mean.

She ne'r took post to keep an equal pace
Still with the newest Modes, which swiftly run :
She never was perplex'd to hear her Lace
Accus'd for six months old, when first put on :
She laid no watchful Leigers, costly-vain
Intelligence with fashions to maintain.

On a Pin's point she ne'r held consultation,
Nor at her Glass's strict tribunal brought
Each Pleit to scrupulous examination :
Asham'd she was that *Titan's* coach about
Half Heav'n should sooner wheel, than she could pass
Through all the petty stages of her Dress.

No gadding Itch e'r spurr'd her to delight
In needless Sallies ; none but civil care
Of friendly correspondence could invite
Her out of doors ; unless she pointed were
By *Visitations* from Heav'n's hand, where she
Might make her own in tender sympathy.

Abroad, she counted but her Prison : *Home*,
Home was the region of her Liberty.
Abroad Diversion throng'd, and left no room
For Zeal's set task, and virtue's bus'ness free :
Home was her less incumbred Scene, though there
Angels and *God* she knew Spectators were.

Yet this Retirement's cloud ne'r overcast
Those beams of leggiadrous Courtesy
Which smil'd in her Deportment ; and exprest
Full confutation of their Calumny,
Who lumpish, sullen, and the source of all
Affected Soureness, strict Devotion call.

Nor was this sweetness partial, and design'd
In complemental Gracefulness to vy ;
But full as facil to the plainest Hind
As to the courtlyest Gallant : Poverty
She ne'r could count a reason of neglect,
Who did so oft on *Bethlehem's Cratch* reflect.

This made her trade with such sincere delight
In frequent Alms : her self she satisfy'd
When she the Needy fill'd ; and that she might
As ready be as was their want, she ty'd
Her self to spare a weekly sum, and be
Provided of a *Bank of Charity*.

Nor did her sympathetick Soul with less
Tenderness yearn the publick Woes to see,
When bolster'd up with long-abus'd Success
Sedition, Rapin, Murder, Perjury,
Schism, Heresy, Rebellion, Usurpation
Reign'd on the stage of this distracted Nation.

But when the monstrous Tempest tam'd she saw
To Peace's Calm ; when glorious *Charles* ascended
His rightful throne, restoring both the Law
Of Earth and Heav'n ; when Truth no more was branded
For Superstition ; when the Church had to
The Temple, liberty again to go :

Such was her Joy, as if the total Bliss
Had been her own : for by the common Good,
On her Particular she set the price ;
And not contented with the vulgar Mode,
Besides what flaming at her gate she had,
True Triumph's Bonfire in her heart she made.

Yet sadly cool'd that Fervor was, when she
Observ'd how those who deeplyest were engaged
To flie the Crimes whose importunity
Had lately *Vengeance* rous'd, and *Heav'n* enraged,
Back to their Vomit turn'd, as if their Peace
Had only come to let them *Sin at ease*.

How did she sigh ! to see fantastick Pride,
Restless Ambition, studied Luxury,
All in a fresh career eagerly ride ;
Forgetting quite that injur'd Lenity
To Fury boils ; that Justice, when constrain'd,
New Covenants and new Presbiters can find.

Oft did she chew this heavy Meditation,
Crying, Are these the thanks and praise we pay
To Him who from the jaws of Desolation
Snatch'd us ! did He the Rebels' powers destroy
To make free room for our Contempt to swell
And shamelessly against Himself rebel !

This wean'd her weary heart from things below,
And kindled it with strong desire to gain
Her Hopes' high Aim. Life could no longer now
Flatter her love, or make her prayers refrain
From begging (yet with humble resignation)
To be dismissed from her mortal station.

Long in this earnest fervour did she fry,
Until a Fever's mighty flame begun
To cool it, and encourage her with high
Expectance that she had not far to run
Before her tedious Race would ended be
In never-ending Rest's felicity.

O how she welcomed her courteous Pain,
And languished with most serene Content !
No Paroxysms could make her once complain,
Nor suffer'd she her Patience to be spent
Before her Life ; contriving thus to yield
To her disease, and yet not loose the field.

This trying furnace wasted day by day
(What she her self had always counted Dross,)
Her mortal Mansion, which so ruin'd lay
That of the goodly fabrick nothing was
Remaining now but skin and bone ; refin'd
Together were her Body and her Mind.

At length the final hour (sad hour to me !)
Releas'd the longing *Soul* : no Ejulation
Toll'd her knell ; no dying Agony
Frown'd in her death ; but in that lamb-like fashion
In which she liv'd (O righteous *Heav'n*, said I
Who clos'd her dear eyes,) she had leave to die.

She dy'd ; but to that Life's possession flew
In hopes of which alone before she lived.
Alas, I only perish'd, who in shew
Was left alive ; and she who dy'd, survived.
None, none this woful Riddle feels but I ;
Her's was the Death, but mine the Tragedy.

O ever-precious *Soul*, yet shall that flight
Of thine, not snatch thee from thy wonted Nest ;
Here shalt thou dwell, here shalt thou live in spight
Of any death, here in this faithful Breast :
Unworthy 'tis, I know, by being mine ;
Yet nothing less, since long it has been thine.

Accept thy dearer Pourtraiture, which I
Have on my *other Psyche* fixed here ;
Since her ideal Beauties signify
The truth of thine : as for her spots, they are
Thy useful foil, and shall inservient be
But to inhance and more illustrate Thee.

The subject of this Elegy was buried
behind the altar in the cathedral church at
Ely, under 'a decent monument' with the
following epitaph :—

' Quod mori potuit
Lectissimæ, Desideratissimæque
Conjugis
Elizabethæ Bellomontanæ
Sub Hoc Marmore condidit
Mœstissimus Maritus
J. B.
Hujus Ecclesiæ Canonicus
Mæi 31. An. Dom.
1662.' ¹

While Mrs. Beaumont was in her last illness, Bishop Wren had 'appointed' our Worthy to the Mastership of Jesus College, on the resignation of PEARSON, the illustrious author of the Exposition of the Creed ; and he had indulged a fond hope that the change of air would have revived her drooping health. She was too feeble, however, to be removed ; and it was not until after her death and funeral that he was able again to take up his residence at Cambridge, with 'his little family' of six young children.² Jesus College bore the scars of its military occupation during the Civil War. The new Master immediately set about the restoration of the 'dilapidated' chapel 'at his own proper and private expense, without suffering it to be an extraordinary burthen to the other members of the society.' Any outward religious act of this type was congenial with Beaumont's sentiments and ritual-loving temperament. I by no means think that there were not corresponding inward beliefs and graces ; but no student of 'Psyche' can fail to be struck with the disproportionate

¹ See, as before, p. xxxv.

² *Ibid.* p. xxxiv.

value he attached to the visible and ceremonial as distinguished from the spiritual and inward elements of worship. He emphatically needed the help of 'sight' for nurture of his 'faith.'¹

The death of the VEN. ARCHDEACON HALE, Master of Peterhouse, gave his unfailing friend, the Bishop of Ely, 'an opportunity of replanting our author in that soil, which, of all others, he most affected and desired.'² 'This,' Mr. Pigot states, the Bishop did 'as visitor, having acquired the right to present, through some irregular proceedings of the Fellows.'³ I am specially pleased that it is in my power now to clear up the obscurity in which this 'presentation' has been hitherto shrouded. None of his Biographers was cognisant of the facts. The present master of Peterhouse (Rev. James Porter, M.A., as before) has been good enough to favour me with careful transcripts of two important documents, never before printed. These I proceed to give *in extenso*; and for the sake of the general reader a translation of each is added. On the death of Hale, the Fellows of the College, in accordance—as they believed—with the statutes of the College, in a paper dated April 11th, 1663, nominated two,

LUCAS SKIPPON and ISAAC BARROW, to the Bishop (of Ely), and requested him to select the one he deemed the most fit of the two. But WREN had made up his mind that his son-in-law, Beaumont, was 'the most fit,' even with an ISAAC BARROW at his choice; and he came down upon the Fellows with a vigour and audacity of self-assertion that must have astonished them. His Latinity is scholarly, if the tone of the document be far other than became a 'bishop.' Whether LUCAS SKIPPON, who was nominated along with Barrow, was of the same family with D. M. SKIPPON, to whom our Poet addressed one of his Latin poems (Vol. II. p. 259), does not appear.

Here is Bishop Wren's 'bull' (so-to-say):—

'Matthaeus permissione Divinâ Eliensis Episcopus Dilectis in x^{to} filiis Johanni Francio Medicinae Doctori caeterisque ordine suo Collegii Nostri S^{ti} Petri Cantabrigiae Sociis, Episcoporum Eliensium Scholaribus, Salutem et Gratiam.

'Quum officium M^{gri}, sive Custodia domus sive Collegii S^{ti} Petri non ita pridem per mortem naturalem Venerabilis Viri Bernardi Hale S. T. Professoris Archidiaconi Nostri Eliensis vacaverit, postque dies eo in casu per statuta nostra designatos ad nostram solummodo praefectionem sive donationem de jure reciderit ;

'Tum q^d in die electionis per vos habendae, sex tantum socii [si vel sex illi quidem socii fuerint] de toto quatuordecim pluriumve Numero [non igitur omnes socii, prout per statutum de electione M^{gri} diserte cavetur, neque major pars omnium] consenserunt in primo scrutinio, in duos aliquos a se eligendos, nobisque nominandos.

'Tum deinde, q^d praeclari electores illi sex viri, neque per triduum expectârunt absentium accessum, neque interea ipsi ad scrutinium secundum tertiumque accesserunt, uti fieri debebat, quo inter se duo potuissent [modo debito] per consensum omnium sociorum, vel majoris partes omnium ad officium M^{gri} eligi nobisque nominari.

'Tum porro q^d scrutinium illum primo habitum nequaquam per viam Spiritus s^{ti} processit, quam [ipsis quidem sex viris heu ! nimis incognitam] e dicto statuto principalem primi scrutini conditionem esse oportuit ; verum illius coitionis eventus per praevas conspirationes, non sine consutis dolis, atque profanis falsimoniis, ne immunibus quidem ab opprobrio S. S.

¹ I gladly make room for a quotation here from an appreciative paper on Beaumont's 'Psyche' in the *Retrospective Review* (vol. xi. pp. 291-2). 'One of his biographers describes his character in a long sentence of antithetical eulogy, beginning with "religious without bigotry," and ending "humble without meanness." We are not inclined to question the latter assertion, but the former is more than problematical, although his bigotry was probably more of the heart than the head. He appears in truth, from his writings, to have been one of a class of characters not uncommon in that age, and which it is impossible to contemplate without a mixture of reverence for their high worth, and regret for the human prejudices and infirmities which rendered that work in a great measure useless ; a truly religious and upright, though narrow-minded man, capable of undergoing any sacrifice in defence of principles which he perhaps only imperfectly understood ; tenacious to an excess, of the outward form and observance of religion, yet strenuous in the performance of active duties to a degree not always united with this species of punctiliousness.'

² See, as before, pp. xxxvi.-vii. See Appendix I. to this Introduction, for a letter on Peterhouse.

³ As before, p. 163.

Majestatis Regiae, multum diuque inter se, atque cum aliis per colloquia perque scripta agitata, introductus est.

‘Tum denique q^d literas suas testimoniales sigillo cōmuni Domūs [qualitercunque] sigillatas, subornatas tamen ante ipsum scrutinium, nominaque eligendorum in antecessum inscriptas, raptim nobis surreptionis inferendae animo, transmiserunt, sine aliquo tamen vel decreto electionis, q^d de jure requiritur ad confirmationem, vel Tabellione publico qui plenam atque authenticam probationem nobis faceret, non de personis electis solum, sed etiam de formā electionis atque de studiis eligentium.

‘Quoniam igitur nobis Antecessorum nostrorum vestigia prementibus, et in hoc casu decisionem eorum secutis, [qui pro summā suā sapientiā caventes contra factionem et studia partium, ne ipsam nominationem quidem duorum at officium M^gri concedere sociis Collegii voluerunt, nisi sub hāc provisione, ut omnes socii vel major pars eorundem in tali electione duorum, atque ad Visitatorem referendorum, consentirent; aliter vero si res accideret, sibi mot ipsi et Epis Eliensibus pro tempore futuris ex integro reservari voluerunt jus et potestatem in tali casu praeficiendi in Magistrum Collegii virum talem quem ipsi solum duxerint idoneum], Visum nunc fuerit jure nostro Episcopali et Visitatorio uti, et negotium hoc integrum ad nos recipere, eoque intuitu totum illum processum ab illis in primo scrutinio habitum, atque tot defectibus tam praeviis quam subsequitis onustum vitiatumque repudiare, parique ratione etiam et literas illas testimoniales electionis suae pro irritis cassisque habere, totumque praetensae illius modi electionis decursum neutiquam acceptandum a nobis aut confirmandum esse, sed prorsus excludendum esse atque annullandum.

‘[Prout jam per sententiam nostram definitivam [accessit aliunde quam a sex viris illis plenariā atque fide dignā relatione circumstantiarum omnium in dicto negotio] per praesentes pronuntiamus et declaramus ea singula respective a nobis repudiari, cassari, excludi, annullari, nihilique prorsus et pro nullis haberi].

‘Dictumque officium M^gri custodiamque Domūs sive Collegii n^{ri} S^{ti} Petri in dictā Universitate pro jure nostro Episcopali et Visitatorio conferre Ven^{bl} Viro M^gro Josepho Beaumont Sacrae Theologiae Professore, quem nos non solum idoneum esse ducimus et perquam habilem, virum pium, providum atque discretum, et in spiritualibus temporalibusque circumspicuum, Majestati etiam Regiae a sacris domesticis, et in ecclesiā nostrā Cathedrali Canonico, verum etiam Collegialis praefecturae rerumque Academicarum cum bono Deo non vulgariter callentem et Decessori suo Petrensi [viro optimo et Collegii

S^{ti} Petri egregio benefactori cujus memoria non solum praefectis omnibus sed etiam piis cunctis et Domui huic benevolentibus erit in perpetuā benedictione] vel hoc nomine imprimis carum, morumque denique probitate pietateque praeclearum, dotibusque ingenii instructissimum, Collegio igitur Petrensi in quo per multos annos a pueritiā educatus est, apprimē utilem [ὅν Θεῶν] futurum; Atque ipsum solenni formā admittere ad Collegii istius Regimen, omniumque et singulorum Collegio quocunque modo pertinentium curam praefato Josepho Beaumont in Domino cōmittere, prout per praesentes literas nostras, nos praefecisse, admisisse cōmisisse jam significamus.

‘Vobis igitur singulis et universis nunc mandamus, atque in virtute obedientiae vestrae per juramentum vestrum nobis debitae firmiter injungimus, quatenus eundem Josephum in M^grum et Custodem Collegii cum effectu et reverentiā debitā recipiatis, atque eidem in licitis et canonicis mandatis tanquam vestro superiori et M^gro domusque sive Collegii Nostri Custodi obedientes sitis et intendentes, prout statuta et ordinationes dictae domus requirunt officiaque vestra respective exigunt, sub paena Juris.

‘Porro autem praecipimus vobis, ut post executionem hujus mandati nostri nil moremini illud, in perpetuam rei memoriam rectamque explicationem futuris temporibus statuti de electione M^gri, inter acta referre, curareque ut in registro Collegii fideliter inseratur [ne deinceps erretur a Sociis in eodem genere] ante proximam nostram Collegii visitationem de quā iterandā videmus jam necessitatem nobis [praeter spem quidem] incumbere, quamprimum dabitur per Dei beneficium atque recessum Parliamenti ad Diocesin nostram nos reduces fieri.

‘In cujus rei testimonium sigillum nostrum E^pale praesentibus apposuvimus, Datis apud Manerium nostrum infra Holborne in Cōfatu Midd^xiae vicesimo primo die mensis Aprilis A^o Dⁿⁱ millesimo sexcentesimo sexagesimo tertio nostraeque translationis secundae [ad sedem Eliensem scilicet] anno vicesimo quinto.

‘MA: ELIE.’

TRANSLATION.

Matthew by Divine permission Bishop of Ely, to his beloved sons in Christ, John Francis, Doctor of Medicine, and the other Fellows of our College of St. Peter at Cambridge in their order, scholars of the Bishop of Ely, health and favour.

Inasmuch as the office of Master, or guardianship of the House or College of St. Peter, has lately become vacant by the natural death of the Venerable Bernard Hale, Professor of Sacred Theology, our

Archdeacon of Ely, and after the days in that case declared by our statutes, has fallen to our appointment or gift alone according to law :

Then inasmuch as on the day of Election to be holden by you, six fellows only (if even those six indeed were fellows) out of the whole number of fourteen or more (not therefore all the fellows, as by the statute concerning the election of a Master it is expressly provided, nor the greater part of all) agreed, at the first scrutiny, upon some two persons to be chosen by them and to be nominated by us :

Then in the next place, inasmuch as the famous electors, those six individuals, did not even wait during a space of three days for the arrival of the absent ones, nor themselves in the meanwhile resorted to a second and third scrutiny, as was proper to be done, by which among themselves two might have been able (in due manner) by the consent of all the fellows, or the greater part of all, to be chosen for the office of Master and to be nominated by us :

Then moreover, inasmuch as that Scrutiny at first holden by no means proceeded according to the way of the Holy Spirit, which way (alas ! too unfamiliar to those six men indeed) according to the aforesaid statute, ought to have been the principal condition of the first scrutiny ; but the issue of that meeting was introduced by previous combinations (not without patched-up deceits and profane tricks, not even free from conduct derogatory to the sacred Royal Majesty) much and for a long time meditated among themselves and with others by means of conversations and by means of written documents.

Then finally, inasmuch as they transmitted their letters-testimonial sealed (in whatever manner) with the common seal of the House, procured however before the scrutiny itself and inscribed with the name of the persons to be chosen beforehand, with the purpose of hastily snatching our consent,—without, however, either any notice of election, which by law is required for confirmation, or any notary public who should make full and authentic proof to us, not only concerning the persons elected, but also concerning the form of election and the objects of the electors—

Since, therefore, to us, adhering to the footsteps of our predecessors, and in this case following their decision (who to the utmost of their wisdom, guarding against faction and party-spirit, were not willing to intrust to the fellows of the College even the very nomination of two persons to the office, except under this condition that all the fellows or the greater part of the same should agree in such election of two persons and those to be referred to the Visitor ; but if the matter should turn out otherwise they wished

that the right and power in such a case should be reserved afresh to themselves and the Bishop of Ely for the time being, of appointing as Master of the College such a man as they themselves only thought suitable) it has now seemed good to use our episcopal and visitatorial right and to resume this whole business to ourselves, and with this view to repudiate this whole proceeding carried on by them in the first scrutiny and loaded and vitiated by so many defects as well preceding as succeeding, and in like manner to hold as null and void those letters-testimonial of their election, and that the whole course of a pretended election of such a kind ought by no means to be accepted and confirmed by us, but utterly rejected and annulled.

According as now by our definite sentence (a full and trustworthy account of all circumstances in the aforesaid business having been obtained from other sources than those six men) by these presents we pronounce and declare each of these things respectively to be repudiated, accounted void, rejected, annulled and held as utterly worthless and of no consideration whatever.

And the said office of Master and the Guardianship of our College or House of St. Peter in the said University according to our episcopal and visitatorial right (we proceed) to confer upon the venerable man Mr. Joseph Beaumont, professor of Sacred Theology, whom we not only deem to be suitable and very fit, a pious man, prudent and discreet, and in spiritual and temporal matters circumspect, also one of the domestic chaplains to his Royal Majesty, and a Canon in our cathedral church, but also uncommonly versed in (the requirements of) a College Mastership and in academical affairs, and to his predecessor at Peterhouse (a most excellent man and eminent benefactor of the College of St. Peter, whose memory will be an everlasting benediction not only with all Masters but also all good men and well-wishers to this House). Even on this account particularly dear ; and finally illustrious for the uprightness and piety of his character and abundantly furnished with the endowment of genius, and therefore for the College of St. Peter, in which during a course of many years from his boyhood he was educated, likely to be (with the blessing of God) especially useful.

And HIM in solemn form (we resolve) to admit to the government of the College itself, and to intrust in the Lord the care of all and singular appertaining in any manner to the College, to the aforesaid JOSEPH BEAUMONT, according as by our present letters we now signify that we have appointed, admitted and intrusted.

To you therefore all and singular we now give com-

mandment, and in virtue of your obedience due by your oath to us, we firmly enjoin, that you receive the same Joseph as Master and Guardian of the College with effect and reverence, and be obedient and attentive to the same in lawful and canonical commands as to your Superior and Master and Guardian of our House or College, according as the statutes and ordinances of the said House require, and your duties respectively demand, under penalty of the Law.

And, moreover, we enjoin you that after the execution of this our mandate, ye delay not to lay it up among your deeds (for the perpetual remembrance of this thing and the right explanation to future times of this statute concerning the election of a Master), and to take care that it be faithfully inserted in the register of the College (that an error of a similar kind may not be committed by the fellows hereafter), before our next visitation of the College, for repeating which we now see the necessity to be upon us (beyond indeed our expectation), as soon as it shall be permitted us, by the favour of God and the recess of Parliament, to return to our Diocese.

In witness whereof we have affixed our episcopal seal to these presents, given at our abode below Holborn in the county of Middlesex, on the twenty-first day of the month of April, in the year of our Lord 1663, and of our second translation (to wit, to the see of Ely) in the twenty-fifth year.

One asks musingly, suppose the '*six fellows*,' who are so be-lectured and humiliated by this '*one*' small Hildebrand, had put Joseph Beaumont's name in their nomination-letter, would not these contemptible technicalities have been allowed to vanish into space? As it was, certain formalities, such as in all probability had never been adhered to in the letter, having been departed from, the irate and nepotic Bishop set an ISAAC BARROW aside and enforced a JOSEPH BEAUMONT on the recalcitrant fellows. And Joseph Beaumont was Joseph Beaumont and Isaac Barrow was Isaac Barrow the immortal.

The second document—happily much shorter—was addressed to Beaumont himself, and thus runs :

'Matthaeus permissione divinâ Eliensis Episcopus Dilecto nobis in x^{to} filio Josepho Beaumont SS. Theologiae Professore atque Collegii Jesu Cantabrigiae Praefecto Gratiam et Benedictionem. Officium sive Custodiam Domus sive Collegii nostri S^{ti}

Petri in Universitate Cantab : per mortem naturalem optimi viri Bernardi Hale SS. Theologiae Professoris et Archidiaconi nostri Eliensis jam vacantem, atque ad praefectionem sive donationem nostram jure per statuta Collegii reservato, pro hac vice ex integro spectantem Tibi Conferimus intuitu Charitatis, Teque quem idoneum esse ducimus atque Collegio Eidem in quo per multos annos Educatus olim es, apprime utilem [ἐὺν ὁσιῶ] futurum admittimus, Receptoque a te Juramento Corporali ad SS^a Dei Evangelia tam de renuntiando omni et omnimodae Autoritati, jurisdictioni, et potestati forinsecis, ac de agnoscendo Augustissimi in x^{to} Principis Dⁿⁱ nostri Caroli Secundi regiam supremam auctoritatem et potestatem in omnibus causis ecclesiasticis et civilibus infra regna sua, ac etiam de fidelitate sive allegiantia dicto D^{no} Regi Caroli et successoribus suis praestandâ juxta statuta inclyti hujus Regni in eâ parte edita atque provisâ : Quam de observando statuta Collegii praedicti, deque obedientiâ nobis et successoribus nostris in licitis et canonicis mandatis praestandâ, in magrâ atque custodem domûs sive Collegii S^{ti} Petri praedicti [pro jure devoluto atque Episcopis Eliensibus in hoc casu per statuta ipsa reservato] Praeficimus et assumimus in eodem per praesentes cum suis juribus et pertinentiis universis et curam atque regimen dictae domûs sive Collegii ac omnium et singulorum eidem quocunque modo pertinentium tibi in D^{no} committentes committimus juribus nostris Episcopaliibus et Ecclesiae nostrae Cathedralis Eliensis dignitate et honore in omnibus semper salvis.

'In cujus rei testimonium sigillum nostrum Epale praesentibus apposuimus, Datâ vicesimo primo die mensis Aprilis A^o Dⁿⁱ millesimo sexcentesimo tertio, atque nostrae translationis ad sedem Eliensem anno vicesimo quinto.

'MA : ELIE :'

TRANSLATION.

Matthew by Divine permission Bishop of Ely, to our beloved son in Christ, Joseph Beaumont, Professor of Sacred Theology and Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, grace and blessing.

The office of Master or guardianship of our House or College of St. Peter in the University of Cambridge now being vacant by the natural death of that most excellent man Bernard Hale, S.T.P., and our Archdeacon of Ely, and looking afresh for this turn to our appointment and gift by the Law reserved according to the statutes of the College, we confer upon thee in regard of our love, and admit thee whom we deem to be suitable and likely to be especially useful to that same College, in which during many years thou wert formerly educated ; and, the corporal vote having been received from thee on the

holy Gospel of God as well concerning the renouncing of all and whatever authority, jurisdiction and power from without, and concerning the recognising the royal supreme authority and power of our most august prince and lord in Christ, Charles the Second, in all cases ecclesiastical and civil within his realms, and also concerning the showing fidelity or allegiance to the said lord and king Charles and his successors, according to the statutes of this famous realm in this respect made and provided; as well as concerning the showing of the statutes of the aforesaid College, and concerning the rendering obedience to us and our successors in lawful and canonical commands, we appoint and at the same time assume thee as Master and guardian of the aforesaid House or College of St. Peter (according to the right devolved and reserved to the Bishop of Ely in this case by the statutes themselves) by these presents, with all their rights and pertinencies, and in the Lord committing we commit to thee the care and rule of the said House or College, and of all and singular appertaining in any manner to the same, our episcopal rights and the dignity and honour of our Cathedral Church of Ely being in all things unimpaired.

In witness whereof we have affixed our episcopal seal to these presents, given on the twenty-first day of the month of April in the year of our Lord 1663, and of our translation to the See of Ely the twenty-fifth.

And so humbly accepting the 'royal supreme authority and power of our most august prince AND LORD IN CHRIST, CHARLES THE SECOND, in all cases ECCLESIASTICAL and civil,' Dr. Joseph Beaumont entered on his office.¹ The grander 'Mastership' of Trinity was waiting for ISAAC BARROW.

The following extract from a diary kept by Dr. Beaumont commencing April 21st, 1663, written at Peterhouse, shows that he was admitted Master on April 24th of the same year:—

'Aprilis igitur 24^{to} a Collegio Jesu [constantibus istius Collegii Sociis scholaribusque] huc migro atque in aula receptus a D^{no} Francio Præsidente [praelecto Dⁿⁱ Episcopi Mandato, nec non Institutionis Instrumento: peractis etiam quae hâc in parte statuta jubent] admittor ad Magistri munus.'²

¹ See Appendix II. for a curious letter of Beaumont's on Charles II. when Prince of Wales.

² The Master in sending above adds:—'This diary relates exclusively to College business, and is kept with great minuteness till September 28, 1666. The last entry but one (undated) is

Gee thus magnifies the appointment:—

'In advancing him to this station, his patron gave not a less convincing testimony of his judgment in distinguishing true merit, than of his regards to personal friendship; for all the time he continued at the head of that Society, his only endeavour was to recommend and preserve order in everything which related to it, and to set before them, by his own modest, frugal, and studious life, a pattern of all human and social virtues; and this design he surely answered above any man who had ever been raised to that station; his whole life being employed in promoting the constant and reasonable worship of the Deity, the due and salutary observance of the statutes, and the real welfare of every single member of the Society. As he looked upon vice, profaneness, and ignorance to be the certain sources of contempt and disesteem to any, but most of all, to a religious and learned community, he used all the means in his power to discourage them, without the least respect to the quality of the persons in whom they were found; on the other hand, as his judgment was quick in discerning virtue and diligence, under whatever disadvantage of birth or fortune they lay concealed, he omitted no opportunities of setting them in their deserved light, and of rewarding the possessors of them with his countenance and favour. Persons of learning, good sense, and piety, languishing in obscurity and under the many distresses which want and cold neglect too generally produce, were ever disagreeable objects to his benevolent heart, and therefore under the denomination of his Sizar, he always entertained one, and sometimes more, in his own family, where, from their admission to the College till they commenced Bachelors of Arts, they were not only liberally supplied with the decent necessities of life, but had at all times free access to his library, and very often to his more useful and improving conversation.'¹

This is pleasing testimony, and brings the Master of Peterhouse attractively before us.

—"Pestis, denno fugat Academicos et oppidanos populatur. Misericordia Tuo Dⁿⁱ." He further writes:—"There is in the College Treasury a thick folio volume of nearly 500 pages, containing elaborate accounts, in Dr. Beaumont's handwriting, of the income of the Mastership, of some private estates of his own, and of the estate at Summersham, which forms the endowment of the Regius Professorship of Divinity. These accounts are beautifully written, and the entries are continued till September 1699. I have examined this volume with care, hoping to find some details of the cost of publication of his works, but have found nothing." Prefixed to our Vol. II. is a facsimile of Beaumont's handwriting and autograph from his 'Diary,' as photographed for me by the Master.

¹ As before, pp. xxxvii.-viii.

Stately, grave, not very genial or companionable, but really wishful to be a father, I like to picture him going out and in, and carrying a purifying, elevating influence with him.

In 1663 he was 'instituted'—on the presentation of the Bishop again—to the rectory of Teversham, near Cambridge, and in 1664 to that of Barley in Hertfordshire, 'where he alternately resided in the vacation months every summer, feeding the indigent, instructing the ignorant, and faithfully discharging all the offices of the pastoral charge.' So Gee;¹ but neither at Teversham nor at Barley is there a shred of memorial of him. There is this difficulty too, that while thus accepting accumulated livings, he must, in part at least, contemporaneously have drawn the income of those already his. It is surely a measure of progress that such pluralities and sinecures could not now be held. The mystery is how a man of Christian conscience could concentrate in himself such widely-sundered 'livings,' and appropriate revenues for which he did nothing whatever.²

In 1665 he was involved in controversy with Dr. Henry More, 'that learned Visionaire,' as Gee describes him in his account of the matter, which must now be given:—

'The Doctor had advanced some doctrines in his *Mystery of Godliness* which seemed to our Author not only subversive of our excellent constitution both in Church and State, but also productive of many evils to the Christian religion. He therefore made such remarks upon them as he thought necessary, and privately communicated them to the Doctor by means of a common friend, by whom also he in the gentle spirit of Christianity admonished him to satisfy the

University (where his book was conceived to have done most mischief) by retracting such of his opinions as were most dangerous and heretical. But the Doctor thought fit to draw these private objections on to the public stage, which he endeavoured to clear and answer by a long and laboured apology. This appeal to the public laid Dr. Beaumont under the necessity of publishing the objections, and making objections upon the apology; which he did with so much modesty, learning, wit, and judgment, that he received the thanks of the University, and a testimony of the good opinion which that body had of the performance was added to the usual *imprimatur*.'³

The books on both sides survive and are readily accessible. In my judgment Beaumont never gets at More's meaning, and More crushes him, as one might crush a limpet shell, in his iron grasp and strangely-piercing though mystical logic. The University held Henry More for 'suspect,' recognised not the immortal who was among them, and appraised higher the clearness of a stream of pious commonplace than the dark but lustrous oceanic fulness of the unique Thinker who made appeal to them.

In 1674 (not 1670 as Gee) 'he was called without any application from himself, or competition from any other, by the united voice of the Statutable Electors to fill the Divinity Chair' of the University.³ The Biographer has such an outburst over the manners of the time as evokes involuntarily the exclamation of Scott's Dominie Sampson—'prodigious!' I content myself with the close of it:—'The University of Cambridge had the happiness to be generally untainted with the spreading poison [e.g., 'the tenets of Calvin and the absurdities of Puritanism'!!!]; which security, under God, was in a great measure owing to the indefatigable endeavours, the profound learning, and the persuasive reasons of the King's Divinity Professor.'³

¹ As before, p. xxxviii. Famous Isaac Milles was his curate. See his Life, pp. 21-2. He was allowed 'a plentiful stipend.'

² Unfortunately the Registers of other 'livings' held by Beaumont of these dates have perished; but the invariable report is that there are no personal memorials of him. It seems clear that his visits were sporadic and formal, as indeed far-off Hertfordshire suggests. At Conington, St. Neots', his name is entered as incumbent from January 23, 1662: another incumbent appears to have been appointed May 2, 1664 (Rev. F. J. Hopkins, M.A., to me). No trace of residence or work is found. Surely he had never read brave John Blaxton's 'Remonstrance against the Non-Residents of greater Brittain' (1642).

¹ Gee, as before, p. xli.

² As before, p. xl. The Master of Peterhouse corrects Gee's date for me. It is also 1674 in the Cambridge Graduat. Pigot, as before, p. 164.

³ Gee, as before.

'The plan,' continues Gee, 'which in discharge of this important trust he marked out to himself of reading public lectures in Divinity twice a week in every term, was (if not entirely new and peculiar to himself) carried on, and executed with unusual and unexampled assiduity; for during the whole term of twenty-nine [twenty-five] years, in which he so worthily filled that Chair, he was very seldom known to allow himself in any omissions of this part of it, except when compelled by indisposition of health; from which cause, by the blessing of God and a temperate life, no man ever had fewer interruptions.'¹ He selected St. Paul's Epistles to the Romans and Colossians for his subject-matter of very many Lectures. With every disposition to accredit his Biographer when he praises his 'pure, unaffected, classical style' in these Lectures, one demurs, on examining the specimens of those on Colossians printed in the volume of 1749. They must have been terribly sapless and tedious discourses. The very abundance of his apparatus contributed to this; for in his anxiety to furnish what St. Chrysostom to Theophylact down to Grotius had said about the inspired words, he forgets exegetically to bring out what the Apostle himself says. I must re-observe, that he showed his wonted prudence and common-sense in forbidding his Executors to print any of these Lecture-Manuscripts. 'Learned foreigners'—nameless unfortunately—are alleged to have timed their visits to Cambridge in order to hear him.² He must have been generous in his hospitalities.

In the year 1689 when what was called the 'Comprehension' was promoted 'under the fair appearance of uniting the whole kingdom in one form of God's worship and public devotions, he was nominated among the commissioners appointed for that pur-

pose; but he never took his place at that board; for by his long experience and knowledge of the views and principles of those who were enemies to Conformity, he was very sensible how little probability there was of their resting satisfied with the alterations in the Liturgy which were then proposed; and that, if they had been consented to, they were ready to frame other exceptions to it, which, he believed, they would have insisted upon with equal confidence and obstinacy.'¹ I do not marvel that JOSEPH BEAUMONT dreaded meeting RICHARD BAXTER and the Nonconformists. But any assumption more inept and inapt than that his 'long experience and knowledge of the views and principles of those who were enemies to Conformity,' is inconceivable. He was in crassest ignorance of them; and to-day it is the same. Your Church of England clergymen and professors in Universities are lamentably and densely ignorant of the contemporary Christian life and Christian work of evangelical Nonconformity, in its ministers and other office-bearers and Sunday-school teachers, and membership and adherents generally. I will not deny that the ignorance is modifiedly shared by Nonconformists of the Church of England as of the Roman Catholic Church. Knowledge of each other would lead inevitably to mutual recognition and respect; for in every thing fundamental, English-speaking evangelical Nonconformity knows only the One Heavenly Father, the One Divine Lord and Saviour, the One quickening and sanctifying Holy Spirit, the one Divine Book of Books, with the one salvation by the 'finished Work' of Jesus Christ. Differences are merely ecclesiastical, and all ecclesiasticism is of the incidents and accidents not of the substance of Christianity. It is to be deplored therefore that Dr. Joseph Beaumont and other

¹ Gee, as before, p. xlii.

² *Ibid.* p. xlii.

¹ Gee, as before, pp. xlii-vii.

Episcopal dignitaries met the 'Comprehension' scheme of 1689 so chillily, and manifested so little faith in the abiding power of the Head of the Church to bring his own to agreement.

Here I let one of the historians of 'The English Church in the Eighteenth Century'—the Rev. Charles J. Abbey—speak on the heart of the matter:—

'To return to the beginning of the period under review. "Divine right," "Passive obedience," "Non-resistance," are phrases which long ago have lost life, and which sound over the gulf of time like faint and shadowy echoes of controversies which belong to an already distant past. Even in the middle of the century it must have been difficult to realise the vehemence with which the semi-religious, semi-political, doctrines contained in those terms had been disputed and maintained in the generation preceding. Yet round these doctrines, in defence or in opposition, some of the best and most honourable principles of human nature used to be gathered—a high-minded love of liberty on the one hand, a no less lofty spirit of self-sacrifice and loyalty on the other.' . . . 'The 18th century saw the last in England of a dogma which had ennobled loyalty by infusing it so largely with religion, even while it dishonoured religion by investing with something of its sanctity even the most arbitrary acts of royal power.' (Vol. i. pp. 13, 14).

Our Worthy continued to discharge his varied and onerous functions

'with no less application and spirit, even when advanced to his 84th year, than he had done in the strength and vigour of his age; nor could the most earnest admonitions of his friends, nor the passionate entreaties of his only surviving and deservedly dear son dissuade him from undergoing such fatigues, as nature at that season of life could not well bear. With this too inflexible regard to his duty, and too little to the warnings of what he considered as a slight indisposition, he persisted in a resolution to preach in his turn before the University on the 5th of November 1699, and exerted himself upon the occasion with remarkable energy and alacrity; but when the service was concluded he perceived himself so chilled and feeble, that he bore the removal to his own home with the utmost difficulty. A high fever came on the same evening, and a few days after, the gout in his stomach; which after he had endured the most tor-

menting pains with that composure of mind and resignation of himself to the disposal of the Supreme Being, which was agreeable to and might be expected from a review of a well-spent life, put an end to his mortal state the 23d day of the same month.'¹

Mr. Pigot writes:—

'There is some difficulty in fixing on the exact place of his interment. He is said (Bentham's History of Ely Cathedral) to have been buried in the Chapel of Peterhouse; but whether this means the Church of St. Mary the Less, which was formerly used as the College Chapel, or whether it means the present Chapel of the Society, is not satisfactorily determined.'²

All this is of the 'pains' of imagination. He was certainly buried in the College Chapel. The Master of Peterhouse has collated with the originals the memorial-epitaphs or inscriptions as given by Nichols and Pigot and others. On the north side of the ante-chapel of the College Chapel, there is now a tablet of wood (probably oak), gilded and painted, and bearing the following inscription:—

'P. M.

JOSEPHO BEAUMONT,

S. S^{ae} Theologiae Professoris Regii,
et hujus Collegii custodis dignissimi.

Qui doctrinae omnis ac pietatis

Gazophilacium fuit augustissimum;

Poeta, Orator, Theologus praestantissimus;

quovis nomine hereticorum malleus,

et veritatis vindex palmaris.

Obiit aetatis suae anno lxxxiv^o

Illustre Specimen,

quod egregiis aliquando producat^{ur} aetas,

annoque Domini MDCXCIX

in ipso nempe seculi pede,

utpote litteratorum qui in illo floruer^e,

non modo coronati, verum etiam summa.

At tibi quod bini ornantur, vir maxime, cippi

Hic auri, & ille marmoris, veniam dato,

Non metus ut vigeat seris tua gloria sec^ulis

Sed nostra id importunior pietas facit.

Neutro, Scimus, eges, cum Scripta reliqueris, auro

Pretiosiora, perenniora marmore.'

¹ Gee, as before, pp. xlvii, xlviii.

² As before, pp. 165-6: but I have taken the inscription from Nichols, *as in/ra*, and the Master of Peterhouse has kindly collated it with the original.

'It will be observed,' continues Mr. Pigot, 'that reference is here made to another monument of marble. This may probably cover his grave, and since that is not in the present Chapel of Peterhouse, it has been supposed that it must lie in the Church of St. Mary the Less, although it has not been found there. It, may, however, be covered by the pews.'¹ Once more—this is needless speculation. The 'stone' is in the College Chapel of Peterhouse. JOHN NICHOLS gives from 'a black marble on the floor,' this 'epitaph' with the arms of Beaumont (also revised by the present Master):—

'Depositum
Viri admodum reverendi
Josephi Beaumont,
nuper collegii S^{ti} Petri præfecti;
S. S. Theologiæ Professoris Regii,
et ecclesiæ Eliensis canonici,
qui obiit 23 die Novembris,

Anno { Dom. 1699
 { ætatis suæ 84.

Hic requiescit in spe beatæ resurrectionis.'²

I have thus sought with all integrity to tell the little story of the life of DR. JOSEPH BEAUMONT. I have set down nothing 'in malice,' nor have I attempted to 'extenuate' what seemed to be blameable. But I must have belied my own impression if, spite of his unheroic mould and infirmities of opinion and action, he does not stand out of the

shadows of erewhile obscurity, a conspicuous and venerable figure. His portrait authenticates itself. It is precisely that high but narrow, keen-eyed ascetic face, but with weak though obstinate lip, and gentlemanly yet somewhat shrewish set of the head, one would have pre-imagined.¹ If it be simply impossible to consent to the plethoric eulogy of JOHN GEE—as illustrated by our quotations—it does not seem necessary to abate very much from the verse-tribute of WOODFORD, prefixed to the 'Psyche' of 1702. I like to think kindly of the old man, and more than kindly of the Poet of 'Psyche,' the remarkableness of which I shall now proceed to state and demonstrate. He is long gone, and in memory, let him stand up transfigured, with all his bigotries and sectarianisms fallen from him, and the saintly and quaint Singer our main thought.²

'Through love to light! Oh wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from dolor of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to Thee,
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light!'³

¹ The Master informs me that at Peterhouse there is a fine original portrait in oils of him.

² I have omitted to notice that like Pope, Dr. Beaumont was also an artist. The pictures for the altar of Peterhouse Chapel were drawn by him in chalk and charcoal; and Carter, the Cambridgeshire historian, thought the Wise Man's Offering on the north side, 'particularly fine.'—Willmott's *Sacred Poets*, 1st Series, p. 339, quoted by Mr. Pigot. The Master informs me that these 'drawings' or 'pictures' have long disappeared. I feel sure he was fond of music. See c. xx. st. 285-286. See Appendix III. for certain additions to this Memoir.

³ 'After Song' in 'The New Day, a Poem, or Songs and Sonnets by Richard Watson Gilder. New York, 1876, p. 103.

¹ As before, pp. 165-6.

² Nichols, *West Goscombe Hundred*: Vol. iii. Part ii. pp. 734-5 (in Index 754-755 in error) 1804. Bentham's *Ely*, p. 266, is not exact.

II.—CRITICAL.

Passing from the uneventful story of the LIFE of Dr. JOSEPH BEAUMONT,—thankful that it is now, however, told more substantively than hitherto,—it may be permitted me to invite the attention of those to whom he is a stranger, to certain points in and of his POETRY that seem to call for accentuation, elucidation, and illustration. While I have little faith in what Dr. William Aldis Wright of Cambridge has contemptuously dubbed 'sign-post criticism,' I find it increasingly acceptable to summarily inform readers beforehand of what they may expect in a given Worthy that they are asked to study. I wish, therefore, to appropriate my accomplished friend's word, though without its sting or stigma, by acting the part of 'Inn' host, after the old-fashioned type one still meets with in inviolate nooks of England. By the necessities of the case and circumstance, an Editor, *cæteris paribus*, is likelier to know more of his books than an ordinary reader; and in the present, as in former introductions, my one *motif* has been to fetch from the Worthy in hand, such characteristics as have struck myself in working upon him, and as may lead to further personal acquaintance on the part of the select few whom I would fain persuade to know 'Psyche.' May I not say that he is a churl who would refuse red-cheeked apple, or dewy strawberries, or hand-full of wood-flowers, or spray of hawthorn, that some youthful explorer of orchard or greenwood offers him, on the plea that he could easily find them himself? Or, to return upon the Cambridge metaphor, it surely cannot be rightly looked on as self-conceit, if seated (as it were) in my 'Old Arm Chair,' as by a quaint and ancient, cosy and home-like 'Inn'-parlour fireside, I chat to any comers who

choose to seek my company, of this old Poet? 'An' it please thee,' call my essay a 'sign-post;' I am content if only it attract some few choice spirits within—not for 'blood-red wine,' or even Bp. Still's nut-brown nappy ale, but to such intellectual cheer and festival as, in my judgment, this Poetry furnishes. I again willingly risk gibe or flout from the serenely self-satisfied,—who need none to guide or inform them,—by venturing to submit observations under these five heads:—

I. REPRESENTATIVE PASSAGES, WITH PARALLELS.

II. FELICITOUS AND MEMORABLE THINGS.

III. NOTABILIA AND ODDITIES.

IV. VARIOUS READINGS.

V. CLAIMS.

We have to adduce:—

I. REPRESENTATIVE PASSAGES WITH PARALLELS.—By 'representative passages' I intend such as inevitably arrest you in reading 'Psyche' if you are at all awake (or awakeable). It was to these, doubtless, POPE referred when he said of 'Psyche'—'There are in it a good many flowers well worth gathering; and a man who has the art of stealing wisely will find his account in reading of it.'¹ I mean 'flowers' certainly; but beyond them, greater and grander things. Flower-beauty there is in abundance. As we shall see, few have sung more daintily or sweetly of flowers, or of the green earth and the ever-varying sky. But again and again there is an imaginative power of conception and expression, that places Dr. Joseph Beaumont far higher than the pretty praise quoted.

¹ Poems, 1749: Introduction, p. xxii. I have looked in vain for this in Spence's Anecdotes, etc., nor have I tracked Pope himself in 'Psyche.' In Woodford's Verses on Beaumont—prefixed to 1702 'Psyche'—'Whole in the whole and All in every Part' recalls one familiar line in the 'Essay on Man.'

I proceed to illustrate this. Nor have we far to seek. In the very outset you are reminded of 'Paradise Lost,' and that JOHN MILTON must have been familiar with 'Psyche,' as, on the other hand, you are reminded that our Poet must have known JOHN DAVIES of Hereford's 'Humor's Heav'n on Earth,' PHINEAS FLETCHER'S 'Locustæ,' and CRASHAW'S 'Sospetto d' Herode' and Epigrams. I would scarcely allege, as has been done of 'Paradise Lost,' that Satan is the hero of 'Psyche;' but *certainly* the student-reader will be recompensed, if he master its conception and presentation of the supreme 'fallen spirit.' It must be conceded that ever and anon grandeur swiftly changes into the grotesque and mean; yet equally are the grotesque and mean found as swiftly leaping up into grandeur. That is, if you come on a strong, noble metaphor, so built up in its wording as to take the type of sculpture—awful and awing—you are never sure of not having some mean accompanying image—like some mal-formed gargoyle, and, like it, a mere dribbling rain-spout. But then, anon, you are thrilled to the marrow by the gargoyle being transmuted into a Medusa-head of terror, or a face touched of conquering beauty and pathos. Broadly regarded, the Satan of Beaumont is a distinct and original figure in English poetry. There is not the sustained might and masterdom of Milton's prodigious conception. Our Poet has too profound and passionate a sense of the degradation and meanness of sin, wherever it is an element, to leave us in doubt of the 'fallen' nature of 'Psyche's' enemy and tempter. Nevertheless, there are touches, strokes rather, in the portraiture and the action, that reveal the strange fascination the 'great adversary' had for him. Let the Reader take the Satan of 'Psyche' by himself, and follow him throughout the vast poem as a separate study, and I shall be

disappointed if he be not impressed with its singular combination of realism and imaginativeness. With all this in recollection, I turn to 'Psyche' first, for a 'representative passage' embodying our Poet's conception of Satan. Here is the opening 'vision' of Canto I., 'The Preparative' (st. 7 to st. 43). It is of considerable length; but if any one deem it by a line too long, I must ask him to shut the book and go no further:—

' . . . He, th' *immortal Prince of equal spight*,
Abhors all *Love* in every name and kind;
But chiefly that which burns with flames as bright
As his are swarthy, and as endless find
Their living fuel: These enrage him so,
That all Hell's *Furies* must to council go.

For (as the wounded Lyon frights his Den
By roaring out his grief;) his shatter'd heart
Vomits a hideous groan, which thundring in
His hollow realm, bellow'd to every part
The frightful summons: all the *Peers* below
Their *King's* voice by its sovereign stink did know.

Nor dar'd they stay their tails vast volumes to
Abridge into a knot's Epitome;
Or trim their hoofs foul cleft with iron shoe,
Or their snarl'd snakes' confusion unty:
Only their paws they fill with *Rage*, and bring
That desperate subsidy to their *mad King*.

Hell's Court is built deep in a gloomy Vale,
High wall'd with strong *Damnation*, moated round
With flaming *Brimstone*: full against the Hall
Roars a burnt bridge of brass: the yards abound
With all invenom'd Herbs and Trees, more rank
And fruitless than on *Asphaltites* bank.

The Gate, where *fire* and *smoke* the Porters be,
Stands always ope with gaping greedy jaws.
Hither flock'd all the *States of misery*;
As younger snakes, when their old serpent draws
Them by a summoning hiss, hast down her throat
Of patent poison their aw'd selves to shoot.

The Hall was roof'd with everlasting *Pride*,
Deep paved with *Despair*, checker'd with *Spight*
And hanged round with *Torments* far and wide:
The front display'd a goodly-dreadful sight,
Great *Satan's* Arms stamp'd on an iron shield,
A *Crowned Dragon Gules* in *sable field*.

There on 's immortal throne of Death they see
Their mounted *Lord*; whose left hand proudly held
His *Globe*, (for all the world he claims to be
His proper realm,) whose bloody right did wield
His mace, on which ten thousand serpents knit,
With restless madness gnaw'd themselves, and it.

His insolent feet all other footstools scorn'd
But what completest *Scorn* to them suggested ;
This was a *Cross* ; yet not erect, but turn'd
Peevishly down. The robe which him invested,
In proud embroidery shew'd that envious Feat
By which of *Paradise* he *Man* did cheat.

His Diadem was neither brass nor rust,
But monstrous Metal of them both begot ;
Which millions of vilest *Stones* imboast,
Yet *precious* unto him, since he by that
Artillery, his fatal batteries had
On heav'n-beloved *Martyrs'* bodies made.

His awful Horns above his crown did rise,
And force his *fends* to shrink in theirs : his face
Was triply plated *Impudence* : his Eyes
Were Hell reflected in a double glass,
Two Comets staring in their bloody stream,
Two Beacons boyling in their pitch and flame.

His Mouth in breadth vy'd with his palace gate,
And conquer'd it in foot : his tawny Teeth
Were ragged grown by endless gnashing at
The dismal Riddle of his *living Death* :
His grisly Beard a sing'd confession made
What fiery breath through his black lips did trade.

Which as he op'd the *Center*, on whose back
His Chair of ever-fretting Pain was set,
Frighted beside it self began to quake :
Throughout all Hell the barking *Hydras* shut
Their awed mouths : the silent *Peers* in fear
Hung down their tails, and on their Lord did stare.

Three times he shak'd his horns ; three times his Mace
He brandish'd towards heav'n ; three times he spew'd
Fell sulphur upward : which when on his face
It soused back, foul Blasphemy ensu'd,
So big, so loud, that his huge Mouth was split
To make full passage to his *Rage*, and it.

I yield not yet : Defiance *Heav'n*, said He,
And though I cannot reach thee with my fire,
Yet my unconquer'd Brain shall able be
To grapple with thee : nor canst thou be higher
Than my *brave Spight* : Know, though below I dwell,
Heav'n has no stouter Hearts than strut in Hell.

For all thy vaunting *Promise* to the seed
Of dust-begotten *Man*, my head is here
Unbroken still : When thy proud foot did tread
Me down from my own Spheres, my forehead there
Both met and scorn'd the blow : And thou at first
(Whate'r thou talk'st to *Man*,) didst do thy worst.

Courage my Lords ; ye are the same, who once
Ventur'd on that renown'd Design with me
Against the Tyrant call'd *Heav'n's righteous Prince*.
What though *Chance* stole from us that Victory ?
'Twas the first field we fought ; and He being in
His own Dominion, might more easily win.

How oft have We met Him mid-way since then,
And in th' indifferent world not vainly fought !
Forc'd We him not to yield all mortal Men
At once, but simple *Eight* ? though He'd be thought
Then to have shown his pow'r, when he was fain
Basely to drown what he could not maintain.

Poor shift ! yet make the best on't, still the odds
Is ours ; and that our yelling Captives feel :
Ours is a *fiery Deluge*, but their God's
A *watery flood* : His scarce had strength to swell
For some vain months : ours scorns the bounds of age,
And foams and boils with everlasting rage.

And let it boil, whilst to the endless shame
Of our high-bragging *Foe*, those Pris'ners there
With helpless roars our Victory proclaim :
What nobler Trophies could we wish to rear !
Are they not *Men* of the same Flesh and Blood
With that frail *Christ*, who needs would seem a *God* ?

A pretty *God* whom I, sole I, of late
Caus'd to be fairly hang'd. 'Tis true he came
By stealth, and help'd by sly Night, forc'd Hell's gate :
But snatch'd he any Captive hence, that Fame
Might speak him valiant ? No, he knew too well
That *I was King*, and you the *Peers of Hell*.

Yet to patch up his tatter'd credit, He
Sneak'd through that Gulf, to barbarous *Abraham's* den,
Who for his ready inhumanity
Was dubb'd the *Father of all faithful Men*.
Less, less my *Pilate*, was thy Crime ; yet Thou
(O righteous *Heav'n* !) now yellest here below.

His willing prizes thence he won ; (but how
Forlorn a Rout, let *Lazarus* witness be,
Who the late pity of vile dogs, was now
A special Saint :) and this vain victory
Homeward he bore, with banner proudly spread,
As if with his *own blood* 't had not been *red*.

Me thinks I could permit him to possess
That pilfer'd honor, did he now forbear
My Subjects from their Loyalty to press,
And lure poor cheated Men his yoke to wear.
But by my Wrath I swear, I'll make him know
That I of Earth and Air am Sovereign too.

Well beat, O my immortal *Indignation* !
Thou nobly swell'st my belking Soul ; and I
Success's Omen feel. Brave *Desperation*
Doth sneaking *Fear's* objections defy :
Shall we be *tamely damn'd*, and new ones bear,
Because our old Wrongs unrevenged are ?

Was't not enough, against the righteous Law
Of *Primogeniture*, to throw us down
From that bright Home, which all the World do's know
Was by most clear Inheritance our own :
But, to our shame, *Man*, that vile *Worm* must dwell
In our fair Orbs, and Heaven with *vermin* fill ?

What tricks, charms, promises, and mystic Arts,
What blandishments of fained fawning things,
He musters up to woo these silly hearts !
Doubtless *God-like* into the field he brings

This juggling strength of his Artillery :
Yet, who, forsooth, the *Tempters* are, but we ?

Psyche, a simple thing I wot, and one
Whom I as deeply scorn, as Him I spight,
He seeks to make his prize ; *Psyche* alone
Takes up his amorous Thoughts both day and night.
Were't not our wrong, I could contented be
Heaven's goodly *Prince* had such a *Spouse* as she.

But she is ours ; I have designed a place
Due to her villeness in yon brimstone Lake,
Which shall revenge whatever in her face
Do's now her lusty *God a Wooer* make.

He promis'd her, that with the *Angels* she
Should live ; and so she shall ; but those are *We*.

We, noble *We*, who true unto our pure
Original, disdained to betray
Our native excellence ; and by demure
Baseness, in stead of *Ruling*, to *Obe*y.

What proof of virtuous bravery could be greater,
Than thus to scorn ev'n *God* himself to flatter ?

But since *this God* now thinks it fit to fly
From open Force, to his Reserve of Art ;
Surely 'twill no dishonour be, if I
Deign to outplay him in his own sly part.

That all th' amazed World may understand
Our gallant *Brain's* as potent as our *Hand*.

Last, thou shalt give the Onset : quickly dress
Thy self with every beauteous charm, which my
Aerial Kingdom yields and subtly press
Our counterplot : remember but how thy
Sweet guiles did once a *mighty King* subvert,
However fam'd to be *After God's heart*.

Then *Philauty* and *Pride* shall stretch her Soul
With swelling poison, making her disdain
Heav'n's narrow gate ; whilst *Wealth* it self doth roll
Into her bosom in a golden Rain ;

That she may grow too rich to match with one,
Of a *poor Carpenter* the *poorer Son*.

Next shall my Secretary *Heresy*
Right sagely teach her to become too wise
To take up points on trust, and fooled be
By saucy *Faith* plainly against her eyes.

Then *Persecution's* flame shall earnest give
Of that full fire which she shall here receive.

If still she tough and stubborn prove, do thou,
My dear *Despair*, about her sullen heart
Millions of black confusions toss, and through
Her tortur'd thoughts all Hell aforehand dart.
'Tis my Prerogative, that I can dare
To build assured *Hope* ev'n on *Despair*.

Nor shall this Service due requital want :
That trusty lucky *Fiend* who do's the feat,
Shall wear the *Prize* he wins, and by my Grant
Of Charter Royal be confirm'd the *great*

Master of Psyche's torments ; He, and none
But he, shall order her Damnation.

Nay for his greater honor, every night
With seven full lashes he shall plow the heart
Of *Judas* and of *Cain* ; nor from my sight
Henceforth on any work shall he depart,
But here at my right hand Attendant be
For ever, and *Blaspheme* the next to me.

Go then in *God's name*, but *that God am I*,
And here my blessing on you all I deal.
Catch but this *Wench* ; and by that Victory
We'll torture *Christ* more deeply than this Hell
Doth you or Me, and so revenge the pain
To which the *Tyrant* all *brave Us* doth chain.'

Even with the already-named 'Locustæ' and 'Sospetto d'Herode' before us, there are 'brave translunary things' there. The audacity of some of the sentiments and words put into the diabolic lips, is extremely noticeable, as coming from one who naturally was *ultra-orthodox*, and reverential even to superstition and credulity. Every subsequent utterance of Satan is in accord with this first presentation of him, albeit the ultimate impression—as stated—is of a deteriorated and (so-to-say) putrefying nature. There are gleams of primal nobleness ; but like the 'collied lightning' the ethical darkness is only thereby shewn more portentous. I must perforce content myself with other five 'representative passages' bearing on Satan. The first is the summons of 'Suspicion' (C. VIII. st. 212-219) :—

'When *Lucifer* had raked many Dens
And found no *Fury* who so furious was
As his new-bru'd Design ; at last he runs
To this foul sink : where when his sulphury face
The flashing tokens of his presence threw,
The roused Grot its awful *Sultan* knew.

The Boat flew from its chain to meet his feet,
And waft him over to the *privy Watch* ;
Whose swords fell down, whose hands went up, to greet
Their *Sovereign's* coming and to draw the latch.
Suspicion started as they op'd the door,
Wondring her *Mastiffs* barked not before.

But dread and awe had stopp'd their mouths ; as now
They sealed Hers, to see grim *Lucifer* :
She fear'd the worst, and thought that in his brow
She read some deep-writ lines of spight to her.

But from his face he wip'd the fire and smoke,
And with a Kiss's preface thus he spoke :

Madam, be not afraid, for well I know
My friends, and thee as best of them esteem ;
Witness that precious trust my love will now
Treasure in thee ; it is my *Diadem* :
My *Diadem* is lost if thou dost not
Procure Destruction to *Mary's Brat*.

Herod will do his best, I ken him well,
If aided by thy desperate Inspiration :
There's not a heart that lives, where more of Hell
Hath taken up its earthly habitation.

O had I store of such Viceroy's as He
To rule my Earth, how Heav'n would baffled be !

Yet *Herod's* but a Man ; and should he stand
On foolish points of nice Humanity,
That *Brat*, by being such, might scape his hand.
But if his strength with thine thou backest, He
Will quickly grow most salvagely complete,
And bravely venture on the *barbarous feat*.

Nor need'st thou any Maid but *Cruelty*
To dress thy Project ; take her then and go :
Fetch but that *Baby-God's* heartblood for me,
And with a Crown I'll raise thy worthy brow,
Mounting thee on an everburning throne
Where thou shalt reign *Queen of Perdition*.

Glad was the *Hagg* to hear the business, and
Promis'd her *Lord* all devilish faith and care :
Who clapping on her head his sooty hand,
Cry'd, take Hell's blessing with thee : O my Dear
Success attend thy Loyalty and may
Heav'n's envious Tyrant not disturb thy way.'

Companion for this is found in C. XXIII.

st. 99-105 :—

'As thus she panting lay ; the fretted *Prince*
Of restless Envy, who roves night and day,
Prying about the World to gather thence
Fresh Booties upon which his Wrath may prey ;
Discover'd her in this disconsolate plight,
And leap'd for cruel Joy to see the sight.

But as a Coward, who hath oft been beat,
Yet still on base revengeful hope doth feed,
Waits opportunity till he may meet
His fear'd Antagonist impoverished
In Strength and Spirits by some other Fight,
And on that Weakness builds his stollen Might :

So now basehearted *He* that shock forbore
Till *Psyche's* courage he conceived spent :
And then with prouder Hopes than e'r before
Down to his damned Home puff'd up he went :

(Fool as he was, to let his hasty Eye
Such Triumph look before the Victory.)

Then having climb'd his Throne, and from his face
Wip'd off the coalblack sweat, into a smile
He forc'd his Cheeks : The *feinds* admir'd what cause
Their *King's* Austerity could so beguile :
Yet in compliance every one begun
To shrivel up his chaps and gently grin.

When *Satan* thus : Hate and Defiance first
To *Heav'n*, and then all glory to my *Self*.
You know to what expence of Pains that curst
And though most feeble, yet most stubborn Elf
Jesus his Mistress, long hath put me, yet
On that vile *Worm* my will I ne'r could get.

But now the feat is done, and wretched she
Is by her goodly *spouse* divorc'd, and lies
To our just Vengeance's severity
A most abandon'd and devoted Prize.
I saw her as she lay ; but scorn'd to bring
Her with me : no ; it sutes not with a *King*.

Not with the *King of most heroick Pride* ;
Disdain's the highest Jewel in my Crown ;
I who to *Heav'n's big Sovereign* deny'd
To bend my sturdy knee, must not stoop down
To take up vile *Dust* : though below I dwell
In *Night*, the *Rising Morn's* my Mother still.'

Again : C. XI. st. 143-153 :—

'His red hot iron sceptre *Satan* here
Reach'd forth for her to kiss in sign of peace :
Then smiling on her answering face, Most dear
Of all my Feinds, said he, my bus'ness is
The weightiest that my Spight e're undertook,
Which if it fails, this Sceptre must be broke.

Thou knowest time was when I and thou, did make
A brave Adventure in the face of Heav'n,
When at our Courage all the spheres did quake,
And *God* was to his utmost thunder driven ;
His Throne stood Trembling at our rival Power,
And had our foot not slipp'd, all had been our.

But that Mishap's too sleight and weak to break
The strength of our immortal Pride ; forbid
It all my Hell, that *Belshebul* should make
Truce with that Tyrant who disherited
Him of his starry Kingdom : No ; I may
Perchance be beaten, but will ne'r obey.

I am resolv'd to find Him work as long
As *He*, and his *Eternity* can last ;
My Spirit never must forget that wrong
Which me into this hateful Dungeon cast :
Nor need I fear Him now, since I can be
But still in Hell, should He still conquer me.

Full well I know his spight : had any Place
Been worse than this, he would have damn'd Us thither :

Yet He, forsooth, must be the *God of grace,*
Of Pity, and of Tenderness the Father:
 And silly Men believe him too; but We
 More wit have bought than so befoo'd to be.

For be he what he will to Men; to Us
 He is a sworn and everlasting Foe.
 And is't not just, He who maligns Us thus,
 Should find that *Devils are immortal too?*
 I would not wrong Him; yet mine own must I
 Not clip, to save intire his Majesty.

My noble Will He never yet subdued,
 And I am now too old to learn to bow:
 Upon my youth his utmost strength He shewed,
 Yet tender though I was, himself doth know
 Ev'n then I yielded not: And shall this fist
 Now brawny grown, the Tyrant not resist?

It must and shall: my Confidence beats high:
 For now on even ground our fight shall be.
 He from steep slippery heav'n is come; and my
 Footing on earth as sure as His will be.
 Besides, should we miscarry, We are there
 Nearer our hell, and no deep fall can fear.

Yet that we may unlucky Chance defy,
 Wise *Treason* must direct our Project's way:
 Lend thou thine aid, and let th' iniquity
 Of *Fate* or *Fortune*, if it can, say nay.
 How oft when *Rams* in vain have push'd the Wall,
 Have cunning Underminings made it fall:

It can be no dishonour now, since *He*
 Hath in the vile hypocrisy of Dust
 And Ashes, hid his heav'nly Majesty,
 For *Belshebul* on Fraud to build his trust.
 'Tis true, I scorn to trace his steps; yet may
 I justly Him in his own Coin repay.

Come, let's away: with hate to *Christ* I burn
 More than with all my kingdom's flames. I swear
 By my bright *Mother*, th' undefiled *Morn*
 (A fairer Virgin than the Carpenter
 Chose when he hew'd out Him;) by this my Crown,
 And Horns, I'll win his blood, or lose mine own.'

Once more—C. XXII. st. 25-38:—

'When *Satan* for his late Repulse could find
 No comfort in his spiteful Tyranny
 Over his damned Slaves; his frightful Mind
 Boil'd with such hot Impatience, that He
 Into the Air's cool region again
 Flung up himself with terrible Disdain.

Where, as he champ'd his meditating Rage,
 He chanc'd a winged Squadron to espy,
 Returning home in beauteous equipage,
 Having dispatched each his Embassy,
 With which they had been delegated hither
 From Heav'n, to fit our Earth to mount up thither.

This prompted him to brew a new Device:
 With cunning speed he play'd the Thief again,
 And having stoll'n a Tire of Gallantries,
 After the *Angel-troops* posted amain;
 Trimming his cursed feature as he flew,
 Till like a Bird of that fair Brood he grew.

Something behind he lagg'd, least piercing *They*,
 His impudent Imposture should descry,
 And intercept his Project by the way
 In just Disdain of his foul Company.
 So at wise distance sneaks the Traitor, when
 True-hearted Peers to Court he follows in.

But fluttering through the spheres, his lips he bit
 To see the famous fatal Tract whereby
 He once was tumbled headlong down; and yet
 Though they with fell Despite and Blasphemy
 Were big, he durst not ope them, knowing well
 Heav'n ill would bear the Dialect of *Hell*.

Arrived at the Everlasting Gate,
 Into th' imperial Palace of their *King*,
 The well-known *Angels* in triumphant state
 Their entrance made; but *Satan's* foreign Wing
 Shiver'd for fear; so did the Vizard he
 Had clapp'd upon his Guilt's Deformity.

For from the Luster of his *Maker's* eyes;
 Such Dread flashed on his, that swarthy He,
 Who had been us'd to Night's black Prodigies,
 Was dazl'd at the naked Majesty
 Of more than day: Three times he winck'd, and then
 With both his hands his spurious eyes did screen.

Such fright the sooty *Bats* is wont to seize
 When *Highnoon's* darts of splendor shoot them through:
 The woful *Ghosts* who in sad shadows please
 Their gloomy Thoughts, thus terrified grow,
 If in the East the curtains ope are thrown,
 And up *Aurora* get e'r they be down.

The blessed Spectacles which here he saw
 Were sharper Torments than he felt at home;
 No *Glories'* sparkling streams could near him flow,
 But burnt him more than his own *fiery Doom*:
 Each holy *Joy* a Torture was, and He
 Fry'd in the midst of this felicity.

He fry'd and flam'd, and strait his look's spruce Craft,
 His forged Plumes, his curled Grove of Hair,
 His dainty Coat, and all his gorgeous Theft
 A sacrifice unto the lightning were
 Of *Jesus's* Eyes; and in his naked Dress
 He now appear'd of hellish Ugliness.

The *Angels* started at the hideous sight,
 And standing at a distance round about,
 Gaz'd on the *Portent*; who with all the might
 Of Impudence, although a while he fought,
 Could not against his guilty shame prevail;
 Down hung his Head, his Tallons, and his Tail.

Thus when the conscious *Traitor's* hateful face
Is in the presence of the *Prince* descry'd,
And persecuted by the joint Disgrace
Of all the loyal Court ; against that Tide
Of Ignominy he in vain contends ;
Such Horror all his Stubbornness transcends.

As *Jesus* saw the *fend*, abashed so,
He charg'd him to confess from whence he came :
Nor durst the thus commanded *Monster*, though
Lyes were his only Trade, a fiction frame :
Yet loth to loose the credit of his Pride,
With dogged sullenness he thus reply'd.

Whence can I come, but from *Beneath* ? unless
You know some *higher* place than this your Heav'n ?
This Heav'n, from whence by you, I must confess,
(But let All judge how justly) I was driven.
From visiting the Earth I come, where I
Have far more Subjects than your *Deity*.'

Finally—C. XXII. st. 55-58 :—

'As when the Lyon's loos'd to tear his Prey,
With furious Joy he shakes his dreadful Crest,
He mounts his surly Tail, and rends his way
Into the Theatre : so *Satan* prest
Back through the Spheres, and thought his Shame
was cheap
He suffer'd there, since he his End did reap.

For his mad Spight's irrefragable Pride
Would not permit him mannerly to part :
He neither bow'd, nor bent, nor signify'd
The least of Thanks for gaining what his heart
Did most desire ; but thought he needed not
Take other leave, who leave to rage had got.

As down through Heav'n he rush'd, he proudly threw
Scorn on the Stars which he could not possess :
Then through the Air imperiously he flew,
And by his looks proclaim'd that Realm was his ;
The blackest Clouds which floated there, made haste
To clear the way, till blacker He was past.

His swarthy Wings lash'd that soft Element
With violent speed, and made it roar aloud :
No wind did ever with such furious Bent
Or hideous Noise, through those mild Regions croud :
No Bolt of Thunder ever rent its path
With such precipitant tumultuous wrath.'

Beside 'swarthy' Satan, I place now the
angelic visitant of the maid-mother Mary,
annunciating the 'Holy Child' (Canto VII.
st. 59-64) :—

... 'A bright and gallant *Stranger* hither flies :
One who from heav'n her sweet Reflection brings ;
And was her Copy, bating but his wings.

Youth bloomed in his face, the blessed throne
Where purest Beauties in fair triumph sate :

A brisk and sparkling Combination
Of ravishing Joys in either Eye was met :
His Looks commanded Love, but ugly Lust
By potent Purity they still repress.

His head was crown'd with its own golden hair,
Which down his back its dainty riches shed :
The Alabaster of his neck was bare ;
Sweetly betraying what below was hid
In his green ambush of that robe of silk,
Which gently hover'd o'r his fleshy milk.

This robe was garded with the orient lace
Which trims *Aurora's* virgin coat : *Neglect*
Seem'd to have put it on, yet comely *Grace*
Its incompod'ness curiously deckt.
And thick in every careless fold and plait
To catch spectators' wonder lay in wait.

A silver Girdle with the ready mode
Of nimble Travellers his loins imbraced :
Like *Love's* bright Bow his left arm bended stood -
On his fair side ; his right hand bore, and graced,
A Lily, which by proofs soft, white, and sweet,
Near kindred claimed with its dainty seat.

The Candor of his Wings was no such kind
Of glaring thing as stares in Alpine snow,
Or in the Cignet's bosom is inshrind,
Or in Milk's supple streames delights to flow :
But of a starry tincture, pure and bright,
Made not by scorching but by whitening light.'

I know not where, outside of 'Paradise
Lost,' to look for a more radiant portraiture
than this ; and 'Psyche' is a very gallery of
such word-portraits and word-scenes, each
definite and unmistakable, and of cunningest
colouring. I have glanced forward in order
to find a contrast with the Satan. I return
upon the first canto, and so would pass on-
ward through the successive ones—over-
passing much, but gleaning sufficient to
'represent' the genius of the Poet. I pause
over 'Phylax,' the guardian-angel of 'Psyche,'
fit companion for the angel of the annuncia-
tion (C. I. st. 58-61) :—

'A Mine of beauties in the Symmetry
Of his all-ravishing aspect sweetly smil'd ;
Heaven clearly looked out at either eye ;
His roseal cheeks ten thousand *Graces* swell'd ;
As many little *Loves* their Nests had made
In the curl'd Amber of his dainty head.

He from the Rain-bow, as he came that way,
Borrow'd a Lace of those fair-woven beams
Which clear Heaven's blubber'd face, and gild dull
day ;
And this he sew'd on all his Mantle's seams,

A Mantle spun of milky down, which had
On Birds of his own Paradise been bred.

Upon his lovely shoulders dwelt a pair
Of correspondent wings : no driven Snow
On *Scythian* Hills durst vouch its plumes for fair
If questioned by *these*, which fear no thaw :
Less white, less soft as they, and will at last
With melting tears confess themselves surpast.

Well did his body's nimble vessel suit
With those its gallant Oars ; so pliant were
His goodly timber'd Limbs, and yet so stout,
That Wax and Steel seem'd kindly marry'd there.
Hence, tho' he martial were, he lov'd to prove
Himself the *Warrior* of none but *Love*.'

Again—here is 'Joseph' as a pattern of
'chastity' (C. I. st. 76-79) :—

... 'There liv'd a *Youth* of old
Almost as young, and no less fair than Thou :
On his rich Head smil'd a soft grove of Gold ;
Two small half Heavens were bent in either brow.
Nor were those Hemispheres sham'd by his Eyes,
Which the best Stars above dar'd not despise.

All Roses blush'd when near his lips they came,
Whose purer Crimson, and whose sweeter Breath
They thought (and well they might) their double shame ;
No Lilly ever met him in his path,
But dreading his pure hand, in reverent fright
Grew pale to see it self outv'y'd in white.

The portly Cedars whose high-mounted pitch
O'r all the Trees advanc'd them to be Princes,
Env'y'd this stripling's lower stature, which
Degraded their aspiring excellencies :

The *tallest lankness* shows not half so high
In *Beautie's* scale, as *graceful Symmetry*.

Thus tho' compounded all of lovely Charms,
No wanton mixture did his sweets deflower :
With gentle gravity his looks he arms ;
And, as the Heaven is Heaven altho' it lour,
So are his graces still themselves, tho' He
Invelop them in serious *Chastity*.'

For contrasts, as well as resemblances,
Beaumont's 'Joseph' may be compared with
that other so brilliantly recalled to us by
Mr. Swinburne. Sir Thomas Salusbury's
'Joseph' beside either, is a mere daub.

Of another kind is 'Melancholy' in her
'cave' (C. II. st. 162) :—

... 'Now those pageant beauties which of late
Had there trim'd up a Temple for Delight,
Were all unmask'd ; and *Melancholy* sate
Shrouding her hideous self in mid-day night.
The heavy nodding Trees all languished.
And ev'ry sleepy bough hung down its head.'

Equally contrasted again with this is the
'Queen of Softness and of Purity' (C. II.
st. 217) :—

'Behold her face, and read all Paradise,
And more, in Flesh and Blood : in vain we seek
By *Flora's* Jewels to emblemize
The Gallantry of Her illustrious cheek,
At whose sweet composition every *Grace*
Ran crowding in, for fear to lose its place.'

There is a fine allegorical quaintness in
the delineation of the 'illustrious Hall' of
Chastity (C. III. st. 42-43) :—

'The lofty Roof of that illustrious Hall
With *Sighs* and amorous *Languishments* was seal'd,
From whence in most delicious drops did fall
Down to the floor heartmelting *Tears*, and yield
A pearly pavement, which the ground's cool kiss
Into *chaste Firmitude* did crystallize.

The Twilight's tears shed in the laps of flowers
Less gracefully reflect Heav'n's rising Ey,
When Phoebus lets in the Diurnal Hours
And trims his face upon the Morning sky ;
Than these reverberated that fair Look,
Which from the *Virgin's* entring face they took.'

Richer and daintier still is the procession
of the Seasons (C. IV. st. 57-65) :—

... 'At an unseen door
With splendid haste a silver Globe roll'd in,
Whose sparkling Eyes shew'd it the way to turn
And wheel from Ev'n through all the Night to Morn.

This done : a dusky Veil she threw aside,
And through a roseal East let ope the *Day* :
Up *Titan* sprung, and, as the Globe did glide,
Sped into the West his golden way ;
Where, red and hot with his long journey, He
Plummed the cool bath of th' *Atlantic Sea*.

Then bluster'd in the *Winds*, on whose broad back
Rode laboring Clouds ; of which some crumbled Snow,
Some spit forth Lightnings through a thundering Crack,
Some with more peaceful show'rs of Rain did flow,
Some pour'd down monstrous vermin, some a flood
Of not desired Corn, some squeez'd out Blood.

That Storm blown o'r ; the *Spring* march'd forth array'd
With fragrant Green, whose sweet Embroidery
In blooms and buds of virgin smiles display'd
A scene of living Joys, all echoed by
Ten thousand Birds, which, perch'd on every Tree,
Tun'd their soft pipes to Nature's harmony.

Yet underneath, in higher gallantry
The *Peacock* strutted, whose enamel'd train
Of the *celestial Model's* bravery
Brandish'd her stout and gorgeous disdain ;

For that *Bowl's* winking eyes could not express
So full a proof of heav'n as flam'd in these.

Summer came next, with her own riches crown'd,
A wreath of flow'rs upon her goodly head ;
Large sheaves of ripened gold did her surround,
And all her way with wholesom Plenty spread ;
Where as she went, no Tree but reach'd his Arm
(For it was hot) to shade her head from harm.

Then follow'd *Autumn*, with her bosom full
Of every fruit which either tempts the Eye
Or charms the Taste ; here *Wantonness* might cull
And weary grow : here wide-mouth'd *Luxury*
Might her own boulimy devour with more
Facility, than spend this teeming store.

At last came drooping *Winter* slowly on,
For frost hung heavy on his heels ; the *year*
Languish'd in Him, and looked old and wan :
He quak'd and shiver'd through his triple fur :
Which way soe'er he works, and strives to creep,
He's to the knees in Snow at every step.

For *Snow* was all things now ; and in this *White*
The wanton *World*, which made such jolly sport
In *Autumn's*, *Summer's*, and in *Spring's* Delight,
Must (girded up by Ice,) do penance for't :
This cold, chaste, strait-lac'd garb will best repel
The faults those loose hot Seasons taught to swell.'

Worthy almost of the 'Fairy Queen' in
its *fantastique* of fancies, though lacking its
music, is Agenor and his company (C. v.
st. 94-103) :—

'What throngs of meek Ambassadors were there
From every quarter of the awed Earth,
Begging the favor of his royal ear
Upon their Sutes for Peace ; and pouring forth
The richest Gifts their Countries could afford
In earnest of their homage to their Lord !

Above his Scutcheon hung, in *Azure* field
A *Lyon Or*, with lightning in his paw ;
The crest was *Fame*, with cheeks and trumpet swell'd
And wings display'd. His throne of Pearl below
With sparkling earnestness strove to exceed
The beams of those six Steps which to it led.

The first was *Plutus*, of substantial price ;
The next *Eugenia*, in fancy high ;
Callos the third, the ravisher of eyes ;
The fourth *Andria*, swell'd with majesty ;
The fift *Padia*, quainter than the rest ;
Eusebia the sixth, of all the best.

There sate the *Gallant* : one whole Diamond made
His radiant Helmet ; and in wanton pride
A gorgeous flood of Plumes about it play'd,
Yet scorn'd the kiss of any Wind ; aside
They wav'd their heads and coyly seem'd to say,
To every Blast : Your breath offends ; away.

A stately *Mantle's* large expansion reach'd
Down from his wide-spread shoulders to his feet ;
And cloth'd him with all splendors that are fetch'd,
From eastern shores, the western Pearls to meet ;
And by a rich conspiracy of beams
Epitomize the *World's* estate of Gems.

His Sword look'd lightning through its crystal sheath
Whose round Hilt crown'd its victorious Blade
His mighty Sceptre, circled with a Wreath
Of bloody Bays, right dreadfully he sway'd.
The Ball in 's hand was swell'd to that degree
As if it meant indeed the *World* to be.

At 's right hand stood *Disdain* : turn'd was her Head
Over her shoulder ; with contemptuous Eye
Through gloomy frowns, her sullen mind she spread,
And seeing, scorn'd to see, the Company :
Nor did she mend or mollify her brow,
But when her Master's growing rough, she saw.

At 's left stood spruce and gaudy *Philauty*,
Whose thoughts dwelt on a crystal book she held
Eternally, to her admiring Eye ;
In which her foolish self she read, and smil'd
On her fair Lesson ; though the brittle Glass
Admonish'd her how vain her Beauty was.

Before him, on a golden pillar,—at
Whose massy foot a Palm and Laurel grew,—
Upon the back of *Triumph*, *Glory* sate ;
From whose full robes more dazzling Lustre flew
Than breaks from *Phabus'* furniture, when he
Through *Cancer* rides, in *June's* high gallantry.

About him round his whole Retinue was
Dispos'd in royal equipage : His own
Attendants had the credit of the place
Which glitter'd nearest his illustrious throne ;
Then with their cheated Leader *Thelema*
Stood all the *Passions* in *battalia*.'

It is not going too far to infer that COLLINS
had read and re-read this and other portions
of 'Psyche.' In his Personifications, I think
Beaumont mainly copied after JOHN DAVIES
of Hereford in his 'Humours Heav'n on
Earth.'¹ Elsewhere (I. Biographical) I have
felt bound to deplore our Worthy's abject
Royalism, as onward I confute it. Hence
there is no call for renewed or present pro-
test against another passionate condemnation
of the 'Commonwealth' of Cromwell in our
next quotation. *Per se*, the portrait of
Ataxy, 'Desolation's Dame,' is striking, and

¹ See my edn. of his Works (C. W. Library., Mem.-Intro.,
II. Critical, for notable examples).

all the more from its relation to 'Psyche' herself in the context. I cannot withhold the complete passage (C. v. st. 188-192):—

'What strange and hideous monsters Kingdoms grow,
Where *Law* and *Sovereignty*, the life and health
Of every heav'n-descended State must bow
To vile plebeians' wills ! What Commonwealth
Can justify its Name, where Subjects may
Command, and Princes dare not but obey !

Where *Freedom's* Name being thus deflowred, must
Turn *Licence's* bold bawd, and make it free
Only to be outrageous and unjust !
Where *Desolation's* Dame, foul *Ataxy*,
As beauteous Mother of establish'd Bliss
And public Happiness, admired is.

No *Hydra's* shape so shapeless is as this
Which throws the world back to its breeding Heap ;
The hideous Chaos of Preposterousness
That tumbles all Things in one monstrous Deep,
And, envying the fairly-form'd Creation
Disjoints and scatters it quite out of fashion.

Yet retchless *Psyche* is content to see
This horrid Solsecism in her own breast ;
And thinks her Sceptre and her self more free
Then when obedience did her Subjects cast
Low at the feet of all her Mandates, and
Her Empire's helm knew none but her own hand.

The silly *Rose* delighteth thus to be
Drest in her fairest looks and best attire,
When round about a churlish company
Of Thorns against her tenderness conspire :
That dangerous siege of pikes with smiles she greets,
Ne'er dreaming they design to choke her sweets.'

Superb beyond any words of mine to express, declarative in my deliberate judgment of absolute imaginative genius, is the next impersonation to be introduced, viz., *Syneidesis* or *Conscience*. The penultimate stanza is surely surpassingly magnificent, and recalls to one the eyed ceilings of temples in Egypt, wherein you cannot get away from the searching open-lidded eyes (C. v. st. 223-227):—

'When lo *Syneidesis*, who all this while
Her *Queens* had in a silent corner watch'd,
Accosts her in an unexpected stile :
For, strict hold on her shoulder having catch'd,
What means this haste? here is another Glass,
Said she, for you to view before you pass.

Behold these Eyes of mine ; a Mirror where
Lurks no Deceit, nor Charm, nor flattery :

True *Psyche* you are here, and only here
In this Reflection of Verity.
I never yet abused You : and why
Must that false Glass be trusted, and not I?

With indignation *Psyche* turn'd her head,
And left scorn for *Syneidesis* ; but she
Who knew not to be daunted, followed
Her eye with loyal importunity,
And made her see, in spite of her Disdain,
That *Conscience* never shews her face in vain.

The *Passions* wonder'd at her boldness : but
She is a Witch, impatient *Psyche* cries,
And all enchantment's powers and tricks are met
In those broad Mirrors of her monstrous eyes ;
Which so environ mine, that there's no gap
Where from their conjuring Circles I may scape.

Behold how gross a Ly of Ugliness
They on my face have tureaped, to outface
The truth of all those beauteous lines which dress
My royal Looks with prince-becoming grace.
Surely myself I would upon myself
Revenge, were I indeed so foul an Elf.'

The Cave of Oblivion and its inmates need fear comparison with scarcely anything in either Phineas Fletcher's 'Purple Island,' or Giles Fletcher's 'Christ's Victorie' (C. vi. st. 194-202):—

[Pity] 'strait started through the earth
Down to the silent mouth of that dark Cave
Where *Sorrows* find their sink, and *Cares* their grave.

A lazy Moat the Grot encompassed
With waters which were never known to stir ;
Upon whose bank secure *Oblivion's* bed
Was made of sluggish Moss and caked fur ;
The Remoras and Crampfish groping lay
About the bottom of the Mud and Clay.

Up from the Water crept an heavy Cloud
Of dusky Vapours, on whose shoulders rid
Fat *Drowsines* ; who rub'd her eyes and bow'd
Down to her bosom her unweildy head.
Bats, Owles, and other purblind birds of night
Stole through the swarthy shades their doubtful flight.

Mandrakes within the Moat, and Poppy grew,
Which nodded to their neighbour clump of Trees :
Those were the Willow, Cypress, Box, and Yew ;
Close at whose feet lay *Quietness* and *Ease* ;
And nestling by their side, an half-dead crow'd
Of Dormise and of Bears, all snoring loud.

Through these pass'd *Pity* to a door of Jet,
Whose wary ringle round was cloth'd in wool :
The porter *Silence*, with his finger at
His mouth ; when by her looks he guess'd her full
Of more than common business with his Queen
Softly stole ope the lock, and let her in.

There found she on a bed of ebony
Sleep lay'd at length ; her pillow, badgers' hair ;
 Thick *Night*, full *Peace*, and soft *Security*
 Her rug, her counterpane, and blankets were.
 Close by her couch's side drop'd pipes of lead ;
 A swarm of Bees were humming at the bead.

But greater was the swarm of *Dreams* which walk'd
 In shapeless shapes about the thronged room ;
 Who though they laugh'd, and sung, and cry'd, and
 talk'd,

No noise was heard in that confusion : some
 Wanted an head, a cheek, an eye, a nose,
 Some arms, some legs, some feet, and some their toes.
 Some wanton seem'd, some chaste, some spruce, some
 course ;
 Some tame, some terrible, some black, some white ;
 Some Men before, and yet behind a Horse ;
 Some Swan on one side, on the other Kite ;
 Some *Love*, some *Hate*, some *Half-hope* and *Half-fear* ;
 Some heav'n, some hell, some both ; most monsters
 were.

Indeed a few, who sleighted all the rest,
 Were lim'd and form'd by due *Proportion's* art ;
 With sober gravity their looks were drest ;
 Deep wonderous thoughts were hatching in their heart ;
 Sharp was their sight, and further could descry
 Than any Eagle's Sun-affronting eye.'

There are perchance over-multiplied de-
 tails—our Poet's weakness being not to
 know when to stop—yet are there exquisite
 touches in his 'Eve' (C. vi. st. 221-235) :—

'Eve, Topstone of the goodly-fram'd Creation,
 The Bliss of *Adam* and the Crown of *Nature* ;
 Eve, who enjoys the most removed station
 From ugly *Chaos* : Eve that *final Creature*,
 In whom th' *Almighty Lord* set up his rest,
 And only spar'd to say *He'd done his best*.

Her spacious polish'd forehead was the fair
 And lovely Plain, where gentle Majesty
 Walk'd in delicious state : her temples clear
 Pomgranate fragments, which rejoic'd to lie
 In dainty ambush, and peep through their cover
 Of amber-locks, whose volumes curled over.

The fuller stream of her luxuriant Hair
 Pour'd down itself upon her ivory back :
 In which soft flood ten thousand *Graces* were
 Sporting and dallying with every Lock ;
 The rival *Winds* for kisses fell to fight,
 And rais'd a ruffling tempest of Delight.

Two princely Arches of most equal measures
 Held up the Canopy above her eyes ;
 And open'd to the heav'n's far richer Treasures,
 Than with their Stars or Sun e'r learn'd to rise :
 Those beams can ravish but the Bodie's sight,
 These dazel stoutest Souls with mystic light.

Two Garrisons were these of conquering Love,
 Two founts of Life, of Spirit, of Joy, of Grace ;
 Two Easts in one fair Heav'n's no more above,
 But in the hemisphere of her own face ;
 Two Thrones of Gallantry ; two shops of miracles ;
 Two shrines of Deities ; two silent Oracles.

For silence here could eloquently plead ;
 Here might the unseen Soul be clearly read ;
 Though gentle Humours their mild mixture made,
 They prov'd a double Burning-glass ; which shed
 Those living flames which with enlivening Darts
 Shoot deaths of love into Spectators' hearts.

'Twixt these an alabaster Promontory
 Slop'd gently down to part each Cheek from other ;
 Where *White* and *Red* strove for the fairer glory,
 Blending in sweet confusion together.
 The Rose and Lily never joined were
 In so Divine a marriage as there.

Couchant upon these precious Cushonets
 Were thousand *Beauties* and as many *Smiles* ;
 Chaste *Blandishments*, and modest cooling *Heats*,
 Harmless *Temptations*, and honest *Guailes*.
 For heav'n, though up betimes the Maid to deck,
 Ne'r made *Aurora's* cheeks so fair and sleek.

Inamoring *Neatness*, *Softness*, *Pleasure*, at
 Her gracious Mouth in full retinue stood :
 For, next the Eyes' bright Glass, the Soul at that
 Takes most delight to look and walk abroad.
 But at her lips two threads of scarlat lay,
 Or two warm Coralls, to adorn the way ;

The precious Way, where by her breath and tongue
 Her Odours and her Honey travelled ;
 Which nicest Criticks would have judg'd among
Arabian or *Hyblean* mountains bred.
 Indeed the richer *Araby* in her
 Dear mouth, and sweeter *Hybla* dwelling were.

More gracefully its golden Chapter
 No Column of white Marble e'r sustain'd ;
 Than her round polish'd Neck supported her
 Illustrious head, which there in triumph reign'd.
 Yet neither would this Pillar hardness know,
 Nor suffer Cold to dwell amongst its Snow.

Her blessed Bosom moderately rose
 With two soft Mounts of Lilies ; whose fair top
 A pair of pritty sister Cherrys chose,
 And there their living Crimson lifted up.
 The milky count'nance of the Hills confest
 What kind of Springs within had made their nest.

So leggiadrous were her snowy Hands,
 That *Pleasure* mov'd as any finger stirr'd :
 Her virgin waxen Arms were precious Bands
 And chains of Love : Her waste itself did gird
 With its own graceful Slenderness, and ty
 Up *Delicacy's* best Epitomy.

Fair *Politesse* walk'd all her body over,
 And *Symmetry* rejoyc'd in every Part ;
 Soft and white *Sweetness* was her native Cover ;
 From every Member *Beauty* shot a dart :
 From heav'n to earth, from head to foot I mean,
 No blemish could by *Envy's* self be seen.

This was the first-born *Queen of Gallantry* :
 All Gems compounded into one rich Stone,
 All sweets knit into one conspiracy,
 A constellation of all Stars in one ;
 Who when she was presented to their view
 Both *Paradise* and *Nature* dazl'd grew.'

On the same lines is the welcome given to
 Eve by all creation (C. VI. st. 236-241) :—

'*Phabus* who rode in glorious *Scorn's* carrear
 About the world, no sooner spy'd her face,
 But fain he would have linger'd, from his sphere
 On this, though less yet sweeter, Heav'n, to gaze :
 Till shame inforc'd him to lash on again,
 And clearer wash him in the western Main.

The smiling *Air* was tickled with his high
 Prerogative of uncontrolled Bliss ;
 Imbracing with intrest liberty
 A Body soft and sweet and chaste as his.
 All odorous Gales that had but strength to stir
 Came flocking in to beg Perfumes of Her.

The Marygold her garish Love forgot,
 And turn'd her homage to these fairer Eyes !
 All flowers look'd up, and dutifully shot
 Their wonder hither, whence they saw arise
 Unparching courteous Lustre, which instead
 Of fire, soft joy's irradiations spread.

The sturdiest Trees affected by her dear
 Delightful presence could not choose but melt
 At their hard pith : whilst all the Birds whose clear
 Pipes tossed Mirth about the branches, felt
 The influence of her looks ; for having let,
 Their Song fall down, their Eyes on her they set.

And willingly their proudest plumes and wings
 Follow'd their Song : for in her Person they
 With fix'd intention read more glorious things
 Than all their gorgeous feathers could display,
 And were content no more the Name to wear
 Of *Birds of Paradise*, now she was there.

But when she mov'd her feet, the joyful *Earth*
 Greatfully rous'd her best fertility,
 And by a brisk extemporary birth
 Of Flowers and Spices, strove to testify
 What carpet's pomp was requisite to make
 The passage fit where *Beauty* was to walk.'

Beyond all doubt Milton studied the succeeding delineation of the 'first pair' in their wedded bliss (*ib.* st. 243-248). I place two etchings of 'Envy' together (C. VI. st. 253-257

and C. XI. st. 1-11), the second ennobling the grotesque, of which in the outset note was taken :—

'How great a Feast, and earnest invitation
 Was this for *Envy* ; whose ambitious taste
 Disdains all Fair but in the noblest fashion ;
 Whose jaws of greedy Iron stand agast
 At no encounter, but with restless spight
 Against the most confirmed Champion's fight !

Her Palace seated in the heart of hell,
 Is built of Cankers, Rust, and Vipers' tongues ;
 Her cursed Throne is mounted on the fell
 And boiling breast of *Satan* ; which she stings
 With ever-fretful rage, and makes him run
 About the wild work of Damnation.

To *Paradise* he rush'd, and brought his Hell
 Into that earthly Heav'n, whose dwellers he
 With anxious eye survey'd and mark'd, until
 A Creature brisk and spruce he chanc'd to see
 Upon a bank of floury pleasures spread,
 But far more sweet and beauteous than its bed.

It was the *Serpent*, whose illustrious skin
 Play'd with the Sun and sent him back his beams
 With glorious use : that Wealth, which glisters in
 The proudest strand of oriental Streams,
 Salutes *Aurora's* cheek with fewer railes
 Than this bright robe did all heav'n's highnoon face.

His sharpset Eyes sparkled with nimble flames,
 The light by which his active Soul was read :
Wisdom and *Art*, with all their plots and frames
 Chose their chief shop in his judicious head.
 Above his fellows on Craft's wings he flew ;
 All *Beasts* but he to that dull Name were true.'

'ENVY, thou rankling Bane of *Quietness*,
 And of thy *Self* ; what makes thy Rage so Mad
 To play the Canker in all kind of *Bliss*,
 And on thine own Vexation live ! A Rod
 To thine own wretched back, most peevish Elf
 No less than to the World's, thou mak'st thy self.

All other Monsters are content to spare
 Themselves, and only feast upon their Prey :
 But whensoe'r thy Prizes fattest are,
 Thou pinest most ; and find'st a cursed way
 Strangely to fast in riot, and to grow
 Leanest when Plenty's streams about thee flow.

In thy mischievous womb was *Discord* bred,
 The correspondent Brat of such a Dame ;
 A Brook which well becomes its Fountain head,
 And can with equal genuine poison stream ;
 A Brook which round about the tainted World
 Its arms pernicious Embrace hath hurl'd.

This is that fatal and destructive *Jar*
 Which frets and interrupts the Harmony

Wherein all different Things concenter'd were
By peaceful *Nature's* sweet and sacred Ty :
That *far* which in *Time's* nonage belk'd and beat
So high, that ope to *War* the way it set.

To *War*, that foulest fiercest Sum of all
The worst of Hell : fell *Belshub* at first
Begot the *Monster* of his own proud Gall,
From whence in Heav'n unhappily it burst :
A Birth-place how unfit for such a Birth !
And well it was that Heav'n strait cast it forth !

Heav'n cast it forth : but Hell receiv'd the *Brat*,
And hug'd it close, and nurst, and kept it warm :
Fed there with fire and blood, it soon grew fat
And strong enough to raise a desperate storm
In his black Nursery, whose rampant Revels
In wild confusion tumbled all the Devils.

When *Satan* saw his mad Activity,
With hellish joy he kiss'd his genuine Son ;
And as he kick'd his Father's Courtesy,
And scratch'd his kissing lips ; this Sign alone
Dear Child, cry'd He, sufficient is to prove
Thou art my Issue, and deserv'st my love.

Then from his own viperous Tresses He
Pluck'd three large handfuls of his longest Snakes,
Of which, with pois'nous liberality,
A favour for his darling Child he makes ;
Who ever since in frightful triumph wears
The hissing Discord all about his ears.

He thus adorn'd without, and stor'd within
With sutable desires : a full Commission
Sole General to be of every *Sin*,
Of all *Confusion*, and of all *Perdition*
His Father grants him ; and then sends him forth
To try what ruins he could work on Earth.

(The cunning *Serpent* lov'd his Hole too well
To suffer desperate *War* to harbour there ;
He knew that ev'n in his own Realm of Hell
Division would the joints and cement tear.
Which in obedience to his sovereign Pride
The Peers and Commons of Damnation ty'd.)

As through the bowels of deep *Tellus* He
Rent ope his way, amazed *Nature* shook,
Affrighted *Quiet* and *Serenity*
Their ardent flight to Heav'n for shelter took ;
Leaving behind an universal Groan :
Through all the World such fatal Terror ran.'

There is an odd originality, a unique unexpectedness of putting things, in this of
'Sleep and Dreams' (C. VIII. st. 8-13) :—

... 'other Creatures little find in *Sleep*
But that dull pleasure of a gloomy Rest,
Which they themselves perceive not when they reap ;
Man by this fuller privilege is blest,
That *Sleep* itself can be awake to him,
And entertain him with some courteous Dream.

He, when his Touch, his Tongue, his Eye, his Ear,
His Nose, in Sleep's thick night are muffled up ;
Can feel, can taste, can smell, can see, can hear,
And in his quick Dispatches meet less stop
Than when he wakes ; for now his Soul alone
Can through his mystick business freely run.

O sweet Prerogative ! by which we may
Upon our pillows travel round about
The Universe, and turn our work to play ;
Whilst every journey is no more but thought,
And every thought flies with as quick a pace
Quite through its longest, as its shortest race.

No outward Objects' importuning Rout
Intrudes on sprightly fancy's operations ;
Who, Queen in her own orb, achieves with stout
Freedom her strange extemporal Creations ;
And scorning *Contradiction's* laws, at ease
Of nothing, makes what Worlds her self doth please.

Nor is the Body more befriended than
The Soul, in sound Digestion's work, by *Sleep* :
This is the undisturbed Season when
The Mind has leisure to concoct that heap
Of crude unsettled Notions, which fill
The troubled brain's surcharged ventricle.

In this soft Calm, when all alone the Heart
Walks through the shades of its own silent breast,
Heav'n takes delight to meet it, and impart
Those blessed Visions which pose the best
Of waking eyes ; whose day is quench'd with night
At all spiritual Appiration's sight.'

With kindred characteristics is 'Sleep' in
its association with the 'Holy Child' and
the poor, expatiated on (C. VIII. st. 15-17) :—

'Marvel not how this Manger could agree
With that most tender *Infant's* dainty head :
For by this copy He commends to thee
The scorn of *Wantonness's* plummy bed.

Thou seest sweet Sleep is possible upon
A cold and churlish couch of board or stone.

'Tis not the flatt'ry of fine things without,
Which can with genuine softness cloth thy Rest.
Down proves but precious thorns, and silk doth flout
His hopes of quiet sleep ; whose treacherous breast,
Though with external unguents sleek, within
Is harsh and rugged, being lin'd with Sin.

The honest Plowman in the simple straw,
Which furnish'd his first board, and now his bed ;
Reaps solid savory Rest, and steeps his brow
In deepest Ease : whilst though the Tyrant's head
Be laid in *Delicacy's* softest lap,
By knawing fears and cares 'tis plowed up.'

In incidental *bits* if not substantively,
'Suspicion' and her company are personi-
fied with the same power and vividness as
'Conscience' before (C. VIII. st. 195-204) :—

... 'In that House, so dark and so profound,
That fair and high it made the rest of Hell ;
A Thing O how much more than Monster, drown'd
Yet deeper in self-torturings, chose to dwell.

One who espous'd Disquiet for her Rest,
One who *all furies* is to her own breast.

Suspicion's her just name; thick set's her head
With thoughtful Eyes, which always learing seem
And always ghastly; for they trust no Lid
To interpose twist Lassitude and them.

On *Sleep* they look as on some treacherous thing
Hatching blind Dangers under his black wing.

But principally they at one another
Their anxious and misgiving glances throw ;
And if no grounds of fear they thence can gather
Of deeper Dangers therefore fearful grow.

Yet whilst they all thus mutually stare,
Each bids his brother of himself beware.

Her sharp thin ears stand always prick'd upright,
To catch all Sounds and Whispers that come near.
Sometimes as her own Fancy took its flight
But through her head, she thought some Noise was there.

Her hollow Cheeks had gaped long for meat,
But doubts and fears forbade her still to eat.

She dream'd in every Dish and Cup she saw
Some slye and deadly Poison's Ambushment.
Alas, and how could any venome grow
So venomous as she, who might have lent

New power to Dragons' stings, and taught each field
Of *Thessaly* crops of surer bane to yield.

Impenetrable Steel her Garments were,
All of the temper of great *Satan's* shield ;
Her hands alarmed by perpetual fear
A mighty Sword and brazen Buckler held :
Weapons with which she never durst intend
To fight, but only her own head defend.

Fast stood her Chair on forty iron feet,
And to the ground all double nail'd ; yet she
Could not believe but underneath her seat
Some treasonable mine might lurking be.

This made her seldom sit ; and when she did,
Over her shoulder still she turn'd her head.

No morning pass'd but some on work she set
New Keys to make her ; being jealous still
Her foes might patterns of her old ones get ;
And twenty times as much she chang'd her Seal :
As her own self she would have done, had she
Known how to alter her Deformity.

With contradicting thoughts her brain was beat,
Which were no sooner liked but rejected :
She weigh'd and boulded every Counsel, yet
What surest seem'd to be she most suspected.
Oft would she skip, and fling about, and start,
And meerly at the motion of her heart.

Ten times an hour her Pulse she duly try'd,
Doubting as often what its working ment :
Sometimes she thought she felt too high a Tide,
Sometimes too low an Ebb of blood : Content
She never was, yet sought no Physick's aid,
Of Sickness and of Cure alike afraid.'

Of co-equal noticeableness is the 'house-
hold' of '*Suspicion*,' which again Collins
must have remembered (*ibid.* st. 205-211):—

'An Oath of strict Allegiance thrice a day
She forced on her numerous Family ;
And weekly chang'd their Offices, that they
Might have no time to ripen Treachery.
Strange *Officers*, yet fitting to attend
So sovereignly-odious a *Fiend*.

The first was *tall* and big-bon'd *Cowardise*
Whose lazy neck on her fat shoulders lay ;
Her gross head screen'd by both her hands ; her eyes
Horribly winking, at the dint of Day ;
Her ears as flat as dread could lay its prize ;
Her sneaking tail hid 'twixt her shivering thighs.

The next, stern *Cruelty* supported by
Advantage and *Revenge*; prime Engineer
To all the Generals of Tyranny.

What Whips, what Racks, her fell inventions were,
What broad Perfidiousness, what groundless Wars,
What Insultations, and what Massacres !

Close in the corner stood pale *Thoughtfulness*,
Seald on whose lips regardless *Silence* sat :
Her business was a thousand things to guess ;
She stamp'd, her head she scratch'd, her breast she beat,
Her wearied eyes she nailed to the ground,
And in her endless self her self she drown'd.

About the room ran furious *Discontent*,
And when all other scap'd her causeless war,
She wag'd it with her self ; her cloaths she rent,
Her cheeks she gash'd, and madly tore her hair.
But *Malice* slyly crept, and dealt her spight
To friends and foes in a concealed fight.

Yet slippery *Guile* was nimbler than the rest,
Whose quaint attire was of Chamelions' skins ;
Who in two minutes could become at least
An hundred *Virtues*, and as many *Sins* :
She *Polypus* in feet outv'y'd, and was
Fortune's true Echo, *Proteus'* Looking-glass.

Her mate was complemental *Flattery*,
Whose mouth's rich mine bred more than golden words ;
Her hand she always kiss'd, and bent her knee,
Whilst in her mantle lurk'd two pois'ned swords.
These were the courtiers, and of their condition
A thousand more who waited on *Suspicion*.'

Next comes the swift and awful obedience
of '*Suspicion*,' which is told with a strange
queer strength (C. VIII. st. 220-222) :—

'Forthwith her path through *Asphaltites Lake*
 She tore, and in the middle boyled up :
 The sulphure trembled, and the banks did shake,
 Down to the bottom fled the frightened top ;
 That most victorious *Stink* which till to day
 Dwelt there, her stronger Breath blew quite away.

Deep *Horror* all the Elements did seize,
 And taught the rest, as well as Earth, to quake.
Blasting deflour'd the Meadows and the Trees ;
 Her noise made Ghosts of thousand Witches wake,
 Ill-boding Nightrav'n's croke, shrill Scritchowls squeak,
 Hogs whine, dogs howl, Snakes hiss, and mandrakes
 shriek.

Men, Beasts, and Birds fled from her frightful face ;
 And Heav'n it self would fain have run away
 Had it but known to what retiring place
 Its now too vast Expansions to convey.
 Yet *Phebus* made a shift to lurk and croud
 His eyes behind the curtain of a cloud.'

'Famine' and her companions in the
 temptation of the Lord, is another fundamen-
 tally original set of personifications (C. ix.
 st. 39 and st. 56-72) :—

'Just at the word the *Hag* appear'd, with Look
 More keen than *January's* breath ; or than
Revenge's visage ; or the piercing stroke
 Of barbarous North-begotten *Boreas*, when
 He his most massy chains of Ice hath hurl'd
 O'r Sea and Land, and stupify'd the World.

Three *fends* of choicest Power and Spight there are
 Whom dared *Vengeance* sends to lash the Earth ;
 The hidden *Pestilence*, wide open *War* ;
 And *famin*, this fell Hag, whose Drought and Dearth
 Burn with more Poison than the *Plague*, and kill
 With sharper wounds than *War's* relentless steel.

This is that Engine which breaks ope its way
 Through flesh and bone, and riots in the heart ;
 Yet leaves all whole, that so her fury may
 Mock whom it tortures, and by cruel art
 Seem to forbear all Violence, whilst she
 Wakes *Ruin* by her silent Battery.

That *living Death* by which unhappy *Man*
 Is forc'd himself his funeral to begin ;
 Whilst past hope's sphere he wanders faint and wan
 Wrapp'd in the winding-sheet of his pale skin,
 And seeks his grave through whose cool door he may
 Into a milder Death himself convey.

That peerless Tyrant, whose impatience hath
 No possibility her prize to spare ;
 The dire Dispenser of the Dregs of Wrath ;
 Of Torments Queen ; the Empress of Despair ;
 That ænigmatick foe, whose Ammunition
 Is nothing else but want of all Provision.

Expect not to behold her family,
 Or what Retinue on her court attends :
 No Servant ever strong enough could be
 To bear her presence, much less her Commands ;
 Being assur'd they never should her will
 Unless her Belly too they could fulfill.

Indeed dry *Languishment*, pale *Ghastlyness*,
 Cold *Desolation*, her Handmaids be :
 But of an essence so jejune are these,
 That in her company deserted She
 Nothing but *nothing* meets, or, what is worse,
 The *wretched fulness* of an *empty Curse*.

But yonder Table which is hung so high
 Above her Cavern's door will tell thee what
 Were her exploits. When *Mercy* passed by
 This monitory sign she fixed, that
 Mortals might learn what *fend* was kennell'd here,
 And of this *Den of greedy Death* beware.

Lo what a smoaking Hurlyburly's there
 Of gallant Ruins tumbling on the ground.
 These once high-built and goodly Cities were,
 Which when *War's* mighty Ram could not confound,
 This *Hag* with no Pikaxes but her own
 Fierce Teeth, min'd all the walls and tore them down.

See there she chaseth frogs, and rats and mice,
 And hunts the dogs themselves ; ambitious by
 These strangely-precious Dainties to suffice
 The loud Demands of her stern Boulimy.
 Discretely there the prudent Painter has
 The Earth of Iron made, and Heav'n of Brass.

But there her Girdle and her shoes she eats
 For that acquaintance which they had of old
 With Beef and Mutton and such classick Meats :
 There out she turns the silly useless Gold,
 And clapping on its poverty a curse,
 A savory Meal she maketh of her Purse.

She rouses there the sleeping mire, and by
 A strict examination makes it tell
 What hidden treasures in its bosom lie ;
 Nor is she daunted by the unlikely shell,
 But ransacks still, and finds the gem within ;
 For she the Oyster first fish'd out for Men.

The Dunghill there she rakes, and pries for fresh
 Strong-scented Excrements ; right glad when she
 By lucky search achieves so rare a Dish
 Which needs, being reeking hot, no cookery.
 That Glass in which she drinks, and drinks up
 No other is but her own Urinal.

Her Jaws against that Fort of stone she try'd,
 When once she was immur'd in streights : and see
 How she compell'd and tore *Success* ; whose wide
 And ragged holes, her Tusks stout breaches be :
 Her hasty boistrous Stomach would not stay,
 And wanting other food, she *eat her way*.

That heap of Bones is all her Rage has left
Of her own Parents, whose dear flesh she made
Her barbarous feast, and them of life bereft
By whom she liv'd ; such is the salvage trade
Of desperate *Vipers*, who their fury fatten
Ev'n on the Womb in which they were begotten.

And yet no *Vipers* venture to devour
Their proper Brood ; 'tis *Nature's* strictest Law,
That with Traduction Love should join her power,
And like the Rivers, down-hill strongest flow ;
Only this *Fiend* all *Vipers* dares excuse,
And in her Children's blood her teeth imbrues.

For those bemangled Limbs which scatter'd be
About the Picture's verge, the ruins are
Of seav'n unloved lovely Babes, which she
Fear'd not with her remorseless claws to tear,
And back into her bowels force ; if yet
She any bowels had, who thus could eat.

This Comprehension of all Portents, this
Most despicable, starv'd, but potent *Hag*,
Was that bold Combatant whom *Desperateness*
Clapp'd on the back, embraving to a brag
And jolly confidence that mortal Might
Could never with her Teeth maintain a fight.'

'Jesus' in the midst of the 'wild beasts'
in the wilderness, must not be over-passed
(C. IX. st. 122-126) :—

... 'When on *YESU's* face they try'd their Eyes,
No blur or sign of guilt they could descry :
His looks were purer than the virgin skies,
Polish'd with Beauty's best serenity,
Array'd with princely Stateliness, and dight
With Love, with Life, with Grace, and Royal light.

This wak'd those ancient seeds of Memory,
Which prudent *Nature* in their hearts had set ;
And which by wise Instinct did signify
That their *unspotted Monarch* they had met.
They had indeed ; for this was *Adam* too :
Alas that Beasts much more than Men should know !

Men knew him not ; but Beasts distinctly read
In him the *Protoplast's* all-graceful feature :
Such were the gallant Glories of his Head ;
Such was the goodly measure of his Stature :
Such were the reverend Innocence's beams
Which from his flaming Eyes pour'd pleasure's streams.

Such radiant awfulness Men fancy in
Th' apparent heirs of earthly Kingdoms, that
They think the *King of Beasts* by royal kin
To their condition groweth courteous at
Their sight, and quite forgets his cruel sense
Of being Salvageness's dreadful Prince.

What wonder than if thus it happen'd now
The mighty only *Hair of Heav'n* was here ;

He, for whose high and best-deserving Brow
Eternity was busy'd to prepare
That Sun-outshining Crown, which flaming is
Upon his Incarnation's lowliness !

I would now group together certain additional 'representative passages' that may safely be left to witness for themselves of our Poet's faculty. I have ventured to give a heading to each.

1. *The Sun and Day.*

'O happy ye, stout *Eagles*, happy ye,
Whose pure and genuine eyes are tempered
To that brave Vigor, that the Majesty
Of your beloved *Sun* can never shed
Such bright *extremities of Heav'n*, but you
Can drink them in as fast as they can flow :

You perch'd on some safe Rock can sit and see
How when the *East* unlocks his ruby gate,
From rich *Aurora's* bed of Roses *He*
Sweeter than it doth rise ; what Robe of state
That day *He* deigns to guild, what Tire of light
He on his temples binds there to grow bright.

Not one of those brisk Eyes with which by night
Heav'n looks so big and glorious, but at
The mighty dint ev'n of his dawning light
Its conquer'd and abashed self doth shut.
'Tis your prerogative alone to bear
That Splendor's stroke which dazles every Star.

Into his Chariot of flaming gold
You see him mount, and give his purple steeds
Leave to draw out the Day : you see him roll'd
Upon his diamond Wheels, whose bounty breeds
That gorgeous *Family of Pearls*, which dwells
On eastern shores in their fair Mother-shells.

You see him climb Heav'n's highest silver hill,
And through *cross Cancer* make the *Hours* run right.
There with his widest looks your own you fill,
And riot in that royal feast of light ;
Whilst to your eyes your souls fly up and gaze
On every Beauty of his high-noon face.

You see Him till into the steep-down West
He throws his course, and in th' *Atlantick Deep*
Washes the sweat from his fair brow and breast.
And cool his smoking steeds, and yields to sleep
Among the watry *Nymphs*, who in his rest
Waft him through by-paths back into his East.'

(C. III. st. 9-14.)

2. *Baptism of Christ in Jordan.*

... 'ambiguous He
Felt sacred Aw surprise his trembling Will :
He mus'd, and guess'd, and hovered about
The glimmering Truth with many a yielding thought.

Which *Jesus* seeing, He upon him threw
The urgent yolk of an express Injunction ;
Whose virtue forthwith efficacious grew,
And made the meek *Saint* bow to his high function.

Cast but thine eye a little up the stream,
Wading in Crystal there thou seest *Them*.

Old *Jordan* smil'd, receiving such high Pay
For those small pains obedient he had spent
Making his water's guard the dried way
Through wonders, when to *Canaan Israel* went.
Nor do's he envy now *Pactolus'* streams
Or eastern fouds, whose paths are pav'd with Gems.

The waves came crowding one upon another
To their fair *Lord* their chaste salute to give :
Each one did chide and jostle back his brother,
And with laborious foaming murmur strive
To kiss those Feet, and so more spotless grow,
Than from its virgin spring it first did flow.

But those most happy Drops the *Baptist* cast
On *Life's* pure head, into the joyless *Sea*
Which borroweth from *Death* its stile, made haste,
And soon confuted that sad Heraldry :
The Deep that day reviv'd, and clapt his hands,
And roll'd his smiles about his wondrous strands.'
(C. III. st. 146-150.)

3. Herodias.

'No *Siren* ever on the watry stage
Did act so true, a false but lovely part,
The gazing careless Seaman to engage
In the delicious shipwrack of his heart :
Nor e'r was dangerous *Sea* so deep and wide
As in her narrow breast this *Nymph* did hide.

Behold *her* there : What studied neglect
Upon her shoulders pours her tresses down !
How is her breasts with Gems' allurements deckt,
Yet wins more eys and wishes by its own ;
Whose speaking nakedness itself commends,
And lustful *Fancies* to what 's cover'd sends.

Yea ev'n her quaint Attire all thin and light
With gorgeous hypocrisy doth lay
More open what it would deny the sight,
And whilst it stops, invites into the way.

About she swims ; and by a courtly Dance
Her other beauties' value doth enhance.'

(C. III. st. 177-179.)

4. Herod trapped.

All Eyes and Hearts trip after Her, as she
About the Hall her graceful motions measures :
No nimble Turn can in the Galiard be,
But *Herod's* brains turn too : who by these pleasures
Again seems drunk, and to his surfeit doth
Give ease by vomiting his plotted Oath.

By heav'n and my own Majesty, he cries,
This Dance, sweet Daughter, must not want reward :

For never *Venus* traversed the skies,
With a more Soul-commanding Galiard.
Let thy Demand be high ; for though it be
Half of my Realm, 'tis wholly due to Thee.

A cunning Blush in her well-tutor'd face
This mighty Promise kindled : to the ground
Three times she bows, and with a modest grace
Minces her spruce retreat, that she might sound
Her *Mother's* counsels, in whose joyfull ear
She chirps the favor *Herod* offer'd her.

The salvage *Queen*, whose thirst not all the Wines
At that great Feast could quench, unless they were
Brew'd with the richer blood of *John*, inclines
Her Daughter to request this boon for her.
I ne'r shall think, said she, that *Herod* is
Mine, or his Kingdom's Head, whilst *John* wears his.
(C. III. st. 180-183.)

5. Kiss.

'Is not a Kiss the soft and yielding Sign
Which claps the Bargain of Affection up :
The sweetly-joyous Marriages between
The tenderest Pair of Lovers, Lip and Lip :
The closing Harmony, which when the Tongue
Has done its best, completes the pleasing Song ?

Is not a Kiss that Mystick Stamp, which though
It sinks not in, yet deep Impressions leaves :
The smooth conveyance of the Soul, which through
The closed Mouth her thrilling self derives :
Th' Epitomy of genuine Salutation,
And Modesty's most gracefull Copulation ?

Is not a Kiss the dearly-sacred Seal
Which cements happy Friends' concurring hearts ?
Must this betrayed be ! Must faithless Hell
Truth's daintiest Soder taint ! Must Hatred's Arts
Be clothed in the delicatest Dress
Of courteous Peace and amorous Tenderness !

Must sweet *Arabia's* beds belch out a Stink
Outpois'ning all the Bane of *Thessaly* !
Must milky *Lilies* stain their leaves with Ink !
Thick-lin'd with *Thorns* must Buds of *Roses* be !
Must Harshness lurk in Down ! Must Honey flow
With Gall ! Must summer Gales bring Ice and Snow !

O what will Treason not presume to do,
Which more than all these strange Mutations makes
In this one venturous Fact of *Judas* ; who
By Love's delicious Tye all Friendship breaks ;
Who biteth with his Lips, not with his Teeth,
And plots to Kiss his dearest Lord to death.

Who teacheth all Succeeding Traitors how
To mask with burnish'd Gold that rankling Brass
Of Impudence, which arms their sullen brow ;
To tip Rebellion with meek Lies ; to grace
Their arrogant Treaties with submissive Words
Whilst at their Sovereign's heart they aim their swords.'
(C. XI. st. 220-225.)

6. *Calumny.*

'Fell *Calumny* it was ; a monstrous She ;
 Her Front and Brows were built of sevenfold brass ;
 An obstinate Swarthiness, which scorn'd to be
 Pierced by any Blush, besmear'd her face ;
 Her hollow Eyes with peevish Spight were fill'd ;
 Her pouting Lips with deadly Venom swell'd.

Her dreadful Jaws replenish'd Quivers were,
 Wherein for Teeth, Spears, Darts and Arrows stood ;
 Her lungs breath'd plagues through all the neighbour
 air ;

Her mouth no moisture knew, but blended blood
 Of Asps and Basilisks, to make her fit
Sure Mischiefs upon *Innocence* to spit.

Ten Dragons' stings all twisted into one
 Engin of desperate Sharpness, was her Tongue ;
 This made her Language *pure Destruction*,
 For *dying Knells* in every Word were rung ;
 No *Sentences* composed her Oration
 At any time but those of *Condemnation*.

Her Brain is that mischievous shop, in which
 As every other *Slander* forged was,
 So that, which, all Examples to out-stretch,
 Shamelessly dar'd *Omnipotence's* face,
 Proclaiming that thy *Lord not by his own*
But Satan's power trampled *Satan* down.

Whenever any rankling Canker breeds
 Kingdoms' or Countries' fatal overthrow,
 Her viperous trade it is, the pois'nous seeds
 Of restless *Fears* and *Jealousies* to sow
 In People's hearts ; who strangely reader are
 To lend to *Falshood* than to *Truth* their ear.'
 (C. XIII. st. 47-51.)

7. *Dread.*

'Immortal *Dread* star'd wide in either Eye ;
 Plow'd was her Forehead, and the Furrows deep
 Sown with the Seeds of all *Severity*,
 And now mature for *Jesus's* Soul to reap :
 Her Cheeks red-hot, a spark was every Word,
 Bright fire her Lips, her Tongue a flaming Sword.

She never in such horrible Array
 March'd down to Earth ; not when she furnish'd came
 With *Water's* arms to wash the World away ;
 Or purge *Gomorrah* with a *flood of Flame* ;
 Or wet her winged fiery *Serpents'* Tongue,
 The *Israelites'* Rebellion to sting.

A veil, so hideously black, that *Night*
 Or *Hell*, could not in *Darkness* vie with it,
 'Twixt Heav'n and *Her* was spread ; which, tho' *Day-*
light

Here now at liberty, would not permit
 The stoutest *Mortal's* Sin-condemned Eyes,
 To reach the gracious comfortable Skies.

Ten thousand *Furies* throng'd on either hand,
 With millions of *Pangs* and *Ejulations* ;

Whilst strong *Eternity* supported, and
 Hugg'd every *Horror* : troops of *Desperations*,
 Raving and rioting with barbarous cheer
 In their own Blood, made up her Army's Rear.

A *Massy sable Book* she sternly held,
 And op'd it leaf by leaf to *Jesus's* Eyes :
 When lo, each dreadful *page* appeared fill'd
 With crouds of such transcendent *Prodigies*,
 As quite absolv'd from *Horridness's* guilt
 Those *Feinds* of which her *Regiments* were built.'
 (C. XIV. st. 164-168.)

8. *Pride and comparisons.*

'This was the fearful *Frontespice* : But *Pride*
 Usurp'd the first and fairest *Leaf*, and shew'd
 (What never mask was large enough to hide)
 Her swoll'n and blister'd Countenance, which spew'd
 Rank baneful matter, being brus'd by
 A fall she caught as she was climbing high.

Then follow'd learing *Spight*, sly *Calumny*,
 Lean *Avarice* besmear'd with gnawing Rust,
 Ignoble *Cheating*, ugly *Treachery*,
 Dark sneaking *Theft*, and ever-stinging *Lust*,
Intemperance wallowing in a nasty flood
 Of *Vomit* ; *Murder* in a sea of *Blood*.

That Earth-relying Heav'n-distrusting Thing,
 Foolish base-hearted *Infidelity* ;
 Grinding *Extortion*, and self-torturing,
 Because for ever jealous *Tyranny* ;
 Rotten *Hypocrisy* ; proud learned *Folly* ;
 Dire *Discontent* ; and hellish *Melancholy*.

Disloyal *Murmurs* ; Pulpit *Villanies* ;
 Curs'd *Holy Leagues* ; and zealous *Profanations* ;
 Sin-fatning *Fasts* ; Thanksgiving solemn *Lyes* ;
 Bold *Sacrilege* ; rebellious *Reformations* ;
 Enchanting *Error* ; venomous *Heresy* ;
 New *Lights* and *Spirits* ; old *Idolatry*.

But for their number, it disdains the skill
 Of *Computation*, and all figures' reach :
 Not all the *Sparks* whose glistering Armies fill
 The field of Heav'n ; not all the *Atoms* which
 Traffick about the Summer Air, can tell
 Their mighty *Total* how to parallel.

For each *dwarf* fault, and *giant Crime* did stand
 In martial rank and file arrayed there,
 Which any humane Tongue of Heart or Hand
 Was ever stained with, since through the ear
 Of heedless *Eve* the *Tempter's* charms let in
 The desperate Torrent of contagious *Sin*.

Nay more than so : for every *Stain* which through
 All Ages to the end of *Time's* career
 Shall taint the World, most mindful *Justice* now
 Had in a black *Appendix* marshall'd : there
Prythe, thy proud *Revolt*, and all the rest
 Of thy offences, were at large exprest.'
 (C. XIV. st. 171-177.)

9. *Satan's Defiance.*

'He, base unworthy Spirit as he is,
Not only stoops to *Christ* (which gallant We
Of old disdain'd, and still that Scorn profess)
But with intolerable flattery
Turns Page to *Dust*, and bluseth not to bow
From heav'n to wait on this vile Worm below.

Had he not better nobly Fall'n with Us,
And kept the Credit of his *highborn Mind*;
Than crouch, and sneak, and curry favor thus
Of that proud *Tyrant*? Can an *Angel* find
Christ's love and smile, worth being hackny'd down
Far more below himself than we are thrown!

For my part, were I freely now to choose,
I would accept the bottom of my Hell
And hug Damnation; rather than with those
Ignoble *Sons of Earth* a Servant dwell.
Those *guardian Angels* think We cursed be:
Fools, who perceive not their own *Slavery*!

They boast, Heav'n's *King's* their Sovereign; and I
Take these confessing Vassals at their word:
But, I'll maintain 't, 'tis greater Dignity
To have him for my *Fo*, than for my *Lord*.
They brag that Heav'n's their own, and *Blisse's* Hill;
Why I have more than so, I have *my ill*.'

(C. XVII. st. 102-105.)

10. *Home of Simon Magus.*

'Truth's best Dissembler, old *Apelles* heir
Had quickned those dead Walls, and made them live
In many a holy History; whose fair
And breathing Colours did such welcome give,
That all Spectators' hearts leap'd to their eyes
To feast, though but on painted Rarities.

There *Faith* appeared with her eagle's Eye
Hope with both hands her Anchor clasping fast,
And with wide-open bosom *Charity*;
Whose looks with such beseeching beams were drest,
That those who thoroughly scann'd them not, might
deem
She at heav'n's genuine fire had kindled them.

With these were ranked *Zeal*, *Austerity*,
Devotion, *Meekness*, *Gentleness*, *Content*;
And whatsoe'r might advantageous be
The brave Imposture wisely to present,
Baits which might easily work a greater feat
Than *Psyche's* soft Simplicity to cheat.'

(C. XVIII. st. 146-148.)

11. *Ecclesia's Museum.*

'The Floor with glittering Silver all was spred,
The Allmug Walls with royal Arras drest,
The Cedar Roof with Gold imbellished,
With glorious Paint the Windows; such a Feast
Of pompous sights she never saw before,
Though she had view'd *Agenor's* splendid Store.

Yet this was but the handsome case and skin
Of what did more Majestick make the Place;
For nobly lost were all the Pillars in
Innumerable *Spoils*, which She who was
Queen of the Palace, in her Wars had won,
And fix'd them here, as *Proofs* what she had done.

Here by their Horns, *Dilemmas* hanging were,
And of big *Syllogisms*, the empty Skins.
Bold busy *Wit*, lay tame and quiet here;
Here *Rhetorick*, with all her cunning Gins
Twisted about her neck: here all the Pride
Of *secular Wisdom*, was close pris'ner ty'd.

Next those, that *insolent Severity*,
That *humble Arrogance*, which long did reign
In th' old admired *Porch*, hung dead and dry;
And chained *Zeno* knit his brows in vain
To see that Doctrine which so far prevail'd,
Up here by conquering *Truth* in triumph nail'd.

And yet some comfort 'twas, that He beheld
The *Pythagorean Prudence* hanging by;
And its great *Master*, though he ne'r would yield
It fit for *Men* with *Flesh* to satisfy
Their Hunger's Call, forc'd madly now to eat
Himself, and make his chained Arms his Meat.

Nor had the *Epicurean Discipline*
Better success, for she was Captive here;
And both with Shame and Hunger taught to pine
And dearly pay for her luxuriant Cheer:
All lank and thin she hung, like nothing less
Than Magazine of swell'd Voluptuousness.

Th' *Egyptian Learning*, black as blackest Hell
Where it was bred and born, hung also here;
Nor could invent with all its *Magick Skill*
Any mysterious Charm or Character
Itself from that Disgrace to conjure down,
But found *Truth's* Spells much stronger than her own.

By these, the *Spoils* snatch'd from the furthest Parts
Of strangest *Indian Worlds*, hung one by one;
The proud *Gymnosophists* and *Brachman's Arts*:
(For noble *Bartholmew* had thither run,
And *Thomas* too; and made their Journey be
Only the March of speedy *Victory*.)

So did the *Persians' Astrologick Skill*,
And what in *Balaam's Midian School* was taught:
A mighty Prize was this, the Flower of Hell,
With thousand Sects of various Learning fraught;
Yet none of these could calculate that They
Should unto *Catholic Truth* become a Prey.

Nor did the *Academick Glory*, 'scape,
Though sage grave *Plato* rais'd it fair and high;
For here it hung in contemptible shape,
Presenting more of reverend Foolery,
Than genuine Wisdom, and lamenting that
It reach'd so near to *Truth*, yet reach'd it not.

Next this, the *Oracles* of the *Stagarite*,
(That God of logical and wrangling Brains.)
Hung all in scorned miserable plight,
Unable to Confute their conquering Chains ;
And wish'd that they their *Master's* fate had seen,
And drowned with him in *Euripus* been.

Yea ev'n the *Skeptick Protean Cunning* too,
For all her wiley wiles, was taken here ;
And now convinced by her certain *Wo*,
Confess'd some Truth could naked be and clear ;
And into palpable assurance grew
That her *Captivity* at least was *True*.

In one side of the Hall these marshall'd were ;
Nor did the other with less *Spoils* abound :
For all the *Sadducean Points* hung there,
Too late bewailing what too late they found,
That they from thence should no redemption have,
Who held no Resurrection from the Grave.

And in the same condition hanging was
Stubborn *Herodianism*, but buckled now ;
Finding that Help to its distressed Cause
Its dead and rotten God could not allow ;
That *Herod* proved no such kind of Thing
As *Christ*, of Glory and of Power King.

Esauan Prudence too was fain to bear
Her Fate, and share in this Captivity ;
Though all her Ways, and Grounds, and Doctrines were
Of nearest kin to *Truth* : yet seeing She
Made least resistance, *Justice* gave command
She should be tyed in the gentler Band.

But puff'd with zealous Ignorance and Pride,
The *Pharisaick Discipline* held out
In flat defiance : bravely she try'd
Her fancied strength, and obstinately fought.
And much she might have done, had *Truth* not been
Aided by *Heav'n* to bring her Pris'ner in.

Yet after Her, innumerable Swarms
Of peevish restless *Vermin* undertook
The War again ; and being once in arms,
From sucking sneaking *Schisms*, they boldly broke
Into the monstrous amplitude of those
Black *Heresies*, whose depth *Hell* only knows.'
(C. XIX. st. 101-117.)

12. *Maids of Honour.*

'But mark that Company whose station is
Before the Throne ; true *Maids of Honor*, whose
Sweet privilege it is this *Queen* to Dress ;
Their hands alone have her adorn'd with those
Embellishments, which round about her shine,
And make that fairer look which was Divine.

That slender strait-lac'd Maid, is *Unity*,
Who buckles on (for that's her proper part)
That golden Girdle which so decently
Huggeth her Sovereign's Loins : and with what art
Her noble Duty she performs, thou may'st
Read in the *Queen's* epitomized Waste.

That sober *Matron*, in whose stayed Eye,
And venerable Face, so fair are writ
The awful Lines of Heaven, is *Sanctity* :
Who reverently before the *Queen* doth set
Her faithful self, and serves her for a Glass
By which to guide and order all her Dress.

The Next, whose Soft and yielding Looks confess
The temper of her heart, is *Patience* :
Her *Empress* she bedecks with *Tenderness*,
And makes her slow and loth to take offence ;
That all her Subjects by her Softness may
Be charm'd, so kind a Princess to obey.

But *Magnanimity*, that highlook'd She
Embraves that *Mildness* with right active *Fire* ;
This that Virago is, who scorns to see
Any Exploit of Gallantry outvie her.
Ecclesia's Brows with *Stoutness* she doth build,
And helps her both her mighty Keys to wield.

She whose wideopen Breasts so fairly swell,
And wears as large a Purse upon her side ;
Who looks about to see where she may spill
Her teeming Charity's never-ebbing Tide ;
Is *Bounty*, *Almner* to the *Queen*, whom she
Likewise arrays with *Grace* and *Courtesy*.

That other, whose ev'n Look was never knit
Into a Frown, nor loos'd into a smile ;
Whose right hand holds a Sword, whose left a fit
And equal Balance, *Justice* is ; who still
As Cases come, her *Ladie's* eyes doth dress
With what is neither *Wrath* nor *Friendlyness*.

She whose sharp Eye looks all things through and
through,
And sees both sides of double-faced *Chance* ;
Who in *Futurity's* blind Sea can rowe,
And take a penal Prospect by a Glance ;
Is searching *Wisdom*, and do's every morn
Her *Sovereign's* Head most studiously adorn.

That amiable sweet-complexion'd *Maid*
Is *Temperance*, which keeps the *Queen* so fair :
In all Distempers She with ready Aid
Knows how her health and beauty to repair :
Her Body sound, her skin she maketh sleek ;
She with warm *Roses* trims her lovely Cheek.

Those other *Virtues* too (for All are there,)
Attend their several Offices. But turn,
And mark that neighbour Combination, where
Far nobler *Virgins* wait ; that thou may'st learn
By their rare Worth how glorious is *She*
Whose household Servants they are proud to be.'
(C. XIX. st. 185-194.)

13. *Naked Truth.*

'But now behold where at the *Queen's* right hand,
As best deserving that illustrious Place,
The Flower of all these Maiden Flowers doth stand,
The Gallantry ev'n of her *Queen* to grace :

A *Virgin* fairer than her native Nest
The silver Spheres, which by her Birth were blest.

Lo she from head to foot all *Naked* is,
As are the *Sun* by day and *Stars* by night :
Her self She with her *proper Beams* doth dress,
As *they* with their Attire of natural Light.
External Helps true Beauty never lacks ;
'Tis Shame alone which Vestments useful makes.

Who ever thought the Rose or Lilly stood
Guilty of course unhandson *Nakedness*,
Because they never put on borrowed Hood,
Nor veiled up their native Sweetnesses ?
For where shall Ornaments be found which may
Fairer, such *Sons of Goodliness* array ?

Believe it *Psyche*, she doth but retain
Her COUNTRY's fashion : they whose Bliss it is
In Heav'n, the Realm of richest Pomp, to reign,
Profess no other kind of Dress but this ;
They naked go of whatsoe'r might hinder
Or cloke the Grace of their *arraying Splendor*.

A Texture all of *Glory*, soft and white
As is her virgin Soul, surrounds her : when
Darkness can smutch the highnoon Face of Light,
When veins of Ink in floods of Milk can run ;
Then may a Critick hope to spie in her
Pellucid *Robe of Nakedness*, a Blur.

That *Nakedness*, which though it breeds Desire,
In every Heart not stupify'd with stone,
It kindles none but sweet and spotless Fire ;
In whose pure furnace brave *Devotion*
Learns with more sprightly fervency to glow,
And *Chastity* it self refin'd doth grow.

But O what Powers are flaming in her Face,
Pouring her Conquests upon every Eye !
The hardyest He that e'r on her did gaze,
Yielded and lov'd his sweet Captivity.
Error her self, though swell'd with Pride and Hell,
In her bright presence is content to kneel.

Her name is *Truth* ; and what her Care and Charge
Judge by those Tokens which her Hands present ;
Two *Autographs* : that in her Left, the large
And *Old*, but never-failing *Testament* :
That in her Right, the *New* : which could with none
Justly intrusted be, but Her alone.

For every Leaf of them a Mirrour is
In which she reads her own unspotted Face :
Each Line is taught sincerely to express
Some correspondent Lineament of Grace
In her sweet Body, whose all-lovely Looks
Are nothing but the *Life* of those *dead Books*.
(C. XIX. st. 218-226.)

14. Time.

'For *Time*, inestimable *Time*, was that
On which her only Avarice she fed :

Griev'd that the world with such elaborate
And costly Idleness had studied.

A thousand courtly *Pastimes*, seeing they
Alas, pass not the *Time*, but *Man*, away :

Madly-improvident *Man* ; who though vain he
Be sure he's sure of nothing, but to Die ;
Though in his power the next poor moment be
Nor more than is the next Age ; labours by
The help of long-extended empty *Sport*
To make the too-too-posting Hours seem short.'
(C. XX. st. 297-298.)

15. Ambition—in a good sense.

'Rare souls are they, who still forgetting what
Behind them conquer'd lies ; with restless heat
Reach at new Laurels, and adventure at
Whate'r inviteth Gallantry to sweat ;
Who, like our *Psyche*, scorn their course to stop,
Till they have doubled fair *Perfection's* Top.

For as the generous *Spark* is not content
With having climb'd the Air's first stage, since by
The spurring fervor of its natural Bent
Above the third it aims ; and needs must die,
Unless it may its high Design achieve,
And in *Fire's* elemental bosom live :

So *Psyche*, who to Excellence's sphere
Steer'd her brave Course, now for a second flight
Her Wings and Resolution did prepare ;
Knowing a *Third* remained still, which might
Her former Venture frustrate ; if in this
She coward turn'd, and bow'd to Weariness.

In meekly-daring Zeal, she vow'd to try
The utmost of her strength : and fear'd not what
Mishap might intercept her Bravery :
Though *Chance's* Wheel in her hand rolled not,
In *God's* it did ; And upon This will I
Since he has giv'n me leave, said she, rely.

As sure I am that he can bear me up,
As that, left to my self, I down shall tumble :
Nor can I fail to reach the glorious Top
Of my inflam'd Ambition, whilst I humble
My climbing heart : no longer will I, though
On Earth I live, a Dweller be below.'
(C. XXI. st. 6-10.)

16. Persecution and her train.

'The Chariot's metal nothing was but *Brass*,
Bright burning *Brass* ; of which each dismal side
With sharp and hungry Hooks thick-platted was,
To mow down All it met : in this did ride
The dreadful *Queen*, a *Queen* of mighty Fame ;
Who hath not heard of *Persecution's* Name.

All Frowns which make stern Panthers' aspects be
Of ravenous Cruelty the hideous Book ;
With indefatigable Industry
She had transcrib'd into her monstrous Look,

And strangely turn'd her vainly-humane Face
To *Inhumanitie's* most frightful Glass.

The mighty Plea of gracious *Innocence*
Proves weak and useless at her salvage Bar ;
For causeless Spight, and bloody Violence
Her only Laws and only Pleasures are.

Heav'n shield all pious Souls, and raise their fears
To generous Faith, where-ever She appears.

Her steely Coat 's all smear'd with gore ; her Hands
Gripe two imprison'd Twists of angry Snakes,
With which, though still her *Coachman* never stands,
Eternally she threshes him, and makes

His furious Speed more speedy grow, that she
Might at her Prey as soon 's her *Wishes* be.

Thus whirl'd she through the Popular Rout, and flew
To her desired *Isle* the straitest way ;
Behind the Coach her larger Train she drew,
Right glad to tread her cruel steps ; for they
Were All her own infernal genuine Brood,
Whom she had nurs'd and fatten'd up with blood.

Upon a *Goat*, more stinking far than He,
Rode *Ravishment* ; who threw his licorish eyes,
And they bold wanton fire, on every *She*
Whom Beauty's Wealth commended for a Prize.
The Chariot's Haste he curs'd, and he alone,
From 's Sin's fair fuel loth to part so soon.

Perch'd on a *Vulture's* back was *Rapine*, who
In length of Talions did that Bird exceed ;
Starv'd with Desire, though fat in Spoils, she so
Tormented was, that with more headlong Speed
She wish'd her *Queens* would march, that at the Feast
Of *British Plunder* she might be a Guest.

Upon an *Ostrich*, more unnatural
Than barbarous She, rode meagre *Astorgy*,
Vowing aloud to tear in sunder all
Those Cords with which true Love delights to tie
The Souls of Parents, and of Children ; and
Shatter the links of every Nuptial Band.

High-mounted on an *Hydra*, *Heresy*
With more and stranger heads than had her *Steed* ;
Rejoyc'd in hope that now contagious She
Her Poison to another World should spread ;
And *Albion's* Sands, which bridled in the Sea,
Should by her stouter Tide o'flowed be.

A black and grisly *Dog* bore *Profanation* :
Her who ne'r learnt Distinction of Place,
Of Time, or Things ; who never yet could fashion
A modest Look, or paint a Blush's Grace ;
Whose Rudeness no more reverence affords
To holy Altars, than to Dresser-boards.

Bold *Sacrilege* sate pertly on a *Kite* ;
And though her claws were burnt, and sing'd her Wings
E'r since the Altar might have taught her Wit,
(For vengeful Coals stuck to the sacred Things,

Branding the saucy Thief,) yet shameless She
A-robbing *Heav'n* and *God* again would be.

Upon a *Serpent* bred in Hell beneath,
Which belch'd rank fire at every step he took,
Which reached *Heav'n* with his pestiferous breath,
Which fought with holy Incense by the smoke
Of his foul Throat ; rode desperate *Blasphemy*,
And dared all the way *Divinity*.

But on an Heifer of Egyptian race,
Right proud of his renown'd Descent (for he
The Heir of *Apis* and of *Isis* was,)
Sate full as gross a Brute, *Idolatry* :
And yet *Devotos*, grosser than her Beast,
Or She, about her with their Offerings preste.

And this was *Persecution's* princely *Train* ;
Which all the way she went, stroke mortal fright
Into the Countries, travelling in Pain,
As she in Triumph ; till her rushing Flight
Her, and their Fears far out of sight had born,
And bad them from their Dens and Caves return.
(C. XXII. st. 100-113.)

17. *Privacy.*

'He who both Leisure and Desire can find
To sequester *Impertinences*, that
His *proper Bus'ness* he may only mind
And raise by pious Thrift his best Estate,
That he a Bank of endless Wealth may have
When poor he go's and naked to his grave :

He, *He's* the Man, on whom the Cite's Joys
And proud Excess : the Countrie's hearty Sport ;
The gallant Licence, and the glittering Toys,
With all the glorious Nothings of the Court,
As on their Conqueror look ; Since sober He
Can of plain *Solitude* inamored be.

For here his Soul more Company can meet
And of more high and worthy Quality,
Than in the Theater's most thronging Sweat,
Where Spectacles profess to court the Eye.
Such *Pressures* juggle out all *Heav'n*, but He
Reads it at large in this *Vacuity*.'

(C. XXIII. st. 11-13.)

18. *Tempest.*

'When lo the Welkin, which before was clear,
And flowed with the Sun's transparent Gold ;
Started from its fair Looks with sudden fear,
And did in swarthy Weeds it self infold.

Day was abash'd to see how boldly *Night*
Inroach'd upon her, and despis'd her Light :

The *Air*, presaging what outrageous Pains
Would tear her tender weatherbeaten sides,
Looks sadly, and with hollow Groans complains
Aforehand of the *Storm* ; which as she chides,
She but awakes ; and so provokes to rage
With louder fury on this tragick Stage.

Forthwith the Clouds came tumbling one upon
Another's back, for fear to lose their place
And office in that blind Confusion
With which the Element all gravid was :
Close-quaking in his Cavelay every Beast,
And every Bird lamenting in his Nest.

The daunted Trees shiver'd in every Leaf ;
The stones forgot their strength, and sweat for fear ;
The Corn hung down their heads, and pour'd their grief
By whispers into one another's ear.
Never did more dismaying Expectation
Usher in any Tempest's Indignation.

Strange *Phantoms* dress'd in spurious smoaking Light
Fed by foul Sulphur, flashed all about ;
Fell grisly *Ghosts* array'd in gloomy Fright
Both with themselves and one another fought :
Whole Troops of *Fiends* and *Furies*, in despair,
Threw their torn Serpents through the sable Air.

The labouring Clouds at length with open Cry
Brought forth their Woe, and thunder'd their Complaint :
The Bowels of the hardest Rocks were by
Compassion mov'd ; the massy Earth grew faint,
And all her boldest Mountains shak'd to hear
The doleful Outcry of her neighbour Sphere.'

(C. XXIII. st. 45-50.)

19. *Despair.*

' But Thou, *Despair*, (and here he turn'd aside,
For waiting at his right hand stood the *fend*.)
Shalt tear her hither : Thou mayst find her hid
In that blind Desert's furthest closest End,
Which borders on the Superstitious sink
Where *Arimathea* *Joseph's* bones do stink.

The delegated *fury* made no stay,
(For what so headlong is as *Desperation* ?)
But posted upward, snatching by the way
Her dismal Engins in such ireful fashion,
That all her *Sisters* started at her haste,
And frightened Hell was glad when she was past.

I' th' dark deep bowels of the hilly *Peak*
There lies a gloomy and disconsolate Way,
Through which with such impatient pace she brake,
That round about the *Country* trembling lay ;
In whose dull bosom all the sleepy *Lead* ;
Awak'd for fear, and ran about its bed.

The Beasts which saw the *Monster* as she flew,
Distracted at the horror of the sight,
Themselves down fatal Precipices threw ;
All Birds unable to maintain their flight
Let their Wings flag, and hung their heads aside,
And having chang'd their *Songs* to *shriekings*, dy'd.

But still the frightened *Fury* posted on
Till she arriv'd at her desired Place :
Where finding pensive *Psyche* all alone,
She set her hideous self full in her face.
All horrid Wrinkles to her odious Looks
Are Gardens of Delight and Beautie's Books.

Pale *Ghastlyness* triumphed in his face.
Which yet with *ferceness* strangely trace maintain'd :
Her own Veins swarthy Gore with hellish Grace
The grim deep Valleys of her Cheeks ingrain'd ;
Where her fell Nails to plough full often went,
And on her cursed self her madness spent.

Her locks were half rent off, so was her Gown ;
And more by careless *Nastyness* was she
Arrayed than by Clothes : Her breasts hung down
All lank and torn, and flapp'd upon her knee,
Which gap'd, and shew'd the naked shatter'd bones
She wilfully had dash'd on ragged stones.

Ten thousand Bruises made her Leanness fat
With Tumors and with Pains : no Joints were true
To their uniting Name ; nor any knot
Of Ligaments their binding Office knew :
Her carcase was an heap of broken Limbs,
By which she only her own *Ruins* seems.

But every part look'd delicate and fair,
To her most hollow yet most staring Eyes ;
In which such sovereign Terrors muster'd were,
As *fear's* own fancy ne'er could equalize ;
For one was like to nothing but the other,
And either strove which should outstare his brother.

These were the ominous Mirrours where each He
Whose Bosom was not innocent and clear
No sooner look'd, but he was forc'd to see
His heart in all her Crimes array'd ; which there
Appearing *double*, rais'd his fright so high
That from his odious self he long'd to fly.

The direfull *Basilisks'* mischievous Eyes,
And those of facinating *Witches*, are
Far safer Glasses, than these *Prodigies*.
Which with the Life of killing Horrors glare.
Heav'n shield the Man whose miserable Chance
Damns him into the compass of her Glance.'

(C. XXIII. st. 106-116.)

20. *Vision presented by Charis.*

' When *Charis*, upon whose eternal Eye
No slumber ever creeps, began a new
Mysterious Work ; for with activity
About *Imagination's* Orb she flew,
And cull'd and crop'd those *Fancies* here and there
Which for her Purpose serviceable were.

Thus furnished, with all Materials, she
Upon the theater of *Psyche's* breast
By orderly degrees the Gallantry
Of an incomparable Pageant drest.
She first rear'd up a goodly *Throne*, whose Light
Outv'y'd the hyperborean Snow in white.

Forthwith she placed on that royal Seat
A *Prince*, who with more Beauty garnish'd it.
No Monarch ever in more awful State
On his imperial glistening Chair did sit.
Indeed all *Potentates* but shadows be
To this *authentick sovereign's* Majesty.

His copious Robe down from his shoulders flow'd
To his fair Feet with streams of Gracefulness ;
A Girdle of illustrious Gold, which ow'd
Its birth not unto Earth, but Heav'n, did kiss
And closely hug his blessed Loins, which yet
In goodly Richness far outshined it.

No Fuller's Labour ever made so white
The finest Wool, as was his daintier Hair ;
Which poured down the volumes of its bright
And curled Wealth with curious careless Care
About his Alabaster Neck ; which stood
Like some white Pillar in that snowy Wood.

As in their venerable Sockets on
The sacred Altar glorious Tapers flame,
So look'd his Eyes ; whose reverend Beams alone
About the Temple of his Face did stream ;
Which parallel'd the Sun's best Looks when He
Is awful in his *highnoon Clarity*.

The most refin'd Corinthian Brass which in
The bosom of th' incensed Furnace glows,
With such fair Terror ne'r was known to shine
As from his burning Feet of Glory flows.
Thus was this radiant *King* from foot to head
With Majesty's Excess embellished.

Innumerable *Angels* then she brought
To furnish out his Court and fill his Train ;
Who their bright Stations took as quick as Thought,
And with their golden Trumpets in a strain,
Which through the roused Universe rebounded,
The glory of their mighty *Sovereigns* sounded.

Forthwith His Standard to the open Air
She poured out ; in which embroider'd stood,
Most dreadfully-illustrious and fair,
His *Arms Imperial* stained all with blood :
For 'twas his *Cross*, encompass'd now with more
Notorious Honor than with *Shame* before.

As thus He sate triumphant on his Throne,
He lifted up his Face and look'd about :
Straitway the frighted Earth confus'dly ran
From his intollerable Eyes ; the stout
And hardy hearts of Rocks were split with Dread ;
The proudest Hills and Mountains trembling fled.'
(C. XXIV. st. 79-88.)

I am free to admit that my 'representative passages' might easily be trebled, and still leave many that others might prefer to any of my selections. But this only proves that 'Psyche' is worthy of renewed study and revived fame, and a place in every anthology of our English Poets. In adducing these quotations I have now and again recalled MILTON and COLLINS. *At this point* I would

record a few out of well-nigh endless parallels that I had placed in the margins of my folio of 'Psyche'—with additions from my cultured and excellent friend GEORGE H. WHITE, Esq., of Glenthorne. In C. III. st. 53, we are reminded by 'For what was I ? a Lump of sordid Clay' of Sir Henry Wotton's 'For what are we but lumps of walking clay' (Reliq. Wott.). In C. VI. st. 116 we read:—

'If you those Distances compare with this,
The East and West are one, the Poles will kiss.'

So too in C. XVIII. st. 89, 'May reconcile the Poles into a Kiss.' We inevitably think of George Herbert ('The Search') :—

'Thy will such a strange distance is
as that to it
East and west touch, the poles do kisse,
and parallels meet.'

One of Herbert's most splendid images, which everybody knows, is thus semi-reproduced (C. XIII. st. 212):—

'Down to the bottom of each tender *Vein*
The cruel Engins div'd, and tore from thence
The *precious purple springs* ; which in disdain
They toss'd about, until their violence
In too too costly colours painted thick,
Upon th' unworthy *Floor* and *Pillar* stuck.'

As with Crashaw it is extremely satisfying to have Beaumont's tribute to Herbert, as thus (C. IV. st. 102):—

'(Yet neither of their Empires was so vast
But they left *Herbert* too, full room to reign ;
Who Lyric's pure and precious Metal cast
In holier moulds, and nobly durst maintain
Devotion in Verse, whilst by the spheres
He tunes his Lute, and plays to heav'nly ears.)'

The taking of the 'fatal fruit' in C. VI. st. 292, our Poet thus describes :—

'Up went her desperate hand, and reach'd away
The whole world's Bliss whilst she the *Apple* took.
When lo, with paroxisms of strange dismay
Th' amazed Heav'n's stood still, Earth's basis shook,
The troubled Ocean roared, the startled Air
In hollow groans profoundly breath'd its fear.'

Compare 'Paradise Lost' (IX. ll. 782-3).

'Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe.'
(See also ll. 1000 *seq.*)

Very pleasing is the tribute—somewhat veiled—to RICHARD CRASHAW, as already pointed out (I. Biographical). The more interesting is it to note reminiscences of him in 'Psyche.' These are numerous. I can only tarry to record the more direct, *e.g.* :—

1. *Satan.*

' But fouler was the stink : all honest Flowers
Frighted from their own sweets fell sick and dy'd ;
Stout Trees which had defy'd all *Tempests'* powers,
From this dire *Breath* sneak'd their faint heads aside.
Only some venomous Weeds, whose roots from Hell
Suck in their deadly living, lik'd the smell.'

C. I. st. 47.

2. *Monster-beast.*

' At this dire spectacle their troubled heads
The trees did shake, and all their leaves did quiver :
The fearfull flowers fell down upon their beds,
Closing their fainting eyes : the frightened River
Doubled his course, and headlong through dismay
Sought from his channel how to run away.'

C. II. st. 24.

3. *Stories of Chastity.*

' Thick were the Walls impeopled with the stories
Of those whom *Chastity* hath cloth'd in *White*,
From antient *Abel's* most unspotted glories,
Unto the latest beams of virgin-light :
That *Abel* who first to his *Lilies* tied
Martyrdom's *Roses*, in whose bed he died.'

C. III. st. 44.

4. *Baptism of Jesus.*

' To be Baptised, but not cleans'd, comes *He*,
Who is more spotless than that living *Light*
Which gilds the crest of Heav'n's sublimity :
He comes, by being washed to wash white
Baptism itself, that it henceforth from *Him*
And his pure Touch, with *Purity* may swim.'

C. III. st. 142.

5. *The Incarnation.*

' The Day which made *Immensity* become
A *Little one* ; which printed goodly *May*
On pale *December's* face ; which drew the *Sum*
Of *Paradise* into a *Bud* ; the Day
Which shrunk *Eternity* into a *Span*
Of *Time*, *Heav'n* into *Earth*, *God* into *Man*.'

C. VII. st. 156.

6. *Infant Martyrs.*

' These roseal *Buds* of early *Martyrdom*
Transplanted were to *Paradise* ; and there
Beyond the reach of *Herod's* rage, became
Flowers of Eternal bliss, whose Temples are
Imbrac'd with crowns of joy, whose hands with palms,
Whose eyes with beams, whose tongues are fill'd with
Psalms.'

C. VIII. st. 260.

7. *Miracle of Water changed into Wine.*

' The cool and Virgin *Nymph* drawn from the Pot,
All over blushed, and grew sparkling hot.'

C. X. st. 44.

The epithet 'white' is peculiarly and exquisitely Crashawean of 'Chastity' ; the 'washing of the water' is one of the famous conceits of the Epigrams ; while 'Æternity, shutt in a span' of the 'Holy Nativity,' is among our *memorabilia*, and the last is a somewhat grotesque recollection of 'Lympha pudica,' etc.¹

Milton is again recalled by C. III. st. 133 :

... 'the eye
And Port of Purity so reverend are,
That Beasts most feared wait on it with fear.'

This at once sends us to Comus. Again : 'Behold a sudden globe of pliant light' (C. VII. st. 217). This, if fetched from Fletcher's 'Christ's Victorie,' none the less recalls the Hymn on the Nativity (st. 11), 'a globe of circular light.'² The Reader will have noticed the quaint phrasings :—

' . . . scrambling . . . shapeless shapes.'

C. VIII. st. 168.

' All shapeless shapes together tumbled were
To mould up Shame's extremity on her.'

C. XVIII. st. 185.

So in 'Paradise Lost' (II. p. 666) :—

' If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none.'

Once more :—

' A Banquet not of gross and earthly cheer,

But of immortal Dainties, Spirits' Fare,
Diet of Souls.'

C. XII. st. 69.

This suggests *Il Penseroso* (l. 46) :—

' Spare Fast that oft with Gods doth diet.'

Further :—

' Chanting those Tunes of Bliss no mortal ear
Hath any capability to hear.'

C. XV. st. 300.

¹ See my Introduction to Giles Fletcher's Poems (Fuller Worthies' Library and Early English Poets), wherein I give parallels.

² See also Sir John Davies' Poems : Works, Fuller Worthies' Library : Verse, pp. 129, 201 in 'The Virgin Nymph.'

We are reminded of the *Arcades* (ll. 72-3):—

'After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear.'

By C. ix. st. 245 onward, of the 'Assyrian Lion,' and 'Russian Bear,' the 'Purple Island' is recalled (Phin. Fletcher's Poems, vol. iv. p. 196).

Even Wordsworth may have glanced into 'Psyche,' *e.g.*,

'For its profoundly paradoxick foot
Implanted is above and not below.'

C. xix. st. 147.

Place beside this, in the sonnet 'Malham Cove':—

'Foundations must be laid
In Heaven.'

The asceticism of Beaumont led him to traverse Spenser's juster view of human beauty, as witness:—

'... the goodliest wight
Is seldom good.'

Sooth to say, our Poet had no very lofty estimate of the 'Poet of Poets,' *e.g.* (C. iv. st. 105):—

'Not far from whom, though in lower clime
Yet with a goodly Train doth *Colin* sweep:
Though manacled in thick and peevish Rhyme,
A decent pace his painful Verse doth keep:
Right fairly dress'd were his welfeatur'd *Queen*,
Did not her Mask too much her beauties screen.'

Probably 'all the Raies of Goodness' (C. xxi. st. 69) was suggested by Samuel Daniel to 'the Countesse of Cumberland':—

'Base malediction, living in the darke,
That at the raies of goodnesse still doth barke.'

I have come on only two faint echoes of Shakespeare:—

'A thousand shapes of vain and useless things [dreams]
Wandering about the storehouse of the mind;
On whose soft backs she [fancy] gets, and madly flings
About the region of the brain.'

C. xxi. st. 34.

and—

'And watchful Vesper dress'd as oft with light
The silver tapers, and trim'd up the night.'

C. ix. st. 153.

The former may perchance have been derived from Shakespeare's *Queen Mab*; the latter recalls *Titus Andronicus* (iv. 2), 'The tapers of the sky.' Could he possibly have intended Shakespeare under the mask of Marino, as C. iv. st. 110?

'Whose Consort to complete, aforehand came
Marino's Genius, with a voice so high,
That all the World rang with *Adonis'* Name.
Unhappy *Man*, and *Choise!* O what would thy
Brave *Muse* have done in such a *Thema as Mine*,
Which makes *Profaneness* almost seem *Divine!*'

For a scholar there are very few classical appropriations. I question if he knew Dante, albeit one *bit* corresponds to another in 'Paradise,' as thus:—

'All Saints and Angels knew their proper Station,
And lov'd it best, because it was their own.'

So in 'Paradise' (III. ll. 69-72, Cary):—

'Brother! our will
Is, in composure, settled by the power
Of Charity, who makes us will alone
What we possess, and nought beyond desire.'

'Thou in life's scene hast but one part
to play' (C. xx. st. 181) is a commonplace in literature, but finely wrought out in Calderon's 'El Gran Teatro del Mundo.'

A quaint conceit is this:—

'So of a Thousand Vessels great and small
Into the *Ocean* thrown, though some receive
A larger portion of the Waves, yet all
Brim full are fill'd.'

C. xxiv. st. 155.

So—quoting from memory—Jeremy Taylor, 'I shall be as full as St. Paul, but my vessel will be smaller than his.' It were easy to multiply parallels; but these must suffice for the present. I pass to—

II. FELICITOUS AND MEMORABLE THINGS.

The word-painters of our day are so profuse, not to say spendthrift, in their epithets—like the modern pre-Raphaelites in their 'garish' colours—that it is due to the early employers of elect and apt epithets to mark and inwardly digest them. Epithets that have since grown vulgar and commonplace, when originally used were the outcome of search-

ing eye and finely touched ear, and keen-discriminating observation and comparison. To have recognised the look of the under-part of the willow leaves, and the gradual transmutation of autumnal tints, is declarative of infinitely more than mere eyesight. And so in other things transfigured by the light that comes from neither sea nor shore, 'Psyche' I think is pre-eminently felicitous in its epithets. I would first of all, here, illustrate this, italicising the words on which I seek to fix attention :¹—

- 'He *slop'd* his flight to blest Arabia's Meads.'
(Vol. I. p. 14/52.)
- 'His wish'd return doth feast her *hungry* view.'
(*Ibid.* p. 21/152.)
- 'Never did whiter foam
Smoke on the Ocean's stormy face.'
(*Ibid.* p. 30/22.)
- 'The *doubtful* skin of Polyus did ne'er
Slide through such various looks.'
(*Ibid.* p. 64/47.)
- 'forceth me
To *stare* so long on the *unregarding* skies.'
(*Ibid.* p. 66/75.)
- 'Just as the *clownish* Rocks in pieces dash
The streams, which gently come their sides to wash.'
(*Ibid.* p. 72/162.)
- 'That *complaining* story of the Tide.'
(*Ibid.* p. 77/245.)
- 'When in a *stealing* preface to the flood
The first streams sily creep.'
(*Ibid.* p. 79/10.)
- 'Recover Psyche from her *shameful* glory.'
(*Ibid.* p. 97. *Argl.*)
- 'So when a *burly* Tempest rolls his pride
About the world.'
(*Ibid.* p. 96/253.)
- 'A *headlong* foaming Boar there makes his path
White with the scum of his intemperate wrath.'
(*Ibid.* p. 147/92.)
- 'Most *calcining* Purty.'
(*Ibid.* p. 101/64.)
- 'He thought of Poison; but could move no friend
To lend him that *destroying* courtesy.'
(*Ibid.* p. 161/298.)
- 'The *brused* Clouds in floods their sorrows pour'd
And all the *weather-beaten* Welkin roar'd.'
(*Ibid.* p. 198/223.)
- 'The *tatter'd* Waves against the Shores were flung.'
(*Ibid.* p. 198/224.)

- 'The inheritance of this *enchanted* Pain.'
(Vol. II. p. 1/8.)
- 'A Thousand *warfish* Syllogisms.'
(*Ibid.* p. 8/103.)
- 'Feast there the *hunger* of thy wondering eyes.'
(*Ibid.* p. 18/14.)
- 'To satisfy
Her eye's profoundest *hunger* with that store
Of royal Chear.'
(*Ibid.* p. 133/144.)
- '*Blind* notions tumbled in his troubled brain.'
(*Ibid.* p. 33/245.)
- 'What voyages will silly swallows take
Warm *courteous* seasons round the world to chase.'
(*Ibid.* p. 36/9.)
- 'The *staring* People's *stony* eye.'
(*Ibid.* p. 45/142.)
- 'Ravens and Scritchowls thrust
Their sooty pinions through the swarthy air.'
(*Ibid.* p. 46/147.)
- 'The gracious *comfortable* skies.'
(*Ibid.* p. 47/166.)
- 'The *sealed* Den
Of hungry Death.'
(*Ibid.* p. 56/31.)
- 'Love's loyal disobedience.'
(*Ibid.* p. 63/142.)
- 'A progeny of canonised Fictions,
Religious Lyes, and reverend contradictions.'
(*Ibid.* p. 116/90.)
- 'Her eye's *profoundest* hunger.'
(*Ibid.* p. 133/144.)
- 'The *sultry* Sea, who in his *boiling* wrath
Against the shore with mountainous Waves doth make.'
(*Ibid.* p. 143/9.)
- 'In some *shore-girted* measurable Sea.'
(*Ibid.* p. 157/217.)
- 'But *earnest* Hunger always toll'd the chime
Which smartly her admonished to eat.'
(*Ibid.* p. 161/280.)

Our Glossarial Index is a well-nigh inexhaustible mine of expressive words.

Of memorable things in 'Psyche' the choice is truly ample. Judging by myself there are throughout those brief, terse, unforgetably-put things that your hastiest Reader can scarcely fail to lay up in his memory.

As before I select a number, giving headings to each—a good century that still leaves other centuries behind.

1. Fruitfulness.

- 'Like an imperial Branch, whose teeming Root
Dips in a living Fount its blessed foot.'
(Vol. I. p. 17/88.)

¹ While in the larger 'representative passages,' I have given specific reference to the canto and stanzas, in *supra* and onward I give vol., page, and stanza.

2. *Merit.*

'Her boons let foolish Fortune throw
On worthless heads ; more glorious 'tis by far
A Diadem to merit, than to wear.' (Vol. I. p. 21/149.)

3. *Passion.*

'His shadow's bliss she envies, which hath free
Leave his dear Bodie's Follower to be.'
(*Ibid.* p. 21/152.)

4. *Lust.*

'Thus hot or cold, some way she doth devise
To feast on him her Touch as well 's her Eyes.'
(*Ibid.* p. 21/155.)

5. *Low-born.*

'Dear Hypocrite, I know thy plot, and by
Love's Powers I swear, thy value grows but greater
By that contraction : Thus heaven's Tapers are
So much the higher as they less appear.'
(*Ibid.* p. 22/169.)

6. *Prodigies.*

'Such prodigies are past : No more must Evil
Hope of a Lucifer to make a Devil.' (*Ibid.* p. 24/196.)

7. *Chastity.*

'Joseph's to Prison sent : a place less warm
To him, but sweeter than his Lady's arm.'
(*Ibid.* p. 27/240.)

8. *Truth.*

'High Truth's more modest than the humblest Lie.'
(*Ibid.* p. 31/39.)

9. *Temptation.*

'Never let
The yielding innocent Tinder suffer blame
For taking fire, when she's beset with flame.'
(*Ibid.* p. 33/70.)

10. *Modest Beauty.*

'But dream not that the Court's all gaudy scene
Will e'r present her to thy longing eye :
No public glaring Gem is she, but in
Abstrusest shades of virtuous modesty
Delights to glimmer. Thus from common Day
To private Night slip all the Stars away.'
(*Ibid.* p. 34/82.)

11. *Blushes.*

'Blushes, though Blame's own Colours, are not blam'd :
The greatest shame is not to be asham'd.'
(*Ibid.* p. 39/155.)

12. *Humility.*

'Whilst in this Paradoxe's rapture she
Breathes forth her Piety ; the *Graces* by
Her, strong Dispute against it, clearer see
Th' illustrious Truth of her Humility.
(Thus when the blushing Rose her self doth close
Up in her bud, her sweetness widest flows.)'
(*Ibid.* p. 48/55.)

13. *Moral Wilderness.*

'Fear's wild Realm is not the Wilderness
But that foul Breast where Guilt the dweller is.'
(Vol. I. p. 54/131.)

14. *Moral Chaos.*

'Abortive *Embryos*, unformed *Lust*,
Pinfeathered *Fancies*, and half-shap'd *Desires*,
Dim dawns of *fondness*, doubtful seeds of *Rust*,
Glimmering embers of *corruptive Fires*,
Scarce *something*, and yet *more than nothing* was
That mystic *Chaos*, that dead-living *Mass*.'
(*Ibid.* p. 59/209.)

15. *Prosperity.*

'*Prosperity*, how false art thou unto
Thy blessed Name, who with a comly Cheat
Unwary Hearts so potently dost woo,
That thine unstable Bottom they forget ;
And think thy foot sure on a Rock doth stand,
Whilst thy foundation is the faithless Sand.'
(*Ibid.* p. 61/1.)

16. *Vision.*

'Heaven's not so high, nor glares the Sun so wide
But I can force Him in these Orbs of mine
From morn to ev'n to roll his vastest pride :
The bashful jealous Stars which coyliest shine,
Can by their busy twinkling no way spy
From these of mine to snatch their wariest Eye.'
(*Ibid.* p. 63/37.)

17. *Pseudo-sovereignty.*

'What Royal Nonsense is a Diadem
Abroad, for one who's not at home supreme ?'
(*Ibid.* p. 79/1.)

18. *Immodest-modesty.*

'Spruce Lawn to make her breast, though clothed, bare.'
(*Ibid.* p. 93/215.)

19. *Mental Starvation.*

'O how preposterously abstinent
Are they who with all riotous Dainties strive
To fortify the *Belly*, but can find
No time to victual and recruit the *mind* !'
(Vol. II. p. 15/218.)

20. *Conscience.*

'But stout *Syneidesis* composed was
Of Metal as secure and brave as she :
Her eyes, though clothed in the looks of Glass,
Yet borrow'd nothing but its Purity :
Had they been brittle too, they had been broke,
But now they bore, and smiled at the stroke.'
(Vol. I. p. 94/231.)

21. *Zeal.*

'They having thrice his foot-stool kissed, flew
On flaming *Zeal*'s stout wings through every spear :
No Lightning's flash e'r made more haste to view
The East and West at once, than this swift *Pair*,

To reach their Errands but ; or with more light
Did all Spectators' startled eyes affright.'
(Vol. I. p. 98/15.)

22. *Gentle force.*

'Strong were the Blows, and op'd themselves the way
Down to the bottom of their Mark, but yet
Both sweet and silent. Thus the noble Ray
Discharg'd from *Titan's* eye doth never hit
The solid Crystal, but with dainty force
Quitethrough and through it takes its harmless course.'
(*Ibid.* p. 100/52.)

23. *Sea-shore.*

'To check their pride and fury, set a guard
Of most invincible though feeble Sand.'
(*Ibid.* p. 105/129.)

24. *Silence.*

'The porter Silence, with his finger at
His mouth.'
(*Ibid.* p. 110/198.)

25. *Adam and Eve.*

'He views himself more soft and sweet in *Eve*,
Eve reads in Him her self more light and grave :
Either from other's look themselves receive,
As fast returning what they taking gave.
Two streams thus meeting, find and loose each other
I' th' kind pellucid bosom of his brother.'
(*Ibid.* p. 113/247.)

26. *Unshamed Nakedness.*

'They naked were, if flax, beasts' skins and hairs,
And excrements, the sole Apparel be :
But who will tax the Sun, the Moon, the Stars,
The Diamond, Crystal, Coral, Ivory
Of nakedness, because the cloths they wear
None but their native beams and beauties are ?

'A Robe of Innocence and Purity
From head to foot embrac'd them round about ;
Transmitting their pure features to the eye,
But letting no unseemly shame peep out.
They naked were of every borrow'd dress,
And naked of what you count nakedness.'
(*Ibid.* p. 114/250-1.)

27. *Knowledge.*

'How bright a Morn of Science then will rise
In your large Soul by this enlightning *Tree* !
My breast is shallow, narrow are mine eyes,
But wide and brave is your Capacity ;
So wide, that *Wisdom's* deepest Seas may find
Sufficient chanel in your mighty mind.'
(*Ibid.* p. 116/285.)

28. *Yielding.*

'With uncheck'd Madness then she rush'd at length
To shew her Weakness by her willful strength.'
(*Ibid.* p. 116/291.)

29. *Original Sin.*

'Yet call not *God* unjust, who suffers thus
Poor harmless Babes e'r they be born, to die :
Unsinning Sinners ; strangely vicious,
Not by their Faults but their Affinity :
He's righteous still and kind ; and knows a way
Through Wrath and Judgment, Mercy to display.'
(Vol. I. p. 119/326.)

30. *Delicacy.*

'But trembling she
Vail'd in the scarlat of her modest cheek.'
(*Ibid.* p. 125/79.)

31. *Christmas-day at Bethlehem.*

'Her softest feathers *Winter* thither sent
To be a pillow for the *Infant's* head ;
For sure no harm the honest *Season* ment
When in the Cave his fluttering Snow he spread :
But at his presence into tears it fell,
Check'd by a whiter chaster *Spectacle*.'
(*Ibid.* p. 130/158.)

32. *Specious lie.*

'For Lyes embroider'd upon Verity,
The Poison of the wholesome groundwork are.'
(*Ibid.* p. 136/250.)

33. *The Sun.*

'Morning out had sent
The flaming Giant to his daily race.'
(*Ibid.* p. 139/292.)

34. *Sand-Storm.*

'Behold these needless Banks of Sand, which have
No Sea to limit but this Ocean
Of *Barrenness* ; where when the *Winds* conceive
Highswoll'n displeasure, and to battle run
Banding their mutual Blasts a thousand ways
A storm of dry and parching rain they raise.'
(*Ibid.* p. 147/86.)

35. *Anchorites.*

'Yet shall this hideous Region appear
So precious unto future *Saints*, that they
Will seek their harbour no where else but here,
And make these Sands the shore where they will lay
Their Vessels safe from all those Storms, whose rage
Revels on secular *Life's* unfaithful stage.'
(*Ibid.* p. 149/127.)

36. *Prosperity.*

'Idolize with them the Rising Sun.'
(*Ibid.* p. 156/235.)

37. *Murder will out.*

'Though sure Mortality
On Man attends, Man's blood can never die.'
(*Ibid.* p. 158/265.)

38. *The damned-welcome.*

'When at his Coming, lo, th' infernal Pit
Was mov'd ; where every damned Prince arose

From his sulphureous throne of pangs, and met
This more deserving *Tyrant*, unto whose
Incomparable Salvageness they knew
Damnation's Prerogative was due.'
(Vol. I. p. 161/305.)

39. *Famine.*

'Her legs are two faint crinckling Props; her feet
Already mouldring, haste their grave to meet.'
(*Ibid.* p. 166/50.)

40. *Light.*

'Thus honest Day must chase out thievish night.'
(*Ibid.* p. 169/86.)

41. *Ibid.*

'No drop she left nor Crumb, to make reply
To that most earnest Call of thousand Veins,
Whose pritty craving mouths incessantly
Sa'd for their due relief: her dearest gains
She counts by their Undoing, and makes all
Their Cries, the Musick of her Festival.'
(*Ibid.* p. 168/80.)

42. *Instinct.*

'Alas that Beasts much more than Men should know!'
(*Ibid.* p. 171/123.)¹

43. *Christ.*

'What wonder then if thus it happen'd now
The mighty only *Heir of Heav'n* was here;
He, for whose high and best-deserving Brow
Eternity was busy'd to prepare
That Sun-outshining Crown, which flaming is
Upon his Incarnation's lowliness!'
(*Ibid.* p. 171/126.)

44. *The Sun.*

'So Titan mounted on his flying throne
Of flaming glory, sweepeth through the skies.'
(*Ibid.* p. 175/181.)

45. *Albion.*

'There Neptune chose thine Albion for his bride,
And plac'd her, as a better World, aside.'
(*Ibid.* p. 179/239.)

46. *The final Temptation of Christ.*

'So at the Lightning of thy *Lord's* Reply
This frighted Globe of Cheats made haste to melt
And nothing of this Universal Lye
Remain'd, but Ashes; whose strong vapor smelt
So hideously rank, that ev'n the steam
Of *Stinck* her self, to this would Odours seem.'
(*Ibid.* p. 181/272.)

47. *End justifies the Means.*

'He pleads the sanctity of his Intent,
And makes heav'n Patron of his hell-bred cause.'
(*Ibid.* p. 183/5.)

48. *Luxury.*

'His Skin perfumed Unguents ne'r bedew'd
With supple Flattery of delicious sweat.'
(Vol. I. p. 189/97.)

49. *Martyr.*

'Nail'd fast to this strange Honor was the Saint,
Array'd in Scarlet from his own rich Veins.'
(*Ibid.* p. 192/131.)

50. *St. John.*

'*John* was the last: but first and highest in
His dear esteem who is himself *Most high*:
O blessed *Soul*, in whose delicious shrine
Divinity so much rejoic'd to lie!
JESVS indeed lov'd all the *rest*; but He
Not only lov'd, but was in love with *Thee*.'
(*Ibid.* p. 193/155.)

51. *Truth stronger than Lies.*

'And heav'n forbid, but Truth as strong should be
As undermining lies and flattery.'
(*Ibid.* p. 196/196.)

52. *Christ in the Tempest.*

'The mutinous *Billows* saw his awful Look,
And hush'd themselves all close into their Deep:
The *Sea* grew tame and smooth; the *Thunder* broke
Its threatening off; forth durst no *Lightning* peep,
But kept its black Nest, now outshined by
The flashing Mandates of its *Master's Eye*.'
(*Ibid.* p. 199/247.)

53. *Calm after storm.*

'The Clouds in sunder brake,
And having clear'd the Scene of these loud Wars,
Left Heaven's free face all full of smiling Stars.'
(*Ibid.* p. 199/248.)

54. *Quietude.*

'But ne'r did Air put on so calm a face,
When every Wind to its own home was blown,
And Heav'n of all its storms deliver'd.'
(*Ibid.* p. 202/294.)

55. *False hair.*

'Her Tresses, which indeed were Knots of Snakes,
She overlaid with lies of dainty Hair.'
(*Ib.* p. 219/115.)

56. *Noah's Drunkenness.*

'But now he Drunk no more, the Wine drunk him,
And swallow'd up both Man and Saint and all.'
(Vol. II. p. 2/21.)

57. *Drunkenness.*

'So shipwrack'd was his Soul in this Red Sea.'
(*Ibid.* p. 2/22.)

58. *Sin pervasive.*

'Alas, the holiest Ground too often breeds
As well as wholesom flowers, invenom'd Weeds.'
(*Ibid.* p. 3/28.)

¹ So C. XVII. st. 203:—

'They borrow from the Senses' School, wherein
How many Beasts more learned are than Men!'

Hell-fendess.

'She spying now her *royal Father* there,
Thus beg'd his benediction on her knee ;
Bless Me, O awful *Sire* ; and grant me here
Some tools of fresh new-fashion'd Cruelty :
These *Souls* are us'd too kindly ; all their Pains
Grow stale and cold, familiar their Chains.'
(Vol. II. p. 20/53.)

59. *Bees have stings.*

'Though the Bees delicious Honey bring,
They always end in an invenom'd Sting.'
(*Ibid.* p. 3/40.)

60. *Preached Wind.*

'They who feed on *preached wind*,
Which vainly bubbles in their wanton ear.'
(*Ibid.* p. 16/222.)

61. *Lie.*

'But see thou mouldst up some *athletick lye*,
Whose burly bulk all Truth may over-bear.'
(*Ibid.* p. 21/58.)

62. *Self-confidence.*

'Ah silly Confidence, which dares erect
Its pile on fragil *Dust* ! the Bubble thus
When puff'd with widest pride, is soonest crackt ;
Thus when the foolish Smoak's voluminous
Ambition, aims to reach the lofty sphere,
It quickly vanisheth to empty air.'
(*Ibid.* p. 25/118.)

63. *St. Peter.*

'*Denied Jesus would not him deny*,
But spake His pardon by His gracious Look :
Yet so that *Peter* might withal descry,
Deep-written in that most pathetick book,
The piteous copy of that causeless smart,
With which his Falshood pierc'd his *Saviour's* heart.'
(*Ibid.* p. 25/126.)

64. *Loving glance.*

'Powerful and long the Sermon was which He
Preach'd in th' epitomy of this short Glance.'
(*Ibid.* p. 25/127.)

65. *Look of Love.*

'Thus when the Sun on sturdy Ice but looks,
It strait repenteth into running brooks.'
(*Ibid.* p. 25/128.)

66. *Falsehood.*

'The sanctuary of some strong-built Lye.'
(*Ibid.* p. 26/140.)

67. *Spite.*

'To feed the Luxury of hungriest Spight.'
(*Ibid.* p. 40/68.)

68. *Abimelech.*

'on his Sin
The Fabrick of his high Content he built,
And measured his Triumph by his Guilt.'
(*Ibid.* p. 41/74.)

69. *The Vine.*

'Thus when the tender *Vine* is nailed fast
About her Prop, and by the pruning Knife
Robb'd of her Limbs ; she taketh no distaste
At all those deep intrenchments on her life,
But with a bounteous Vintage strives to cheer
The heart of him who wounds and mangles her.'
(Vol. II. p. 41/82.)

70. *Come Down.*

'He could *Come down* ; did you not fix Him there,
Not with your *Nails*, but with your stronger *sins*.
He could *Come down*, were but His Life as dear
To Him as yours : but on His Wrongs He wins,
And by *Love's* indefatigable Might
Strives to subdue the utmost spight of *spight*.'
(*Ibid.* p. 43/105.)

71. *Conscious guilt.*

'still they cast about
Their doubtful Eyes, and in their count'nance spread
A pale confession of their guilty Dread.'
(*Ibid.* p. 46/157.)

72. *Christ's Tomb.*

'No Temple is more holy than this Grave.'
(*Ibid.* p. 52/242.)

73. *The Cross.*

'He sees the *Cross* in goodly Banner spread,
And shining with imperial gallantry ;
He sees that precious *Blood* which made it red,
Adorn it now with dreadful Majesty.
He sees it streaming in the swarthy air,
And at its *awful motion* melts for fear.'
(*Ibid.* p. 58/57.)

74. *Judas.*

'He look'd the *next Step* on his woful Head
With equal Pressure surely fix'd should be ;
His Head, which next to crushed *Satan's* did
Deserve *preeminence in Misery*.
But *Jesus* turn'd, and would not melt him by
The *burning glass* of His indignant Eye.'
(*Ibid.* p. 58/70.)

75. *Death in Christ's Tomb.*

'Such floods of *living Light* from *Jesus's* eyes
Broke forth, as with more splendor stuff'd the Grave
Than swells fair *Phebus's* globe ; *Death* scalded flies
About, and hunts through all the dazell'd Cave
To scape, if possible, that Lustre's ire
Whose bus'ness seem'd to light her *funeral fire*.'
(*Ibid.* p. 59/78.)

76. *Excess of light.*

'Thus those who gaze on *Phebus*, cannot see
Him for his too much Visibillity.'
(*Ibid.* p. 68/212.)

77. *Attraction of light.*

'And yet the worthless Dew must needs aspire
To Heav'n it self, when once it 'gins to glow
With *Phebus's* sprightful and attracting Fire.'
(*Ibid.* p. 76/337.)

78. *Hell.*

'What boots it Thee Damnation's King to be,
 If thy vast Realms depopulated lie ;
 If thy presumed Slaves revolt from Thee
 And to thy hated *Rival's* standard fly ;
 If Emptiness must fill thy *Jails of Pain* ;
 If all thy sulphury Gulfs must flame in vain !'
 (Vol. II. p. 89/161.)

79. *Ass preaching.*

'If God once preach'd by Balaam's Ass, why may
 Not Satan do as much by These to-day ?'
 (*Ibid.* p. 90/178.)

80. *Death.*

'For lo, the pallid characters of Death
 Star'd in her daunted face.'
 (*Ibid.* p. 99/63.)

81. *Infant-Death.*

'From our nuptial Bed
 'A lovely flower no sooner peeped out,
 But it into the grave withdrew its head.'
 (*Ibid.* p. 111/15.)

82. *The Sun.*

'For though his radiant Largise on the Moon,
 And every Star, and all the World besides
 He poureth out ; yet still the copious Sun
 On in his undiminish'd Glory rides.'
 (*Ibid.* p. 114/68.)

83. *Liberality.*

'Though thousand Brooks it grudges not to fill,
 The teeming Fountain lives in fulness still.'
 (*Ibid.* p. 114/68 : Cf. 103. 'God's Bounty.')

84. *Power of weakness.*

'With monstrous Weakness conquers her own Might,
 And to her fatal Wo yields with delight.'
 (*Ibid.* p. 117/115.)

85. *Painted roof.*

'on the top
 Art plac'd a Quire of Angels hovering,
 And made the gorgeous Roof all seem to sing.'
 (*Ibid.* p. 119/145.)

86. *A curl.*

'A Curl of silly feeble Hair, which is
 The Sport and Scorn of every idle Wind,
 Like chains of sturdy Adamant can seize
 And captivate thy most unmanly Mind :
 Which vain Captivity of thine makes Hair
 The current granted Name of *Locks* to wear.'
 (*Ibid.* p. 125/16.)

87. *Fleshy love.*

'Then pour'st thou out thy Soul for thine Oblation
 On her smooth Lip, thine Altar of delight ;
 Whence thou receiv'st with joyous adoration
 The *Blessings of her Kiss*. Her calmy sight

Thou think'st thy Heav'n, and in her smiling Eyes
 Read'st all the Sweets of thy Fool's Paradise.'
 (Vol. II. p. 125/23.)

88. *The Sea.*

'So stands the craggy Promontory sure,
 With head triumphing o'r the frustrate Storm,
 When all the Winds against its Site conjure,
 And thousand Waves with high-swoll'n fury arm :
 It stands, and sees the Blasts blown out of breath,
 And all the Billows shattered beneath.'
 (*Ibid.* p. 128/69.)

89. *Luxury.*

'Softer than those Carpets are whose sweet
 And silken Kisses flatter Princes' feet.'
 (*Ibid.* p. 133/131.)

90. *Wilfulness.*

'For Highnoon's dark to those who will not see ;
 And Feathers Lead, when Men will tired be.'
 (*Ibid.* p. 144/16.)

91. *Intemperance.*

'Bacchus's wrangling Squires, whose strange Contest
 Was, who should prove the best at being Beast.'
 (*Ibid.* p. 148/81.)

92. *Idleness.*

'No pains so painful are to those who know
 Their Soul's Activity, as lazy Rest :
 And on my foes, might I free Curses throw ;
 My worst should be, what Drones esteem the best :
 No Imprecations would I shoot, but this ;
 And damn them to no Hell but Idleness.'
 (*Ibid.* p. 149/95.)

93. *Idle Talk.*

'That Foam of useless Prattle, which doth ride
 Upon the idely-busy tongues of vain
 And shallow Mortals.'
 (*Ibid.* p. 152/139.)

94. *Gluttony.*

'We wrong, alas, we wrong the bloody Paws
 Of Lyons, Panthers, Tigres, Bears, and Wolves ;
 Yea and the direful *Plague's* relentless Jaws,
 By calling them *most salvage* : We our Selves
 More deadly Plagues, and Beasts more cruel are ;
 For our own Lives with our own Teeth we tear.'
 (*Ibid.* p. 153/160.)

95. *Vanity in Dress.*

'Alas the Wounds of Silk more dangerous far
 Than those of sharpest Swords and Arrows are.'
 (*Ibid.* p. 154/175.)

96. *White Tear.*

'O no ! a *Tear's* a nobler thing than so,
 Nor must be squander'd in such vain expence.

No oriental Pearls, though married to
Richest Embroideries, shew such pretence
To Beauty, as those precious Beads, whose Mine
Lives in the fertile womb of humane Eyn.
(Vol. II. p. 159/236.)

97. *Earth and Heaven.*

'So though the mariner with busy Care
Waits on his Card, yet oft he lifts his eye
To drink direction from that trusty Star
Which darteth on his Voyage, Certainty;
'And by this mixed study safely rides
Over the proudest and the furthest Tides.'
(*Ibid.* p. 161/270.)

98. *Noble Self.*

'Remember but thy noble strength, and dare
To be thy self: no Arrow with such speed
Snatcheth its shortest journey through the Air;
No lightning with such nimble wings can spread
Its self from East to West; as thou canst fly
Ev'n to the crest of all Sublimity.' (*Ibid.* p. 165/15.)

99. *Dignity.*

'Stout-winged Eagles ne'er were made to be
Consorts to flitting Dunghill flies.' (*Ibid.* p. 165/16.)

100. *Ambition.*

'That Admiration which ambitious He
Hunts for with studious and palefaced pain.'
(*Ibid.* p. 165/19.)

101. *Vanity.*

'Huge Abyasses of Vacuity.' (*Ibid.* p. 168/65.)

102. *Specious lie.*

'A mighty lye, dress'd up and trim'd with vain
Embellishments; whose outside flatteries
Make blear-ey'd credulous fools Delusion's prize.'
(*Ibid.* p. 168/67.)

103. *God's Bounty.*

'For as the Sun on every Star doth poure
The Bounty of his inexhausted beams;
Enriching them with his illustrious store,
Who else could n'er have kindled their own flames:
So all the Raies of Goodness which are read
In *Creatures'* eyes, are but the *Sparks* of God.'
(*Ibid.* p. 168/69.)

104. *Education.*

'That never Soil was so ingenuous yet,
But, if not duly worried, digg'd and plow'd,
Harrow'd and torn, and forced to be fit
By such sharp usage; with a rampant Croud
Of useless Thorns and Thistles would defeat
All hopes of honest advantageous Wheat.'
(*Ibid.* p. 178/10.)

105. *Suicide.*

'... *Venturous Cowards*, who in fear to fight
With Pain, Loss, Shame, or Bondage, chose to Die?
Far be it I should *Valour's* Title give
To those who durst not do so much as live.'
(*Ibid.* p. 211/166.)

106. *Sleep.*

'Surcharged now with *Joy's* unbounded store,
She laid her down in sweet submission to
This pleasing Load, and sunk into the deep
But soft untroubled gulf of downy sleep.'
(Vol. II. p. 220/78.)

107. *God the Father.*

'A *Throne* of pure and solid splendour framed,
On which the *Monarch of immensity*
With such intollerable Brightness flamed
That none of all the purest Standers by
Could with Cherubick or Seraphick eyes
His vast Irradiations comprise.' (*Ibid.* p. 224/138.)

108. *Loss.*

'If *Lucifer* had never walk'd upon
Complete *Felicitie's* transcendent Stories,
If he had ne'r beheld Heav'n's radiant Throne,
Nor grown acquainted with the Court of Glories;
His Loss had finite been; and though he fell
To Ruin's Gulf, his Hell had not been Hell.'
(*Ibid.* p. 227/180.)

109. *Praise of Humility.*

'And till Dust's Sons by Humbleness can grow
As high as that, in vain they strive to be
True Riches' heirs.' . . .
'*Pride* threw us down when we were perch'd too high;
Our ladder to get up's *Humility*.'
(Vol. I. p. 95/245-6.)

'By thee th' imbraved Heart
Aspires and reaches still to be more low.'
(*Ibid.* p. 121/11.)

'[Moisture attracted by the Sun] . . . complies
In mere Submission to possess the skies.'
(*Ibid.* p. 127/102.)

'In this Abyss of thy Humility.' (*Ibid.* p. 133/196.)

'O sacred Impudence of Humility.' (*Ibid.* p. 189/92.)

'His followers must learn by stooping down
To raise their Heads to their Supernal Crown.'
(*Ibid.* p. 195/190.)

'Through Humility's safe shady bowers.'
(Vol. II. p. 85/115.)

'[Church] Though its foundation here
In low and scorn'd Humility it lays,
It mounts above the Clouds in sacred pride
And in the Heav'n of Heav'ns its head doth hide.'
(*Ibid.* p. 86/128.)

'The Door

Is built so low, and so extremely narrow,
That Worms, not Men, seem fit to scramble through.'
(*Ibid.* p. 128/70.)

Cf. Spenser's F. Q., B. I., C. x., st. 5, with
the last.

110. *Gold.*

'Money is that bewitching thoughtful Curse
Which keeps the heart close Pris'ner in the Purse.'
(Vol. I. 207/361.)

'Huge ador'd vacuities.'
(*Ibid.* p. 216/68 *seq.*)

'With contemplation of enchanting Money :
Their fond thirst's Milk, their foolish hunger's Honey.'
(*Ibid.* p. 217/82.)

'Talk not to him of penniless Piety ;
Whate'r it cost, he must have Coin, or die.'
(*Ibid.* p. 219/105.)

'Gold's enchanting splendor.'
(II. p. 67/202, *seq.*)

'in tedious Earth
Let Muckworms delve, and grope, Content to gain.'
(*Ibid.* p. 159/241.)

III. NOTABILIA AND ODDITIES.—Our Glossarial Index will guide the student-reader to very many things that belong to that class of 'Notabilia' enshrined in Southey's *Commonplace Books* (4 vols.)—not so much brilliancies as materials for illustration of history and biography and the lights and shadows of human experiences, beliefs, superstitions, manners, customs, usages, traits of character, and the like. Thus I am not aware—to name this first—of any contemporary literature wherein you will find so much energy of scorn and passionate detestation of the PURITANS. It startles as it grieves us, to mark how ingenious and disingenuous this undoubtedly good and I should say naturally amiable man is in making opportunities for turning aside to have a gird at them. His vituperation is so exaggerate and so droll, so indiscriminate and intolerant, as to become ludicrous. His whip of scorpions is wielded with a will, but beats innocuously the air, in that he flagellates phantoms of his narrow brain, and never once *hits* the Puritans themselves as they actually were. His invective ought to be quite invaluable to present-day High Church and (so-called) Low Church ('Evangelical') clergy, who deal out abuse of the same kind, and un-church all who remain outside of Episcopacy, but in poorer and feebler language.

At this time o' day, one can only have pity for either elder or modern purblind bigot with his *idola* of 'divinely-appointed Episcopacy' and ritual and emblem exalted into sacraments, and all the rest of the miserable ecclesiastical *fetishism* that usurps the name of Christianity. The Puritans of England, whether earlier or later, need no Apologists. Their direct transacting with the 'Living God' and Christ, their full and urgent 'preaching' of the whole Gospel, their devout and constant prayerfulness, their faith in God the Holy Ghost, their integrity of motive, their courage of opinion and principle, their holy and beautiful lives, their splendid witness-bearing, their dauntless heroism before kings, make them for all time illustrious. Over-against them you have your Laudian type of Churchman—rare exceptions only proving the rule—with learning of a sort, and a rubbishy sort, childish bondage to patristic misunderstanding of the 'written Word,' fatal as false exaltation of 'The Church' above Christ Himself (twin with Papal exaltation of Mary at the expense of her divine Son and Saviour), the 'straitening' of God's presence and benediction within their own small and insularly-provincial church, mournful shiftiness and diplomacy of attitude toward the exploded and dead superstitions of Popery and unpatriotic as unworthy Royalism, whereby the Kingdom was sought to be subordinated and sacrificed to the King. Our Worthy belonged to the school of Laud. What even that unhappy bishop (archbishop) wrote small, Dr. Joseph Beaumont wrote large. Nevertheless—speaking for myself—you cannot help liking him as a 'fine old English gentleman all of the olden time,' just as to-day one is 'taken' by your nobly-working and consecrate High Churchman who knows no 'orders' but his own—at same time disdaining and ridiculing the very successor of the apostles who gave him his orders—because he is (as a rule) a

gentleman and a scholar ; whereas you are alienated by your Low Churchman who plays false and loose with awful words, and while holding diametrically opposite opinions and occupying an absolutely contradictory doctrinal standing-ground, is more churchly than the High Churchman in bearing and act. The mystery and the sorrow is that in the nineteenth century it should still be necessary to protest against an ecclesiasticism so anti-scriptural and so un-catholic. This leads me to notify that as Dr. Joseph Beaumont's Churchism was sectarian and superstitious, so his bearing toward the great Commonwealth was alike treasonous and unheroic. For be it marked and remarked that his taunts and sneers, his gibes and scoffs, his sarcasm and scorn—co-equal in 'Notabilia and Oddities' with those on the Puritans—found faint and timorous utterance in the first edition of 'Psyche' (1648). They were (substantially) reserved for the posthumous edition of 1702, when it was 'safe' to perpetrate them. Such cowardice of opinion reminds of Mary ('the Bloody') in her striking at the low and poor, never or unseldom, at the noble and great, who could 'answer back' and 'clap their hands upon their swords' as our Laureate puts it. This I must successively iterate and emphasise. And yet it must be borne in recollection, how profoundly we are all creatures of circumstance, and specifically that Beaumont moved in a circle whose very atmosphere was formative of just such types of opinion and conduct. There was no element of seeingness in him beyond his own Church. He mistook the roof of his cathedral for the dome of the Universe, and the fall of merest scaffolding for the fall of the skies. He was an Episcopal anchorite ; a day-dreamer, utterly out of sympathy with those of his fellow-countrymen whose stout and true hearts could recognise nothing 'divine' in what bore such undivine fruits in Church and State, and

compelled them to fight to the death for civil and religious freedom. I cannot be righteously charged with uncharity or lack of 'sweetness and light' when in gleaning 'Notabilia and Oddities' out of 'Psyche' I pronounce an inevitable verdict on such things as everywhere abound in it. As myself a Presbyterian in church-government and a Liberal in politics, I must criticise one who allowed himself to write as he did of principles and men and memories that are dear to me as my life-blood, and venerable in the estimate of all save a scarcely appreciable minority of the English-speaking race. I proceed now to bring together a few of these further 'Notabilia and Oddities' of vituperation and invective. First of all, here is one of the 'pictured visions' of Ecclesia's Court viz., Presbyterianism (C. XIX. st. 120-122), an after-insertion of 1702, *not* of 1648, when it would have been manful to have dared it :—

'But one strange *Spoil* (though but prophetic yet)
More eminent and ugly than the rest
Upon a special Pillar, high was set ;
The *Presbyterian God*, demurely drest
In solemn Weeds, spun all of Publick Weal,
Pure Christian Liberty, reforming Zeal.

His name was *Covenant* ; and the Sacrifice
He gormandiz'd, more vast than that of *Bel*,
Or of the Dragon ; for no smaller prize
Than *Church and State* would serve his paunch to fill
For which huge feast he had as long a Grace,
And this ycleep'd the *Directory* was.

But stretch'd at length by this enormous Diet,
The wretched *Idol's* maw in sunder burst :
Forthwith the Issue of his boundless Riot
Flow'd out in millions of *Sects*, which curst
Their monstrous *Parent*, and are here with meet
Decorum rank'd and fetter'd at his feet.'

Again, C. xx. st. 39 :—

'Yea ev'n that *Roundhead*, like his *Master's Foot*
Is clov'n, and into two new Monsters split :
The *Presbyterian* (once the only Root,
Now but a Branch,) and *Independent* ; fit
And hopeful Twins, and like to multiply
Into a more-and-more-divided Fry.'

As simple matter-of-fact, the infuriate Poet confounds 'Presbyterianism' with what his

rancid imagination designates '*millions of sects.*' Historically Presbyterianism has been not divisive, but solid and unified, though there has necessarily been variety of outward organisation. Fundamentally, this holds of Nonconformity broadly regarded; for whilst there have been admittedly separations and also oppositions ecclesiastically, these have always left their BELIEFS in all the great essentials one and unchanged. So that in Nonconformity there is practically a more real unity than in either the Church of England or the Church of Rome. The divine Head of the Church commands and commends this unity in and toward Him. He nowhere exacts uniformity. He has promised to 'bring together' into one 'flock' all who truly hold allegiance to Him and live by Him. He never has promised to constitute these into one 'fold' (or church visible). It was simply unhistoric and uncritical to so paint 'the Presbyterian God.' I am the last to defend all that the Presbyterians did in their grand time of opportunity in England. I deplore their sectarianism, their intolerance; I condemn their dogmatism; I renounce their hard-and-fast lines of 'divine right' of Presbytery as against others; but none the less have the Presbyterian churches of Christendom a splendid roll of achievement and character, while to-day they hold their own among all the churches in the work being done and in the character of the aggregate of their loyal sons and daughters. The Poet also blundered over '*Independency v. Presbyterianism.*'

He thus puts the displacing of the Royalists in church and universities (C. xx. st. 20, 26-30)—again nearly all an after-insertion of 1702, and only partially and weakly ventured in 1648 :—

'For from their Studies reprobated They
Though unaccused, must *Ejected* be;
And sadly driv'n to make where e'r they may
The Universe their *University*;

Whilst in the *Muses' Hives* an upstart Breed
Of misbegot intruding *Drones* succeed.

For by the teeth of spiteful *Accusations*
Whetted by thousand *Lies*, they snarle and grin;
Then by the crueler jaws of *Sequestrations*
Grind and devour their patient *Pastors*, in
Prodigious desire that in their stead
They may by some rapacious *Wolf* be fed.

Or if their Mercy let them live; 'tis but
To mock them by a killing *Livelihood*,
The *Fifth Part*; which is sooner spent than got,
And that in getting; thus they suck the blood
They seemed to have left, and find a way
To make their very *Charity* destroy.

Religion's venerable *Cedars*, They
In whom the grand *Apostles* still survive;
Alas, must *Root and Branch* be torn away,
And room to *Shrubs* and scrambling *Brambles* give;
Vile *Underwoods*, and their own Planter's shame;
Elders in nothing but their stinking name.

In vain our *holy Mother's* own *Freehold*
That Title weareth, so unnatural be
Her Sons, and sacrilegiously bold;
Unless Thou curb'st their cursed *Liberty*:
Poor *Church*! she Bankrupt turns, except by Thee
Her *Patrimony* she protected see.

Nay *Princes*, upon whose majestick Head
God's Name was poured in the sacred *Unction*,
No sooner are by Thee abandoned;
But in despite to their most awful *Function*
Of all th' ingrateful and apostate *Scum*
Of their own *Vassals*, they the *Scorn* become.'

So too C. XXII. st. 181-182 :—

'The reverend *Captive* knew it was in vain
To ask their madness why it us'd him so;
Or what Offence of his had earn'd that Chain
Which bound him to such ignominious *Wo*;
He was not now to learn, that sober *Reason*
By this *Committee* would be voted *Treason*.

In patient silence he attends their spight,
Ready to stay, or go, to live, or die;
Not doubting but in *Persecution's* sight
To *yield's* the surest way to *Victory*.
Thus harmless *Lambs* are in their *Sufferings* mute,
And never with the Butcher's Knife dispute.'

This last couplet of st. 181 was another of the insertions of 1702. 'Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike,' it was prudently—reserved. It is sufficient to answer to this that no one incumbent was 'ejected'

who accepted the Government, whilst as to the 'awful Function' of the unhappy king, he was false to it as to his own 'royal word,' until it became a prodigious but stern necessity to 'remove' him. Paradoxical is the sentiment (or sentimentalism) that makes moan over the one decollated head, and has no tear for the thousands who shed their blood like water for their country and their liberties, enforced of him. As to the maligned 'Committee,' it is now admitted to have done its trying and difficult work tenderly and wisely. He has ineffable contemptuousness for the unlettered (conceded), yet most godly 'mechanic' men who, stirred into a very frenzy of compassion for the spiritually perishing multitudes of their fellow-men, sought to 'preach the Gospel,' and to gather companies of believing men and women into lowly conventicles and chapels. Hearts yearning after the very 'peace of God,' touched and quickened of the Spirit of God, given visions of the 'wrath to come' and of the redeeming love of God in Christ, could not be 'fed' on the stones-for-bread, the viper-for-egg, tendered them in 95 per cent. of their 'Parish Churches;' and so they turned to the dear Lord Himself. It is an outrage on all of 'divine' that is in Christianity to deny that He who at the first chose as His Apostles the illiterate and the lowly is limited for their successors to your stately scholars and imperious dignitaries and 'priests' so-called. It is to belie the evidence and 'witness' of Himself in his own actual working not to see in the Christian lives that result from this humbler ministry, His sanction, His co-operation. And so lowliest but Christ-recognised Preachers and Workers can afford to read with 'withers unwrung' such objurgations as this (C. XII. st. 118-119), and which, as only denouncing the poor and defenceless, *did* valorously find its place in the volume of 1648 (st. 104-105):—

'In the dregs of Time; when Wealth and Pride
Have fained British hearts fit to defy
All sacred Discipline, and to the Tide
Of furious Licence, and wild Ataxy
Flung ope the gap; unhallow'd Hands will dare
From holy Priests this reverend Work to tear.

Mechanick Zeal, inspir'd by *Sottishness*,
And by enthusiastick *Ordination*
Of self-deluded Fancy *Call'd* to dress
God's Feast in *Man's reformed misshapen fashion*;
Will purest *Purity* it self defile,
And by *Heav'n's gate* find out a way to *Hell*.'

Similarly C. XVI. st. 80-83, but another unheroic after-insertion of 1702!

Once more as matter-of-fact, in the ranks of Nonconformity there were co-equal learning and culture with any of the Conformists. Man for man—taking the 'Two Thousand' of the Ejection of 1660-62 as types—those who became Nonconformists were, in everything that 'constituted' true Ministers of the Gospel, among the most elect of the universities. The books theological that live to-day, and that have been spiritual forces across the centuries, are mainly earlier by the Puritans and later by the Ejected. But our Poet's hardest *hits* were at the 'mechanic' preachers and witness-bearers represented by such-an-one as GEORGE FOX the Quaker. Of him I will let THOMAS CARLYLE, in his 'Sartor Resartus,' speak:—

" 'Perhaps the most remarkable incident in Modern History,' says Teufelsdröckh, "is not the Diet of Worms, still less the Battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo, Peterloo, or any other Battle; but an incident passed carelessly over by most Historians, and treated with some degree of ridicule by others: namely, George Fox's making to himself a suit of Leather. This man, the first of the Quakers, and by trade a Shoemaker, was one of those, to whom, under ruder or purer form, the Divine Idea of the Universe is pleased to manifest itself; and, across all the hulls of Ignorance and earthly Degradation, shine through, in unspeakable Awfulness, unspeakable Beauty, on their souls: who therefore are rightly accounted Prophets, God-possessed; or even Gods, as in some periods it has chanced. Sitting in his stall; working on tanned hides, amid pincers, paste-horns, rosin, swine-bristles, and a nameless flood of rubbish, this youth

had nevertheless a Living Spirit belonging to him ; also an antique Inspired Volume, through which, as through a window, it could look upwards, and discern its celestial Home. The task of a daily pair of shoes, coupled even with some prospect of victuals, and an honourable Mastership in Cordwainery, and perhaps the post of Thirdborough in his hundred, as the crown of long faithful sewing,—was nowise satisfaction enough to such a mind : but ever amid the boring and hammering came tones from that far country, came Splendours and Terrors ; for this poor Cordwainer, as we said, was a Man ; and the Temple of Immensity, wherein as Man he had been sent to minister, was full of holy mystery to him.

“The Clergy of the neighbourhood, the ordained Watchers and Interpreters of that same holy mystery, listened with unaffected tedium to his consultations, and advised him, as the solution of such doubts, to ‘drink beer, and dance with the girls.’ Blind leaders of the blind ! For what end were their tithes levied and eaten ; for what were their shovel-hats scooped-out, and their surplices and cassock-aprons girt-on ? and such a church-repairing, and chaffering, and organing, and other racketing, held over that spot of God’s Earth,—if Man were but a Patent Digester, and the Belly with its adjuncts the grand Reality ? Fox turned from them, with tears and a sacred scorn, back to his Leather-parings and his Bible. Mountains of encumbrance, higher than Ætna, had been heaped over that Spirit : but it was a Spirit, and would not lie buried there. Through long days and nights of silent agony, it struggled and wrestled, with a man’s force, to be free : how its prison-mountains heaved and swayed tumultuously, as the giant spirit shook them to this hand and that, and emerged into the light of Heaven ! That Leicester shoe-shop, had men known it, was a holier place than any Vatican or Loretto-shrine.” (B. III. C. I.)

That will suffice for answer to Dr. Joseph Beaumont’s un-Christly scorn for the lowly but Spirit-touched ‘mechanic’ preachers and workers for ‘The Carpenter.’

As was inevitable, OLIVER CROMWELL and his illustrious associates come in for choice ‘Notabilia and Oddities.’ Thus stingingly and with unconscious blasphemy of comparison does he ‘arraign’ the Protector—of course when he was gone (C. XIII. st. 272-278):—

‘Than *This* ; to which no *Copy* near shall draw
Till *Albion* with *Palestine* shall vy ;

When *British Jews* against their *King* a *Law*
Shall find, and make the *Rout* for *Justice* cry ;
When they a *Pilate* of their own shall get,
And desperate *Soldiers* too, to do the feat.

Unfortunate *Judge* ! how rufully hast thou
Condemn’d thy timorous Self in dooming *Him* !
The time draws nigh, when *Caius* will not know
Pilate for *Cesar’s friend* ; thy dear *Esteem*
And *Office*, to their fatal evening draw,
And *Six Years* more will make *Thee* feel the *Law*.

The *Law* of *Banishment* ; when *France* shall see
Thee to *Vienna* ty’d in strong *Disgrace* ;
Where *Hell* shall to thy Soul displayed be,
And make thy *Conscience* war against thy face,
Mustering the *Guilt* of this unhappy *Day*
Before thine eyes in terrible array.

Thy *Ladie’s Message* there again shall sound,
And sting thy heart ; thine own *Profession’s* there
Of *Yeshu’s Innocence*, shall all rebound
Upon thy thoughts, and thy *Remembrance* tear :
That mocked *Water* there shall scald thee, and
Revenge its wrong on thy polluted Hand.

There shall thy *Whips* on Thee their Lashes turn ;
There shall the *Thorns* plant Tortures on thy head ;
There to thy self each *Stripe* and *Scoff* and *Scorn*
Shall in full tale be duly numbered ;
There thy prodigious *Sentence* back shall fly,
And point black *Pilate* out as *fit* to die.

Then shall the cruel *Cross*, the *Nails*, the *Spear*,
March through thy thoughts, and slaughter thee alive ;
Till *Crucify’d* by thine own fatal fear,
Thy Self meet vengeance to thy self shalt give,
And from thy *Hell* above by cursed death
Send thy despairing Soul to Hell beneath.

So shall thine *Hand* thou thoughtst thou washt so white,
Fouly imbru’d in thine own horrid gore,
An useful *Copy* to all *Judges* write
Of what sure Doom *Heav’n’s* righteous Wrath doth pour
On them who warp *Law’s* rule to *Peoples’ Lust*,
And make the *Throne* of *Justice* be *Unjust*.’

Again, C. XVI. st. 107-114 (once more, after-insertion of 1702). Once more, and once more an after-insertion of 1702, C. XXIII. st. 20-21 :—

‘He sees no *Levellers* begin their Trade
With *Altars* first, and then with *Crowns* ; he sees
No *Temples* Dens of *Holy Robbers* made,
And garrison’d with strong *Impieties* ;
Temples, where under foot the *Church* is trod,
And only *Horses* serv’d in stead of *God*.

He heareth no *Rebellion’s* *Canons* first
Giving their dire *Reports* in *Pulpits*, and

As loud, as if indeed their Thunder burst
From Heav'n's Artillery; till th' imbroiled Land
Too late perceiveth this *Vociferation*
Is but the *funeral Sermon* to the Nation.'

The most rabid and calumnious of these poltroonly posthumous assaults on Cromwell might have been worked into the 'Psyche' of 1648 with all safety. He was too magnanimous to heed such 'paper pellets,' even supposing he had cared to read them; but no, Dr. Joseph Beaumont (alas! that one has to say it) was too wary and wily to run risks—and so, as DR. JOHNSON said indignantly of DAVID MALLEY—the blunderbuss was loaded not only to fire at the dead, but further, reserved until its loader was himself beyond the sound of its report (*i.e.* dead). *As a rule* your ultra-Royalists were of this breed. We have already anticipated the one effective answer to this imbecile and shrewish vituperation. It will thus be seen that recluse as he was, 'Psyche' is a rich quarry of 'Notabilia' on contemporary events in Church and State. Looking more minutely into the poem, if the Reader desires to see the drollest list of heresies ever attempted to be wrought into verse, he will find it in C. XVIII. st. 169-173. I dare not risk quotation; but it may be turned to. I would now tabulate a number of Notabilia and Oddities that may perchance be studied at leisure:—

1. *The Puritans.*

- VOL. I. 148/114. Schism and flinty obduration.
" 156/233. Innovation.
" 178/221-2. Scripture quoted by Devil and his followers.
" 214/32 *seq.* Necessity—pulpits—roaring preachers.

2. *Schisms and Heresies.*

- VOL. I. 220/122-3. Reformed Religion—covenants, etc.
" 221/138-9. 'Latest heirs'—regicides.
" 223/164. 'Heirs of Jewish Priests'—exceed them in iniquity.
" 227/225. Treason—after example of Judas.

With reference to the Lord, our Poet says finely, 'He call'd no lightning.' Alas for

his own following of His exemplar! He dispenses lightnings and curses abundantly (VOL. I. 227/235).

3. *More Heresies and Presumptions.*

- VOL. II. 13/186 *seq.* Fained zeal—tribe of saints.
" 15/212-215. Pulpit cheer—reformation.
" 16/222. Preached wind.
" 18/23. Conventicle.
" 19/28. Covenant.
" 47/174. Pulpit villainies, etc.
" 55/111. Parliaments.
" 67/205. Lyes—soldiers preach.
" 83/80 *seq.* Wind—conventicles sink.
" 84/96-97. Church Militant.
" 91/203. Heretick madness.
" 99/60. Covenant.
" 113/47. Presbiters.
" 145/28. Elders.
" 145/38-39. Roundhead.
" 146/46. 'Charles his Wain'—the pious and exemplarily blessed Charles II.
" 201/20-21. Committee.

4. *Dress.*

- VOL. I. 53/117 *seq.* Fashion-mongers.
" 71/158-9. 'curious-Ermin,' etc.
" 92/195-6. Bracelets, networks, etc.
" 120/8. 'flattering paints.'
" 219/112-13. 'paint's Hypocrisy.'
" 219/115. 'lies of dainty hair.'
VOL. II. 112/35-37. 'to wear her purse upon her back.'
" 125/11 *seq.* Foppery—male fop.
" 125/16. 'Locks of Hair' (curious etymology).
" 148/81. Fops.
" 153/150. 'powder'd Tresses.'
" 155/180. 'strange garbs and cuts.'

5. *Food.*

- VOL. I. 53/122; 189-95. Cellar of the Saint.
" 70/139 *seq.* Fruits, game, fish, etc.
VOL. II. 3/29. Temperance.
" 3/36. Drunkard's Nose.
" 5/60. Sottishness.
" 68/215. 'far-fetched fuse.'
" 148/81. 'Bacchus wrangling aquires.'
" 153/160. Gluttony.

6. *Popular Amusements.*

- VOL. I. 200/261. Bull-Baiting.

7. *A pun even on 'holy things.'*

- VOL. I. 71/148, l. 5.

8. *High-church doctrines, etc.*

- VOL. I. 87/120. Watchings, prayers, prostrations, etc.
" 88/146. Lents, embers, humicubations.
" 189/91. 'knee thick-plated with Austerity.'
" 197/214. Feeding the 5000 typical of the sacrament—transubstantiation.

VOL. II. 4/48-9. Fasting.

- „ 8/103. Reason to be held in abeyance—mother of schisms and heresies.
- „ 8/107-9. Disputations.
- „ 9/117 *seq.* Puritans 'usurp' office of the 'Priest.'
- „ 9/130.
- „ 10/131-36 *seq.* 'which God Himself dost render Edible.'
- „ 13/180 *seq.*
- „ 15/208. 'Priest.'
- „ 40/62. Adam's guilt.
- „ 51/234. 'Invention of the cross.'
- „ 52/236-7. *Ibid.*
- „ 68/217. 'when the seren'd,' etc.
- „ 75/320. 'final footsteps of their Lord.'
- „ 83/85 *seq.* 'Those flaming Miters'—a conclusive proof of the divine right of Episcopacy!
- „ 121/ list of Heretics (as before).
- „ 129/83-4. Austerities—watching—fasts.
- „ 130/94-96. Baptism—Baptists.
- „ 137/200. Virginity.
- „ 138/206 *seq.* Treasurer of the Church—Episcopacy.
- „ 144/24-5. Lay hands invading office of 'priest-hood.'
- „ 145/28. Bishops—authorised successors of Apostles.
- „ 162/283. Contempt of delicacies, flowers, etc.
- „ 162/285. Anthems.
- „ 162/289. Donum Lachrymarum.
- „ 163/300. 'Her body humbled.'
- „ 213/192. Virgin Mother.
- „ 219/67. Compline.

9. *Satan gnamnivorous.*

- VOL. I. 14/44. Warrants signed in 'Dragons' hides tann'd in the Stygian pool.'
- „ 100/46. 'Gathers up his Tail's ashamed train.'
- „ 148/101. 'The flails of his huge wings.'
- „ 149/122. 'Their Tails reach'd back their stings an hideous way.'
- „ 202/289. Snakes, talons, horns.
- VOL. II. 58/58-9. 'He winds about his woful tail.'
- „ 65/175. 'His broken head and horns.'
- „ 174/152 *seq.* 'His ragged horns.'

10. *Flowers.*

- VOL. I. 14/47; 19/120; 29/6; 48/48; 42/194 Garden: 69/123-4.
- „ 70/140-1; 77/234; 108/160-1; 110/195-6 Weeds, etc., of ill-omen: 108/170.
- „ 159/266.
- VOL. II. 14/198. Dictamnum, 50/215; 80/26, Marygold.
- „ 107/177. Vine, coleworts.

11. *Wind.*

- VOL. I. 74/193.

12. *Stream.*

- VOL. I. 77/245.

13. *Birds.*

- VOL. II. 54/8, Halcyon; VOL. I. 30/18, wing'd June; 67/88, wood-music; 106/137, musical.
- VOL. I. 110/195-6; 121/18; VOL. II. 46/147; 57/42; VOL. I. 229/255, ill-omened.
- Eagles, VOL. II. 139/233, 182/62.
- Peacock, VOL. I. 174/175.
- Larks, VOL. II. 72/273.
- Dying Swan, VOL. I. 67/89.
- Nightingale, VOL. I. 23/176.

14. *Ants and Bees.*

- VOL. II. 37/10-11.

15. *Superstitions.*

- Comets, VOL. I. 17/96; 30/23; 147/97; 157/240; 136/245.
- Meteors, VOL. I. 183/2.
- Phantoms shun daybreak, VOL. I. 103/86.
- Ghosts shun daybreak, VOL. II. 180/32.
- Basilisks, VOL. II. 208/116.
- Tarantula, VOL. I. 101/57.
- Vipers, VOL. I. 167/69; 206/351; VOL. II. 100/85; 118/130.
- Toads, VOL. II. 178/9.
- Crocodile, VOL. I. 188/73.
- Unicorn, VOL. I. 170/11.
- Dragons, VOL. I. 161/304.
- Cur, VOL. I. 37/124; 166/44.

As a whole, Beaumont's language is pure and strong and unmistakable. He is given to emphatic reduplication of words as 'too too,' 'far far,' 'long long,' 'why why.' His use of pronouns is noticeable, *e.g.* :—

'Which ambitious He

Hunts for,' etc. (VOL. II. 165/19.)

'In wondering meditation of that She

Whom God would choose,' etc. (VOL. I. 124/56.)

'With entheous Them.' (VOL. II. 170/96.)

'Corn' is made a plural, 'The Corn hung down their ears' (VOL. II. 203/48). There are frequent compound words, often not unhappily. Words beginning in *Im* and *In*, of which a large number are now written *Em* and *En*, occur.

Perhaps one of the most singular instances of Beaumont's credulous and simple-minded acceptance of whatever was told him is his placing of 'Pendle' in his enumeration of great mountains (C. IX. st. 228) :—

Up to a *Mount* he march'd, whose stately head
Despised *Basan*, *Carmel*, *Libanus*,
The *Alpes* where *Winter* always keeps his bed
With *Pendle*, *Calpe*, *Atlas*, *Caucasus*,

And all the proudest cliffs of *Ararat*
Where *Noah's* floating Ark first footing got.'

'Pendle' is within a little distance of Blackburn. I can see it from my window. I have repeatedly climbed it. It is not more than 800 feet above the level of the sea—a mere molehill among 'mountains.' But then there was the rhyming legend, which doubtless our poet had heard and believed:—

'Penigent, Pendle hill, Ingleborough,
Three such hills be not all England thorough;'

and so it is associated with 'Alpes,' etc. See James's *Iter Lancastrense* in my edition of his Poems (1 vol. 4to. 1880, pp. 13, 62-5). Is not this local suggestion a kind of key to the Evangelist's large statement of the 'exceeding high mountain' of the Lord's temptation? Certes the mountains of the Quarantana are dark and tremendous enough, but not notably 'high.'

IV. VARIOUS READINGS.—The title-page of 'Psyche' of 1702 informs us that exclusive of the 'Four new Cantos, never before printed,' there are 'corrections throughout.' In accord with this, his son CHARLES BEAUMONT, as Editor, thus addresses the reader:—

'This Second Edition of *Psyche*, which has been so often and so earnestly desir'd by many (the First being very scarce and very dear), is now presented to Publick View, though in a far different dress from the former: being carefully corrected in every Stanza, and much enlarged in every Canto, by the hand of the late Reverend Author many years before his death.' (Vol. I. p. 6.)

The four 'new Cantos' were the XIII. ('The Impeachment'), XVI. ('The Supply'), XVII. ('The Cheat'), and XXI. ('The Sublimation').

Besides, 'some Cantos of the First Edition' were 'divided into two parts in the Second Edition, under different Titles,' nevertheless keeping to twenty-four in all.

The statement that 'every stanza' had been corrected by the author proves almost

literally accurate on a close examination. The 'Various Readings' in the text of 1702, as against that of 1648, are of sufficient interest to warrant our giving selected examples and details.

The first title-page puts us in mind of Thomas Baker's cynically proud 'Socius Ejectus' by its announcement:—'By Joseph Beaumont, Mr. in Arts and *Ejected* Fellow of *S. Peter's* College in *Cambridge*.' The book was 'Printed by *John Dawson* for *George Boddington*, and are to be sold at his shop in *Chancery-lain* near *Serjant's-Inn*. M.D.C.XL.VIII.¹

In Canto I. the 164 stanzas of 1648 are increased in 1702 to 252. The 'corrections' or improvements begin in the opening stanza-argument, l. 2, where for 'His plots how' we have 'His projects'; and in l. 3, 'Whilst Phylax proper counter-works' for 'Phylax mean while a contrework'; and in l. 5, 'fortify'd' for 'strengthened,'—the last certainly the better word. Similarly in st. 1, we read, l. 2, 'before thy gentle throne;' and l. 4, 'but thy sweet power alone,' which are altered later to 'from thine high Mercies' Throne,' and 'but greater Thee alone'—in each case doubtful improvements. St. 2, we find thus:—

'Thy Paradise, amongst whose Hills of Joy
Those Springs of everlasting Vigour run
Which makes Souls drunk with heav'n, cleansing away
All earth from *Dust*, and angelising men.

Great David and his Son, drench'd in these streams,
With Poets' wreaths did crown their Diadems.'

In 1702 this couplet closes the stanza:—

'Wise loyal Springs, whose current to no Sea,
Its panting voyage ever steers, but Thee.'

and the former closing couplet is transferred and adapted to a new 3d stanza. St. 4th (5th of 1702) thus runs:—

¹ With reference to the dedication of 'Psyche' to God, I must content myself here with a general reference to *Notes and Queries* for other examples of similar dedications. I had noted a number of remarkable ones, but my *memoranda* have been mislaid, and cannot now be recovered.

'A MYSTERIE wrapp'd in so close a cloud
That Psyche's young and well-acquainted eye
Staggers about it : yet more shades do croud [the Soul
And heap their night upon its secresie ;

Feirce Belzebub, who doth in blacknesse dwell,
Would fain have all things else as dark as Hell.'

Again, the closing couplet—altered—is placed as the clew of a new (6th) stanza. In st. 7 (5th of 1648), l. 4, 'his are swarthy and as endless find,' read originally, 'As his are dark, and which as long shall finde.' The later grand stanza (8th) first opened thus :—

'For as the wounded Lyon in his Den
Roars out his griefe ; so from his boyling heart
A hideous groan broke forth,' etc.

Compare the new text :—

'For (as the wounded Lyon frights his Den
By roaring out his grief :) his shattered heart
Vomits a hideous groan,' etc.

So st. 9 thus appears in 1648 :—

'Nor dar'd they stay, by kemming to make neat
Their snarled Snakes, or draw their Tails huge trains
Into a knot, or trim their cloven feet
With iron shoes, or gather up their Chains :
Onely their hands they fill with *Rage*, and bring
That common Subsidie unto their King.'

In 1702 this reads :—

'Nor dar'd they stay their tails vast volumes to
Abridge into a knot's Epitome ;
Or trim their hoofs foul cleft with iron shoe,
Or their snarl'd snakes' confusion untie :
Only their paws they fill with *Rage*, and bring
That desperate subsidy to their *mad King*.'

In st. 10 (8th of 1648) l. 4, 'Roars a burnt bridge of brass' replaces 'Burns a black bridge of brass.' In st. 11 (9th of 1648) an original touch is lost in l. 2, 'Stands alwayes ope to them that be without,' far superior to 'Stands always ope with gaping greedy jaws.' St. 14 and 15 of 1702 are new. In st. 17 the grand *grotesquerie*,

'His mouth in breadth vy'd with his palace gate,
And conquer'd it in foot,'

was originally (st. 13) more quaintly realistic and firmer wrought in itself and context :—

'His mouth well-neer as wide 's his Palace Door,
But much more black ; his Cheeks which never could
Blush in their own, had rak'd the world for store,
And deeply dy'd their guilt in humane Blood :

His grizly Beard all singed, did confesse
What kinde of Breath us'd through his lips to presse.'

One blot in 'Psyche' that repels a hasty reader altogether, is the vicious taste of many of the paraphrases and fillings-in of scriptural hints. Of these the additions of 1702 mainly consist. Thus his picture of Heresy (C. XVIII. st. 185) is simply loathsome ; nor less loathsome is this gratuitous addition to the insults at the Cross (C. XIII. st. 224) :—

'A third came with a golden Goblet in,
And fawning thus : The *Queen* to you hath sent
This *Morning-draught*, and prays you to begin,
That she may pledge you : suddenly he bent
At *Jesus's* gentle Face his ireful Brow
And in His Mouth the Bowl of *Urine* threw.'

Of the same type of irreverent supplement to the austere simplicity of the original, in another way, is the amplification of the Lord's dying prayer (C. XIV. st. 77) :—

'*Father* ! by all the Sweets of that dear *Name*,
Regard the Prayer of Thy *dying Son* :
By this My *Cross*, and all its *noble Shame*,
By these *four Wounds* which with full current run ;
By all these *Thorns* which on My Temples grow,
And *sharper* those which pierce My Bosom through.'

Too frequently, one is offended and pained by the violation of good taste, not to say reverence, in the departures from the words of the Bible records.

Thus is it throughout, and if 'Psyche' were one of the world's supreme epics, or JOSEPH BEAUMONT one of the great names of our great literature, I should willingly have undergone the toil of recording the entire Various Readings. *As it is*, it were a 'Love's Labour Lost.' These specimens therefore must stand for the whole. It has struck me as declarative of genuine inspiration and poetic *afflatus* that in so far as I have been able to take heed, his 'winged words,' his memory-haunting felicities, his perfect chrysolites of metaphor, his sculpturesque imaginative conceptions, his thrills of emotion, his tenderness of quaint fancies,

seem to have been struck off on the instant. To have re-worked these would not have improved but 'worn' them; and so the larger proportion of Various Readings belong to the less precious material. As our 'Errata et Corrigenda' shew, consultation of the text of 1648 occasionally clears up difficulties if not mistakes of that of 1702. There is touch of pathos in the laboured 'correction' and amplification of 'Psyche' by its author. SOUTHEY sedulously 'revising' his long dead epics—if epics they are to be called—is a modern counterpart—with this distinction and difference, that there is an ensphering soul of poetry and immortal things in 'Psyche,' while there are only phosphorescent gleams in Southey's entire verse-achievements, certain low-pitched minor things alone excepted.

And so 'Psyche' must abide, 'its stately columns of stanzas [rising] like the squared stones of some massy edifice,' in the words of the Retrospective Reviewer.

V. CLAIMS.—I make no exaggerated claims for Dr. Joseph Beaumont, either as man or poet. As MAN I have felt constrained to point out 'blots' in his opinions and sentiments and bearing toward others. But—as elsewhere stated—with every abatement, he is likeable. You have a conviction that, after all, he was larger than his creed and better than his utterances. His hates exhausted themselves through his lips, were not—I think—in his heart. I feel very sure, that as he had still kindly and 'good words' for RICHARD CRASHAW the apostate (as he must have held dogmatically), so his actual relations to his fellow-men were doubtless human, and not exclusive or haughty. That he had a tender and sympathetic spirit, let the priceless elegy for his dead wife (I. Biographical) witness. I like to think of him as an exemplar of the stately, cultured, self-contained, studious Churchman one associates with the Cambridge of the century

and our grand cathedrals. By no means 'great'—in any high sense—he nevertheless stands out as a really noticeable man. Had he only dared to have published in 1648 what he left for posthumous publication, he had won respect at least. That he did not, presents him as timorous and self-careful. By the measure of these, the marble of his character was marred and our estimate lowered. As a SCHOLAR, he was rather an omnivorous reader like DR. HENRY MORE, than learned. His exegetical notes appended to the poems of 1749 are thin and commonplace, and excite no regret that he prohibited publication of his Latin MSS. His Latin verse is inexact and unpoetical. As POET I have no hope of resurrection for 'Psyche' in its entirety. It is outrageously long—the longest poem I suppose in the English language. But unless I very much mistake, sufficient has been adduced in this Introduction to warrant a claim for recognition of Beaumont in our Histories of English Poetry, and in our Anthologies and Specimens. Had he lessened the volume of 1648 rather than enlarged it; had he strenuously kept to his original task of love, and not allowed himself to 'turn aside' on every possible or incredible opportunity; had he cultivated his faculty of Singer rather than of Scold; had he kept eye and ear open to his visitings of imagination and sphery music; in fine, had he limited himself to what 'came,' instead of labouring for more and still more, and had RICHARD CRASHAW supervised 'Psyche' as its author had counted on—JOSEPH BEAUMONT'S had been a name among English poets very much higher and vital than ever it is now likely to be. Summarily I claim that whoso girds himself to knowing 'Psyche' and (in part) the vivid and musical minor English poems, will not regret it.¹ I seek to send an elect few to 'Psyche,' especially as appealing to that

¹ See Appendix No. IV. for Further Minor Poems.

ineradicable sentiment whereby an Englishman turns reverently to any product of the 'large leisureliness,' and scarcely definable charm of quaintness of the Past. I do not believe I shall plead in vain now that these two handsome volumes offer themselves for pleasant study. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER would have classed 'Psyche' among the old and old-fashioned things that are to be treasured. And so, I fetch from him this imperfect sonnet (in form), but inspiring poem :—

Old-fashioned Houses.

For a Lady fond of old furniture.

' Sweet are old Courts with dates above the doors,
And yew-trees clipped in shapes : and cedar-walks,
And lawns whereon a quiet peacock stalks,
And leaden casements, and black shining floors,
And arm-chairs carved like good cathedral stalls,
And huge French clocks, and bedsteads most
inviting,
And stiff old ladies hung upon the walls,
Famed in the days of English Memoir-writing :—

Places, whose very look kind thoughts might draw
E'en to Anne Stuart or William of Nassau.
Sweeter than Tudor-stricken shrines are they,
With pleasant grounds and rivers lingering by,—
Quaint homes, that shed a pure, domestic ray
O'er the dull time of English history.'
(Poems : 1857, 2d edn., p. 262.)

I must add here, in conclusion, that as in JOHN DAVIES OF HEREFORD, NICHOLAS BRETON, and DR. HENRY MORE, I am under no common obligation to my good friend GEORGE H. WHITE, Esq. of Glenthorne, in the preparation of the Glossarial Index, etc. My friends, Rev. T. L. O. DAVIES, M.A., of Woolston, Southampton, the Rev. W. E. BUCKLEY, M.A., of Middleton Cheney, the Rev. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., Londesborough, and Mr. JAMES MORISON, Glasgow, have also been helpful.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

ST. GEORGE'S VESTRY,
BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.





A P P E N D I X.

No. I.

(See p. xxvii.)

LETTER OF DR. JOSEPH BEAUMONT: FROM COLE MSS. VOL. LX. P. 344.

THE following hitherto unprinted letter I have been fortunate enough to fish out of the vast mass of the famous Cole mss. in the British Museum. It speaks for itself. Under St. Peter's College = Peterhouse, Cole has brought together an enormous quantity of unsifted but priceless materials for its history; and so with all the Colleges, etc. etc., of Cambridge:—

To the rev^d and right wor^{sh} Doctor Warren
at his House in Preston, Suffolk. This present.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 9, 1660.

REVEREND SIR,

I presume it will be no unwelcome News to any Peter House Man, especially to one who was a real Lover of that Colledge, & whose munificent Intentions towards it, were more than ordinary, to hear that the antient Master (who is lately made B^p of Durham) hath been restored, as also those of the old Society, who were surviving, and in a Capacity of re-enjoying their Places; that Dr. Hale, formerly a Scholar and Fellow of that House, succeeds my Lord of Durham in the Mastership; that the Fellows planted there during the illegal Power, have now been admitted againe, according to the Statutes, by my Lord of Ely, the visitor; that the whole Society unanimously submit to the Church of England, and are in this Particular, very exemplary in the Chapple. This I have observed at my being heer; & though I be not now a member of that Colledge, I thought it my duty (in regard of my former relation to it) to lett you know, that Peter House is againe become a worthy Object of your kindest Affection. I suppose the Society will ere long finde some way to salute you and present you their service. In the mean time I crave your Pardon for this Boldness of
Sir Your Servant and Honorer

JOSEPH BEAUMONT.

No. II.

(See p. xxxi.)

ACCOUNT OF THE RECEPTION OF KING CHARLES THE SECOND.

(FROM ARCHÆOLOGIA: Vol. xviii. pp. 30-1: 1817.)

Sr,

I know you have expected Cambridge Newes er now; & should haue received it had a Messenger been at hand. On Saturday seaven-night the Prince came hither betwene 9 & 10 of y^e Clock, attended with

y^e Dukes of Lenox & Buckingham, his Tutor, y^e Earl of Carlile, y^e L^d Seimour, L^d Francis, y^e Duke of Buckingham's Brother, & divers other Gentlemen. The Vicechan: received him wth a Speech in our Regent Walk: thence he went & saw Kings Chappell, where at his entrance into y^e Quire I saw him say his Prayers, of w^h he was so little ashamed, that in the midst of that multitude he hid not his devocōn in his hat: From thence he retired to y^e Regent house, & sitting in his fathers place was saluted by y^e publique Orator. Before he came in amongst us, a grace passed for his degree, with this addicōn extraordinary, Ad sempiternū Academic [sic] honorem: to y^e eternall honor of y^e Univ^sity. After y^e Orators Speech, he was created Master in Arts; & then, by Cōmission from y^e King, for all those whome his Sone should nominate: The Duke of Bucking: y^e Earl of Carliel, y^e L^d Seimour, & divers Gentlemen of y^e Univ^sity. His Tutor also y^e Bish: of Salisbury, was admitted to y^e degree he had formerly taken in Oxford. From y^e Regenthouse his Highnes went to Trinity College, where after dinner, he saw a Comedy in English, & gave all sighnes of great acceptance w^h he could, & more then y^e Univ^sity dared expect. The Comedy ended, he took Coach in y^e Court, & returned to Newmarket. The noble Duke of Lenox, a right worthy Friend to y^e Univ^sity, we suppose y^e Instrument of all this great favour shewn to it. The Prince Elector came not wth our Prince, least (as we suppose) y^e Prince of Wales should loose something of y^e honorable entertainment by y^e Company of one whoe could not honor him as y^e rest did, for y^e Duke of Lenox & all y^e rest waited upon him y^e whole day, & all y^e Comedy while, bareheaded. The truthe is y^e Prince wanted no circumstance of honor w^h y^e Court about him, or y^e Univ^sity could give.

This so highly pleased y^e King, that, y^e Monday after, he came hither himself, & whereas it was thought y^e otherwise he would privately have passed through, he then graciously turned in & staid a while. At his coming out of y^e Coach, w^h was before Trinity College, y^e University being placed ready, saluted him wth such vehement acclamaçons of Vivat Rex, as I neuer heard y^e like noise heer before upon any occasion. The Vice Chan: met his Majesty, and wth a long speech presented him a very fair Bible. After he entered Trinity College, y^e Master saluted him wth another oraçōn, & presented (I think) a book also. The Speech ended he went into y^e Chappell, & seemed very well to approve all their ornaments. As soon as he had seen that Chappell he walked to St. Johns, viewed that Chappell & Library, [and] took a travelling banquet in y^e further Court, w^h was presented to him upon banquet Chargers. He was their [sic] saluted by a speech from y^e Orator, & another from Mr Cleveland. He spake very kindly concerning D^r Beal (whoe was absent) saying he would not believe such as he to be dishonest Men, till he saw it so proved. At S. John's Gate he took Coach & so went to Huntingdon. What he did there & what he did at Newmarket, printed Papyrs [sic] I suppose have already told you. At his parting one tells me that he spake thus to y^e Vicechan—'Mr. Vicechanc: Whatsoeuer becomes of me, I will charge my Sonn, upon my blessing, to respect y^e Univ^sity.'

S^r, I would fain hear how you indured your Journey to London: & how my Mother and Sister doe. My duty to your self & my Mother: & my love to y^e rest: I take my leave.

Your obedient Sonn,

JOSEPH BRAUMONT.

St Peters, y^e best day of my life, March 21, 1641.

His Sonn y^e Prince Elect^r, y^e Duke of Lenox, & very few other Gentlemen came wth y^e King.

To his very loving father M^r

John Beaumont at his home in Hadley this prsnt. Suff.

No. III.

(See p. xxxv.)

BEAUMONT AT SCHOOL.

By good fortune I have obtained access to a copy of the following extremely rare book :—

Apollo Shroving

Composed for the Scholars of the Free School
of Hadleigh in Suffolk, and acted by them
on Shrove Tuesday, being the Sixt of February
1626.

London

Printed for Robert Mylbourne.

This was written by William Hawkins, the schoolmaster of Hadleigh and author of the volume of Latin verse (1634) to which Beaumont contributed, as in *Minor Poems*. Prefixed is an amusing letter from one E. W. to the Publisher threatening serio-comically all kinds of damages if the ms. of 'Apollo Shroving' were not forthcoming. The Publisher responds to the 'Loving, Challenging, Threatening friend E. W.' and answers that he felt he must print it—'The truth is, my friend, vpon the sight of this Morall, Scholasticall, Theatricall Treatise, protested that the Author should receive much right in being thus wronged.' He sends ten copies of the printed book for the single ms. 'a packet of his own metall stamped and multiplied by the Printer's Alchimy.' Master Joseph Beaumont spoke the Prologue dialogically and also the Epilogue, and sustained the 'character' of a Page to Captain Complement. As the other youthful actors doubtless give us the names of his school-fellows, they may be here preserved—Nicholas Coleman, Denner Strutt, William Richardson, Samuel Cricke, George Richardson, Philip Beamont, William Cardinall, James Suffield, John Bonner, George Liuin, Henry Whiting, Henry Cocke, John Coleman, Henry Moreton, Wentworth Randall, John Kidby, George Meriton, John Gale, Edward Andrewes. The Epilogue being short, I make room for it :—

'Right Worthy Burgomasters, gentle Dames,
Accept (we pray) our hasty huddled games;
Who thus imploy our parts, our pains most gladly,
In hope to please our Mother Towne of Hadley.
And thus with this our homely shroving dish,
A merry Shrouetide to you all we wish,
'Tis late, methinks I spye some drowsie head,
Whose yawning nodding toles a peale to bed;
If any such be here, wee 'le take them napping,
And all to boxe their eares with loud hand-clapping.'

There is sparkle and humour in the small book, and as an example of early School plays has an interest deserving revival by (say) the Historian of Hadleigh. Be it noted in relation to this period that the letter in Appendix II. contains pleasant notices of father and mother.

With reference to 'Psyche' the following additional notelets may be acceptable :—in c. v./6, last line, for 'wo' read 'mo': in c. vi./31, l. 1, read for metre's sake 'was marshalled': in c. ix./124, l. 2, contrast 'Protoplast' = First Creator, with its modern cognate 'Protoplasm': in c. xxiii./143, l. 5, 'spight' instead of 'sp[r]ight' may be correct; for the spelling cf. st. 189: in c. xxiii./315, l. 1, read 'he' for 'be,' and l. 5, 'deigned' is correct.

In Harleian MSS. 7049, pp. 71-110, 132-3, are a considerable number of letters (in Latin) addressed by Beaumont to Bishop Wren. They date from 1642 to 1660 and deserve the attention of the Historians of Peterhouse and of Hadleigh. They are extremely respectful, usually commencing 'Amplissime Dñe' or 'Colendissime Domine,' and closing 'Filius vester Indignissimus' or 'Filio vestro Indign.' One touching letter on his wife's death is signed 'Afflictissimo Filio,' and as in the after-epitaph he calls her his 'lectissima conjux.' My available space is over-passed already, else some of these letters should have been printed. They are taken from the original by Thomas Baker.

No. IV.

(See page lxxviii.)

ADDITIONS TO MINOR POEMS.

By a lucky chance having brought together a complete set of the Cambridge University collections of Verses on State occasions, a number of contributions thereto by Dr. Beaumont, hitherto utterly overlooked, have been recovered. I gladly find a place for them here in their chronological order :—

FROM 'Carmen Natalitium ad cunas illustr. Principis Elizabethæ decan. intra Nativ. Dom. Solennia per humiles Cantab. Musas, 1635' (folio H.).

Ad Infantem recēns natam.

Quid ploras utero materno exire puella?
Te genitrix, fletū desine, corde gerit.
Sed pergas; tumidis infantur gaudia buccis;
Provocat hic querulus gaudia nostra sonus.
Pergas; vagitus hos exoptavimus omnes.
En, erit hæc Matri musica blanda tuæ.
Siste tamen lacrymas; illæ vel saxeæ corda
(Signa queat saxum gutta cavare) cavant.
Turgentes mammas, Matris vestigia quære
Lactea, plena Deâ, nectare plena cuba.
Morphea tunc sinito (nam te quoque Numina curant)
Ecce, ut te spectet, stat Deus ille vigil.
Jamque futura legas. Quidni miracula sperem
Maxima? de tantâ Matre stupenda fluant.
Reginale decus, latissima sceptrâ mariti,
Heroas, famam, secula sera legas.

JOSEPHUS BEAUMONT; Art. Bacc.
Coll. Petri socius.

FROM 'ΣΤΝΘΑΙΑ, sive Musarum Cantab. concentus et congratulatio etc. 1637,' 4° (M. verso).

Ad Nutricem.

Quæcunque coeli hoc pignus amabile
Rursus benigni lacte vicario

Motuque cunarum quieto

Accipies tenerè fovendum,

Blandis rosarum mista pudoribus

Accerse plenis lilia corbibus,

Accerse lætum purpurantis

Atque humilem violæ decorem;

Horti coërce florida primuli

Compendioso gaudia vinculo;

Ut fusa turbet delicatè

Virgineum nova Virgo lectum,

Vincensque pressos nescia flosculos

Vincatur alto nescia pondere

Somni laborantes prementis

Innocuis tenebris ocellos.

Tunc nec querentes delicias sines,

Quas gutturalis gloria fistulæ,

Ceu vota persolvens, honesto

Annumerat philomela cantu,

Tunc nec vocabit te violens stupor
Vocale laudis solvere debitum ;
Sed dormientis suavitatis
Flore oculos taciturna pascas,

Et complicati muta labelluli
Haurire muto gaudia gaudio,
Et blanda curabis per ora
Nil strepero fuitare plausu.

At quando valvis palpebra limpidis
Pertæsa somni lumina parturit
Et splendor augetur gemellus
Sideri per amœna vultus.

Formosioris prodiga voculæ
Effunde linguæ non modicum melos,
Ut discat à dulci magistra
Non nisi dulce loqui Puella.
JOSEPHUS BEAUMONT,
Coll. S. Pet.

From 'Voces Votivæ ab Acad. Cant. p. n. Caroli &
Mariæ principe filio emisse. Cant. 1640,' 4°
(C & verso).

Ad cunas Augustissimi Infantis triumphus.

Fremat rebelli turbidus impetu,
Spargatque magnos quâ furor est metus
Quisquis senescentem Britannis
Intrepidus dolet ire pacera.

Superba ferro Gens fera perfido
Suisque tandem par Aquilonibus
Latè boatus impudentes
Evomat, ambitiosa culpæ

Passim audiendæ. Convocet in suas
Superna vanè Numina copias
Sanctesque perjurus minaces
Proditor ingeminet querelas.

Vah bruta brutis, fulmina nubibus,
Non nata cælo ! Desine inutiles
Vibrare terrores, profane
Hostis, & impavidos protervis

Simulque spretis stringere classicis.
Vides ut omnem lætior Angliam
Dies beavit, limpidumque
Explicuit sine nube cælum.

Arridet auro gratior in suo,
Et liberali lumine Stellulam
Nostro orbe nascentem triumphat
Assiduus redimire Phœbus.

Maria, (fausto plaudite Nomin)
Maria, magnis maxima liberis,
Novam Anglicanæ pacis arrham
Deposuit, positæque plaudit.

Altum strepentis turbine militis
Incepta magni rumpere somnia
Infantis, & pulso immodesto
Tam teneras agitate cunas.

Quis ausit, omni fortè licet Styge
Furor tumescens ? O potius leves
Spirare jam discat susurros
Et placidas Boreas querelas.

Molli jacentem flamine Parvulum
Mulcere discat, discat & innocens
Amœniori jam tumultu
Pacificum recitare murmur.

JOSEPHUS BEAUMONT,
C. S. Petri Socius.

From 'Irenodia Cantabrigiensis ob pacif. seren. regis
Caroli è Scotia reditum m. Nov. 1641,' 4°
(C. 2).

Lemniscus redeunti cum Carolo Paci appensus.

Salve, ô supernos placida quæ volvis dies,
Sudûmque cœli tendis, & beas Deos ;
Pax alma, salve, Carolo haud impar Comes
Venis, diûque cognitas visis plagas.
Video jugales, par Columbarum, tuas
Mitis Magistræ candidum ornantes iter ;
Temonis aurum cerno jam tutò sui
Palloris oblitum ; & per argentum Rotæ
Blandum micantes gemmulas. Latam viæ
Securitatem prodiga tapetis tegit
Oliva vernis, nec timet rugas novæ
Brumæ inquietas. Copia repleto venit
Superba Cornu, spargit & magnos sui
Testes triumphi, fata dum rapit sibi
Exclusus orbis orbe, nec reliquis dolet
Abscissa terris singularis Insula
Beatiorum que tenet Mundum domi
Jam vana Cædes (quam minax nuper !) jacet
Ipsa interempta ; Jam repurgate fugit
Radios honestos Lucis insanus furor,
Fugit Rapina pervicax, fugit stuprum,
Et quicquid ingens Caroli Virtus negat
Posse tolerari. Sancta consurgit Quies,
Audetque pietas esse : Non timent Boni
Timere Superos, nec Poli terram pudet.
Hæc dona Pacis : scilicet Pacem decet
Tales referre gratias Pacis Deo.

J. BEAUMONT,
Coll. S. Pet. So.

(*Ibid.*)

To the Queen.

Great Queen, how much thy sacred name
Divinely swells Maternal fame
Let God be judge : God chose no other
But a MARIE for his Mother.

MARIE ! O how sweetly, hence
Sweetnesse drops its influence !
What royall odours make their nest
In that virgin glorious East
Whence God did spring ! when heav'n desires
To burn perfumes amidst its fires,
Or Angels have a mind to smile,
Let but MARIE sound a while,
And for the Mother of their King
Heaven grows sweet, and Angels sing.

Thus, glorious Queen, on this our sphere
The rayes and dainties of our care
Confessing from what heaven they came,
Breath in the odours of thy Name.
O balmy word ! a word too faire
To walk but in perfumed aire ;
A word too heavenly for our earth
Because of kin to that great Birth
Which brought forth Heaven ; a word too bright
To shine but in the sacred light
Of purest virtue ; too too high
For all but holy Majesty :
A Name which like some pretious gemme
Can enrich a Diademe :
And there is best enamelled
Where it may crown a crowned head ;
A Name wherein all beauties dwell,
A Name without a parallel,
A Name which sits above all other
The greatest Queen and happiest Mother.

Greatest Queen, whose stemmes profess
Thee the Queen of faithfulness !
Happiest Mother, which bringeth forth
In an oft-repeated Birth
Not onely ground for Diademes,
Not onely male and female Gemmes,
But all the Hopes and Ioyes which blesse
A Kingdome with secure succeſse.
For in that constellation,
Those six sweet Sparks of our bright Sunne,
The future peace shines wondrous clear
Of our triumphant hemisphere :
And we must Thee the Mother style
As Charles the Father of our Isle.

O ever blessed Father He,
Because a Father made by thee !
When in that dimmed and famous day
Which taught our Sorrows how to pray,
With princely fear and Royall zeal
His humble highness did appeal
To heaven for mercy ; Heaven made haste,
And ere the day of grief had past
Sent him a pledge of living joy,
That Royall branch, that glorious Boy :
And that he might more welcome be,
Not by an Angel but by thee :

What princely joy thy Charles may take
To see his pretious MARIE make
His stock, the stock from whence do spring
Such flowers as well become a King,

Such flowers whose severall sex discloses
France's Lilies, England's Roses !
Me thinks our heaven more heavenly shows,
Me thinks Great Britain greater grows,
Being nobly full of ample means
To store a world with Kings and Queens.

She who in her fruit doth reigne
At once in England, France and Spain,
Triumphs her royal self to see
Increas'd and born afresh by thee ;
And would her own great style forego,
Or have thee call'd Queen-mother too.

And give us leave to bid thee joy
On that fasting-feasting day :
Auspicious day, wherein all we
Seem'd deliver'd unto thee !
O may thy numerous offspring make
The number which thy virtues speak,
Till in a full and princely land
They round about their parents stand.
Be these thy guard, whose royal force
Can set thee sure above the course
Of mortall danger, and will give
Life unto Thee for whom they live.

JOS. BEAUMONT,
Coll. S. Petri.

From 'Epicedia Cantabrigiensia in obitum illustr.
Principis Annæ Ducissæ Eboracensis. Cant.
1671,' 4° (B and verso).

Ad Illustrissimum Ducem Ebor.

Quò poterat Virtus in terris scandere nostris,
Inclita pro meritis venerat Anna suis.
Deerat adhuc Regnum : terras pertæsa jacentes,
Ergo sibi in cœlis jam diadema petit ;
Fitque *Duci* Dux ipsa suo, cui, quâ volat, altam
(Olim ingressuro) signat ad astra viam.
Nam te, *Britannis* Columnæ & Decus, diu,
Invictæ Princeps, sospitem hic Numen velit ;
Annæque terò jubeat, ô serò, sequi.
Meruisse cœlum sæpius juvet semel
Tibi capessendum. Pugile *Jacobo* haud egent
Cives superni, fulmen aut tuum advocant
Hic, hic tonabis meliùs, & noto *Anglica*
Fragore latè personabis æquora ;
Seu *Batavus* instat cominùs, sive eminùs
Ostentat iras *Gallus*, & fremit procul.
Hac *Albemartum* lege Cœlitibus datum
Non invidemus : solus Ipse sufficit,
Modò perfruamur : *Mariæ* nec alio sines
Tuos egere. Debitum ô differ polum,
Et vota patere hæc ; patere cum damus tuo
Felicitem nostram ; & abreptæ loco
Sponsæ, salutem publicam in finem cape.

J. BEAUMONT,
Coll. S. Petri Præfectus.

From 'Musæ Cantab. Ser. Princip. Willielmo et
Mariæ etc. Cant. 1689,' 4^o (f B. 2).

Quos non triumphos nostra jam *Mater* canat,
Ecclesiarum dulce & egregium decus !
Felicitates Ipsa stat stupens suas
Horrore læto, dissipatas dum videt
Repentè copias superbiorum Hostium ;
Quos inter audax eminebat Familia
Ignationorum, Facum atque Pestium
Dolentis orbis. Cæterùm quo Isti modo
Jam conqueruntur, nosse non *Anglos* juvet.

Quascunque (clamant) *Phæbus* aspicit plagas
Nostrum replevit Nomen, & Gesta inclyta :
Catholica nostrâ industriâ longè *fides*
Latèque sparsa est, *Indiam* & miseram beat.
Borealis at cùm jactitaret se *Hæresis*
Nulli labori parsimus domi aut foris
Terræ marisque nil morati incommoda ;
Missæ ciemus plurimæ vim mysticam ;
Notas ubique fervidâsque indicimus
Preces, & omnium *Beatorum* chorum
(Te *Campiane* maximè, Téque ô Pater

Garnette,) supplices in auxilium *pia*
Causæ vocamus ; Consulimus ipsum quòque
Responsa *Romæ* sacra dantem *Apollinem*.
Fideique nostræ Principem, atque Orbis Caput,
A quo cerebrum abesse quisnam existimet !

Cùm non daretur flectere Superos, truce
Acheronta movimus ; piis fallaciis,
Mendaciisque more pro nostro additis,
Quodcunque poterat strenuus & acer Dolus
Effeceramus : jàmque magni compotes
Dubio procul Voti videbamus fore.

Sed dira spem Fortuna lactantem abstulit
Et *Innocentius* sit invitè innocens,
Et noster eheu zelus in fumos abit
Venire Vindicem, & *Videre*, & *Vincere*,
Jam sentientibus una solamen fuga est.

Quin ergo Miseri sapere tandem discitu
Summumque Numen definite lacessere :
Nam, *Loyolitis* quamlibet ringentibus
Magna & usque prevalet Veritas.

JO. BEAUMONT,

S. T. P. & Coll. S. Petri Prefectus.

Another by his son Charles f E verso.





Psyche

By

DR. JOSEPH BEAUMONT.

1648-1702.



NOTE.

OUR text of 'Psyche' is necessarily the folio of '1702,' which as having been thoroughly revised and prepared by the Author for re-publication is authoritative. But in the Memorial-Introduction will be found a critical examination of the original edition of 1648. Throughout, as usual, an endeavour has been made to reproduce the text in absolute faithfulness. At the close of each Canto, such Notes and Illustrations as seem called for are added.—G.

PSYCHE,
OR
LOVE'S MYSTERY,
In XXIV. CANTOS:
Displaying the INTERCOURSE Betwixt
CHRIST,
AND THE
SOUL.

Ὁ Θεὸς Ἀγάπη ἐστίν.

—Οἱ πάλαι προσῆδον ἐμμελεῖς λόγους·

Τὸ τεργνὸν οἶμαι οὐ καλοῦ ποιούμενοι

Ὁχημα, καὶ τυποῦντες ἐκ μελῶν τρόπους. S. Greg. Naz. in de Carminib. suis.

By JOSEPH BEAUMONT, D.D. late King's
Professor of Divinity, and Master of St. Peter's College
in CAMBRIDGE.

THE SECOND EDITION,
With Corrections throughout, and Four new Cantos, never before Printed.

CAMBRIDGE,
Printed at the UNIVERSITY-PRESS, for *Tho. Bennet*, at the *Half Moon*
in *St. Paul's Church Yard*, *London*, M.DCCII.



INTO
THE MOST SACRED
T R E A S U R Y
OF THE
PRAISE and GLORY
OF
INCARNATE GOD,
The World's most Merciful
REDEEMER;

The Unworthiest of His Majesties Creatures,
In all possible Prostrate VENERATION,

Begs Leave to Cast This His

DEDICATED MITE.





THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

THE Turbulence of these Times having deprived me of my wonted Accommodations of Study ; I deliberated, *For the avoiding of meer Idleness*, what Task I might safest presume upon, without the Society of Books : and concluded upon Composing this *Poem*. In which I endeavour to represent a *Soul* led by divine *Grace*, and her *Guardian Angel*, (in fervent *Devotion*,) through the difficult temptations and Assaults of *Lust*, of *Pride*, of *Heresy*, of *Persecution*, and of *Spiritual Dereliction*, to a holy and happy *Departure* from *temporal Life*, to heavenly *Felicity* : Displaying by the way, the *Magnalia Christi*, his *Incarnation* and *Nativity* ; his *Flight into Egypt*, his *Fasting* and *Temptation*, his chief *Miracles*, his being *Sold* and *Betrayed*, his *Institution of the Holy Eucharist*, his *Passion*, his *Resurrection* and *Ascension* ; which were his mighty Testimonies of his *Love* to the *Soul*.

I am not ignorant, that very few Men are competent Readers of *Poems*, the true *Genius* of *Poetry* being little regarded, or rather not subject at all to common Capacities : so that a discourse upon this Theam would be to small purpose. I know also, how little Prefacing Apologies use to be credited : Wherefore, though I had much (very much) to say, and justly, in this kind, I will venture to cast my self upon thy Ingenuity, with this only Protestation, that *If any thing throughout this whole Poem, happen [against my intention] to prove Discord to the Consent of Christ's Catholick Church, I here Recant it aforehand.*

My Desire is, That this *Book* may prompt better *Wits* to believe, that a *Divine Theam* is as capable and happy a Subject of *Poetical Ornament*, as any *Pagan* or *Humane Device* whatsoever. Which if I can obtain, and (into the Bargain,) Charm my Readers into any true degree of *Devotion*, I shall be bold to hope that I have partly reached my *proposed Mark*, and not continued *meerly Idle*.

A Syllable of the CANTOS.

1. *The Preparative.*
2. *Lust Conquer'd.*
3. *The Girdle, or Love-token.*
4. *The Rebellion.*
5. *The Pacification.*
6. *The Humiliation.*
7. *The Great Little one.*
8. *The Pilgrimage.*

9. *The Temptation.*
10. *The Marvels.*
11. *The Traytor.*
12. *The Banquet.*
13. *The Impeachment.*
14. *The Death of Love.*
15. *The Triumph of Love.*
16. *The Supply.*

17. *The Cheat.*
18. *The Poyson.*
19. *The Antidote.*
20. *The Mortification.*
21. *The Sublimation.*
22. *The Persecution.*
23. *The Dereliction.*
24. *The Consummation.*



THE EDITOR TO THE READER.

THIS Second Edition of *Psyche*, which has been so often and so earnestly desir'd by many, (the First being very scarce and very dear) is now presented to Publick View, though in a far different Dress from the Former; being carefully Corrected in every Stanza, and much enlarged in every Canto by the hand of the late Reverend Author many years before his Death. I intended to have publish'd it long before this time, had I not been prevented, partly by multiplicity of business, wherein I was involved by the great loss of My Reverend Father; partly by transmitting the Book, according to his Will, to a good Friend and very able Judge of English Poetry, living at a great distance from Cambridge. After a considerable time spent by that Reverend and Worthy Person, in diligently perusing and comparing both Copies; a little before his much lamented death, he restored to me the new Copy, with a full approbation of it, expressed not only in a very kind Letter written to me about it, but also in a long and ingenious Copy of Verses made in Memory of the deceased Author.

The principal difference between both Editions, in short, is this. The 16th Canto called The Supply, is wholly new, and it is truly a Supplement of what was before wanting: For it Treats of the great provision which our Lord made for his Church at the Feast of Pentecost, by sending down the Holy Ghost upon his Apostles in the appearance of cloven Tongues, to heal the Division of Tongues made at Babel, and to erect a better Fabric than was designed there. Some Cantos also of the First Edition are divided into Two Parts in this Second Edition, under different Titles, which now increases the number of Cantos to 24. The whole design of the Poem is to recommend the Practice of Piety and Morality, by describing the most remarkable Passages of our Savior's Life, and by painting particular Vertues and Vices in their proper colours: A Design, which I could wish all Writers of English Verse would propound to themselves; for 'tis undoubtedly true, that no Wit or Fancy whatsoever can make atonement for those obscene, prophane, and scurrilous expressions, which are too visible in some late English Poems.

The learned world, I know, will be apt to wonder very much, why I publish only this English Poem, and conceal all my Reverend Father's Latin Works, both Critical and Polemical, which for the most part he compos'd in the space of 25 Years, whilst he continued in the difficult as well as honourable Post of Regius Professor of Divinity in the Famous University of Cambridge. In Answer to this Question, the only plausible excuse, which I can justly make, is this: that my Father not having sufficient leisure, nor health of body, to revise and examine all his Latin Works Treating of many very difficult and weighty Points; according to his wonted modesty, strictly forbid the Printing any of them in his last Will, which I am bound to fulfil punctually. However I must confess, 'tis no small trouble to me to think, that all those Volumes, which cost my Reverend Father so great Pains and Study, and would, if Printed, conduce much to the benefit and advantage of all Students in Divinity, in respect both of matter and language; cannot be read and seriously consider'd by others as well as my self.

CHARLES BEAUMONT, M.A.
Fellow of St. Peter's
College, Cambridge.



IN SACRED
M E M O R Y
 OF THE
 VERY REVEREND AUTHOR
 OF THE FOLLOWING
W O R K,

JOSEPH BEAUMONT, *S. T. P. &c.*

TO PSYCHE.

I.

PSYCHE, Fair Daughter of the Blest THREE-
 ONE,
 Th' Eternal FATHER's Choise for Future
 Bride,
 To His Almighty Coeternal SON,
 When by The SPIRIT's Clear Unctions purify'd ;
 By *Charis*, and thy Guardian *Phylax* lead,
 Thro' Life's dark shades, to thy bright Nuptial bed :

2.

Psyche, sole Empress of all Seas and Lands,
 When ever Man, thy Liege, His Throne has set ;
 Himself thy Throne, but stoopt to thy commands,
 How High so e'r exalted, or how Great ;
 In All whom, like Life's quickning Flame thou art,
 Whole in the whole, and All in every Part :

3.

Thee I invoke, for Muse thee supplicate ;
 Not as in this streight breast thou groan'st confin'd,
 But as thou far and wide didst Reign of late
 In holy *Beaumont's* all-embracing Mind :
Beaumont thy Prophet, whose Harmonious lyre,
 Love's Triumphs to resound, thou didst inspire.

4.

As Him teach Me, since Thee my Muse I make,
 Some Acts of thy Espousals loud to sing ;
 And since I *Beaumont's* Ground, and Numbers take,
 Accept the Off'ring I at distance bring,
 With harp ill-tun'd, and long thro' Age unstrung,
 Fit only to fill up some Under-song !

5.

He, he the Man, who thy Vast Powers did know !
 He, who Thy Maze, thro' this Earth's Wild could trace,
 Bolder than any Son of Verse below,
 And lead thy Song to its High Resting place ;
 But not till made thy Resident above,
 Clearly discern'd The *Mystery of Love*.

6.

Too bright that View for any mortal Eye ;
 Blest *Beaumont* saw not All, till hence remov'd,
 And tho' invigor'd by Heav'n's last *Supply*,
 And loving, knew not how He was Belov'd :
 How much of God Belov'd, and for thy sake,
 Whom next Him, He his chiefest Care did make.

7.

Thee He did make, next God, his chiefest Care ;
 Witness that Pourtrait of thy Form Divine,¹
 Which his best Art did for thy Spouse prepare,
 (As Distant Princes treated Love's incline)
 And in exchange for his, to thee first sent,
 On Embassy with it in person went.

8.

Rare the Design, and masterly all wrought,
 But long e'r finisht ; as the time was long,
 Till to thy self thy Rebel-self was brought,
 In Wilful obstinacy only strong :
 By *Aphrodisius* and *Agenor's* Wiles,
 Only not taken in *Proud Lust's* thick toils.

9.

'Tis true, from them thou made'st an Happy Scape,
 Thanks to their Care, who were thy Watchful Guard,
 And stept uncall'd, 'twixt Thee and brutal Rape ;
 (If what then pleas'd thee suits a term so hard)
 But time to reconcile thee to thy Friends
 It took, more time for them to work their ends.⁴

10.

On thee to work them, Poor unhappy Maid !
 (Pardon me so to call thee !) left alone,
 By Foes girt round, and by base slaves betray'd,
 Without all Conduct but thy twice-foil'd Own ;
 Reason so call'd, but scarce was common Sense,
 Prefer'd to Faith, its Guide, Rule, Bounding Fence.

11.

This made Thee Venturous, trust thy self too much,
 And, safe at Home, presume abroad to go ;

¹ Canto xvi. Added in this New Edition.

² Canto i.

³ Canto ii. iii. iv. v.

⁴ Canto vi.

Confinement, but at Thine own pleasure grutch,
And judge All Well, because thou thought'st it so :
¹What thy Spouse did, intranc'd to see, and hear ;
What remain'd thee to do, in little Care.

12.

No, not thy ²Guardian's motions to obey,
Who Caution'd thee the Dangers of the Place
Where thou against his Will resolv'dst to stay,
The Mount that to both Adams fatal was ;
Sad Calvary, which for the Second's sake,
Living thy Home, Dead thou thy Grave wouldst make.

13.

But thence ³*Anthades*, with his glosing Mien,
Debaucht thy Love, and drew thee to his Cell ;
Made thee in All but Will a *Nasarene*,
Thy Reason he with Reason back't so well :
Thy Will was for *Pseudagrius's* Conquests left,
And that lost, of thy All thou wert bereft.

14.

⁴*Agrytes* won it, and his sleights did play
With such Close art, he might have plaid them on,
So Wise, so Good seem'd All he deign'd to say,
Had not thy *Phylax* bid the Feind be gon !
Away he flew, off dropt his False Disguise,
And Reason to it self return'd, grew Wise.

15.

Not on a suddain, nor till *Charis* call'd
To his assistance, thee to ⁵Gitton took,
And broke up *Heresy's* foul Den, appall'd
At which, with horrid Wonder thou wert struck :
This choak't thy Reason, this thy Will inclin'd,
And to that Will Divine gave Both resign'd.

16.

Time then it took a New Scene to display
Of Glories thou hadst never seen before ;
⁶*Ecclesia's* Court with Spoils divinely gay
Of conquer'd Hell, and this World's shatter'd Power ;
But where *Ecclesia's* Self, High on her Throne,
Shon brightest, with thy Lord's rayes made her own.

17.

Long thou staid'st here ; (who would not ?) here hadst
staid
Still longer, had not thy Dear *Albion*,
More glorious by thy sufferings to be made,
Call'd thee to hard Adventures, yet unknown ;
Proud ⁷Persecutions Flames, which thou hadst past,
But that reserv'd for blacker Flames at last.

¹ From the vii. to the xvii. Canto.² Canto xvii.³ Ibidem.⁴ Canto xviii.⁵ Canto xviii.⁶ Canto xix.⁷ Canto xxii.⁸ Canto xxiii.

18.

The bitter'st Cup e'r tendred Maid to drink,
(*Charis*, and *Phylax*, and thy Love withdrawn)
Hurrying thee quick to ¹Desperation's brink,
Whose monstrous Gulf, with gore did deadly yawn.
Thou saw'st it ; Trembled'st, but which way to fly
Saw'st not ; abhorring Life ; twice dead to Die.

19.

Phylax here once again did interpose ;
Snatcht thee from Death ; but helpless to reprise
Life's joyes, thy Dread Spouse Heav'nly *Charis* chose,
To whom the Key belongs of Paradise—,
²She Open'd ; In thou went'st ; and there dost stay
Dissolv'd in Loves, waiting thy Marriage Day.

20.

(§.) THESE, and a thousand more the Chances were,
Which made thy Pourtrait in its drawing long ;
With various sketch, as did thy Self appear
Under their force, to make Love's Charms more strong :
Beaumont alone was skill'd to hit them All,
With lights, shadows, as each best might fall.

21.

Thy Conquests were the Lights, which shew'd thy Face
So lovely Fair, it ravisht at first sight,
Sparkling with Majesty, and humble Grace,
Thy absent Spouse's Amours to invite
And tho' thy Self thou only didst o'come,
That Victory for One o'r Him made room.

22.

He heard thy Battails, lov'd the Heroine,
Who could Her Passions with such awe subdue,
Girt with the ³Belt of Chastity Divine,
His first kind Token, Treaties to renew,
Of ancient Loves, before all time design'd
And deeply laid in the Eternal Mind.

23.

O, the bright lustre, that thy Port it gave,
With that pearl'd Girdle to be claspt around ;
Which show'd thy shape, and thy great Heart to have
A Resolution, able to confound
Thy fiercest Enemies, which by it press'd,
Quitted their Fort, resign'd to thee thy Breast.

24.

This, more than Shield, or Lance was thy Defence,
Thy flowing Habit's noblest Ornament,
Which never loos'd did sacred Powers dispense,
Unhurt to take the Darts against thee sent :
To Heav'n fast bound thee, made thee Heav'n's last
Care ;
Unconquer'd in Defeats, Renown'd in War.

¹ Canto xxiv.² Canto iii.³ Canto iii.

25.

And this One Cause was, that to shew his skill,
But more thy Diff'rent languors to disclose,
Thy Draught's Designer did his Table fill
With Diff'rent Charms, and Art's best touches chose :
But what they were, how tender, strong, and clear,
Exceeds my Verse to tell, wrongs thee to hear.

26.

But all was there, which might become a Queen,
A Maiden Princess, Royally array'd
In her pure Virgin Beauties, to be seen
By him, whose Heart her Eyes had Captive made.
He Came, and Saw ; but thou didst Overcome :
And Spoils he got abroad, Divide at Home.

27.

There Innocence and Modesty did strive,
With greatest Sweetness on thy Air should dart ;
There Magnanimity bold strokes did give,
Able to pierce the most Obdurate Heart ;
And scattered round such Flames of warm Desire,
As shew'd thy Soul with Love was all on Fire.

28.

There every Virtue did with Honour vye,
Which should Deserve and Have the highest Place ;
But in just Order rank't, its Charge so ply,
As gave, and from its neighbor took new Grace ;
And all Grac'd Thee, who in One had them all,
All Virtues, as all Souls Grand Arcenal.

29.

The Shadows were thy Folles,¹ which lay below ;
Hid in the Folds of thy long trailing Vest,
But so contriv'd, that every Foil did show
Some after battail gain'd, with Trophies dress'd,
Whose Figures in the hightnings did appear
And by recover'd strength thy Love indear.

30.

Down at thy Foot vast heaps of Conquer'd lay,
Both Foreign, and Intestine Enemies :
Satan their Chief, who kept them all in Pay,
And *Lust* and *Pride*, in their stain'd Liveries !
But the most horrid Sight in Prospect drawn,
Was *Heresy*, with all her Curs'd Spawn.

31.

The Missives thou thy Love didst often send,
All His to Thee, thy abstinencies, Tears,
The Days thou didst in Contemplation spend,
Lents of Devotion, and Ecstatick years,
Wherein Absorpt, thou didst whole-self forget,
Thought thou wert Nothing, but wert ne'r so Great ;

¹ Canto ii. v. xvii. xviii.

32.

Thy Penances, thy Works of Charity,
Some Exemplary, some so close, and hid
They lay conceal'd from the most Curious eye,
Scarce could thy Self know, what thy Self thus did :
The Transports of thy Faith, thy Hopes increase,
And midst the Fret of War, profoundest Peace.

33.

All these, and all that these short Heads contain,
Best Inventory of thy little All,
Yet all thou hadst thy Spouse's Heart to gain,
So great his Goodness, all thy Good so small,
In Ebon Cabinets, on either hand,
Safely put up, lay ready at Command.

34.

There they lay ready, for a sacrifice,
With thy Heart on his Alter to be laid ;
Thy Heart, which broke, found pity in his Eyes,
Thy best Artillery Heav'n to invade !
All that was Thine, Acceptance to intreat,
All that was His, to make thy Beauty Great.

35.

§ SUCH was the Figure of thy Looks Divine,
With his best Art retoucht, and latest Care,
Which Marriage treated long, at length to join,
Beaumont did for thy absent Spouse prepare :
And which completed, none more fit than he,
To make the Present, and thy Envoy be.

36.

On the Blest Message, up he quickly went ;
And notice of his swift Approach's given,
A noble guard of Spirits were downward sent
To meet him, at the utmost bounds of Heaven :
Angels, and Souls of just Men Perfect made ;
Spectators Part, and Part for his Parade.

37.

Millions of Leigers to the Heav'nly Court,
Before dispatcht, and who, their Business o'r,
Congè obtain'd, upon the first Report,
To meet their Empresses Ambassador ;
Both to their New Come Brother honour do,
And by theirs, let him his Reception know.

38.

Each had an Angel pitcht on his Right hand,
And on his Left the Grace He reverenc't most,
Which over all the Rest had full command ;
A train of Vertues, and a numerous Host,
With wide spread Banners, streaming glorious light,
And terrible to see, more terrible to fight.

39.

Who they might be none askt, for all did know
Whose each band was ; e'en *Beaumont* but just come
Knew ev'ry Standard, and saluting low,

By all was known, and wondred at by some,
Who oft had heard of his Great Learning's Fame,
But knew not his whole worth, till there he came.

40.

The service he did Thee, and came to do,
The *Red-Cross Knight*, at his bold Squadrons head,
Loudly proclaim'd, and bid his *Una* show
How well she took the Cause, that in his stead,
He for *Ecclesia* bravely did maintain,
And Crowns design'd her, for her Sister gain.

41.

So *Astrophil*, and so *Urania* ;
In shouts with whom the *British* Poets join'd,
All who to Heav'n had found the narrow way,
And sacred Verse, from this World's Dross refin'd :
May they all find it, there their Tribute bring,
Never had *Albion* abler Sons to sing.

42.

O, would they henceforth *Beaumont* Imitate !
Whom having watcht Heav'n's Verge thy *Phylax* meets,
And handing to his Audience up in state,

His Coming, and his Welcome friendly greets :
The croud of Blessed Saints, to make him way,
Stood close, all listning what he had to say.

43.

Humbly then Prostrate, down before a Throne,
Splendid as that, the Lov'd Disciple saw,
And like encompass'd, with like Glory shon,
But which no mortal Pensil dares to draw :
Thy *Portrait* he on the Rich Pavement lay'd,
And Mercy thrice, thrice Mercy only pray'd.

44.

Upright with Holy boldness then bid stand,
Out from the Throne a Voice of Thunder came,
Which *Seraphs* startled, and did Saints command,
Silence to keep.—

" Know all ye Powers, I AM
" Change not ; Our Royal Word to *Psyche* past
" Will in its Time perform ; Its Time makes haste :
" *Psyche* Our First Love was, *Psyche* shall be Our Last.

SAM. WOODFORD, D.D.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

TITLE-PAGE, page 3. See Memorial-Introduction for the title-page of the original edition (1648):

DEDICATION, page 4. See the same for similar dedications to God, earlier and later.

TO THE READER, page 5, line 2, '*meer*' = mere, this or that only : l. 5, '*Dereliction*' = abandonment : l. 7, '*Magnalia Christi* : ' this gives its name to Mather's famous folio of church-history : l. 15, '*Ingenuity*' = ingenuousness : l. 19, '*Humane*' = human.

THE EDITOR TO THE READER, page 6, l. 7, '*that Reverend and Worthy Person*' = Dr. Samuel Woodford (see page 10), on whom consult our Memorial-Introduction : l. 22,

' *Latin Works* : ' see Memorial-Introduction on these :

Page 8, col. 1, st. 11, l. 1, '*grutch*' = grudge : col. 2, st. 23, l. 1, '*Port*' = bearing, aspect.

„ 9, col. 1, st. 28, l. 6, '*Arcenal*' = arsenal : col. 2, st. 37, l. 1, '*Leigers*' = resident or ambassador.

„ 10, col. 1, st. 40, l. 2, '*Red-Cross Knight*'—of the '*Faerie Queen*,' and so '*Una*' (l. 3) : st. 41, l. 1, '*Astrophil*' = Sidney as the poet of '*Astrophel*.' Dr. Woodford wrote out a careful ms. of Sidney and his Sister's verse-rendering of the Psalms. *Astrophil* was slightly disguised in the less accurate spelling '*Astrophel*.'—G.

PSYCHE

IN

XXIV. CANTO's.

CANTO I.

The Preparative.

The ARGUMENT.

*Enrag'd at Heav'n and Psyche, Satan laies
His projects to beguile the tender Maid,
Whilst Phylax proper counter-works doth vowe,
And mustereth Joseph's Legend to her aid ;
That fortify'd by this chaste Pattern, She
To Lust's assaults impregnable might be.*

1.

ETERNAL LOVE, of sweetest Poetry
The sweeter King, from thine high Mercies'
Throne
Deign to behold my prostrate Vow, and Me :
No Muse, no Gods, but greater Thee alone
I invoke ; for both his heads full low
Parnassus to thy Paradise doth bow.

2.

Thy Paradise, thro' whose fair Hills of Joy
Those Springs of everlasting Vigor range,
Which make Souls drunk with Heav'n, which cleanse
away
All Earth from Dust, and Flesh to Spirit change.
Wise loyal Springs, whose current to no Sea,
Its panting voyage ever steers, but Thee.

3.

Sage Moses first their wondrous might descry'd,
When, by some drops from hence imbraved, he
His triumph sung o'er th' Erythraean Tide.
But Royal David, and his Son, by free
Carousing in these nobly-sacred Streams
With Poets' chaplets crown'd their Diadems.

4.

Defiance other Helicons ! O may
These precious Founts my Vow and Heart refine !
My task, dear LOVE, art Thou : if ever Bay
Court my poor Muse, I'll hang it on thy shrine.
My Soul untun'd, unstrung, doth wait on Thee
To teach her how to sing thy MYSTERY.

5.

A MYSTERY envelop'd in a cloud
Of charming horror, barricado'd round
With dainty Riddles, guarded by a crowd
Of quiet Contradictions ; so profound
A Plain, that Psyche's long-acquainted eye
Stagger'd about its misty Clarity.

6.

A MYSTERY, which other Shades beset ;
Substantial Shades, made up of solid Hate ;
Born in the Deep, which knows no bottom, yet
Vent'ring to block up Heaven's sublimest gate :
Whilst Belsebub, in blackness damn'd to dwell,
Plots to have all things else as dark as Hell.

7.

For He, th' immortal Prince of equal spite,
Abhors all Love in every name and kind ;
But chiefly that which burns with flames as bright
As his are swarthy, and as endless find
Their living fuel : These enrage him so,
That all Hell's Furies must to council go.

8.

For (as the wounded Lyon frights his Den
By roaring out his grief ;) his shatter'd heart

Vomits a hideous groan, which thundring in
His hollow realm, bellow'd to every part
The frightful summons : all the *Peers* below
Their *King's* voice by its sovereign stink did know.

9.

Nor dar'd they stay their tails vast volumes to
Abridge into a knot's Epitome ;
Or trim their hoofs foul cleft with iron shoe,
Or their snarl'd snakes' confusion unty :
Only their paws they fill with *Rage*, and bring
That desperate subsidy to their *mad King*.

10.

Hell's Court is built deep in a gloomy Vale,
High wall'd with strong *Damnation*, moated round
With flaming *Brimstone* : full against the Hall
Roars a burnt bridge of brass : the yards abound
With all in venom'd Herbs and Trees, more rank
And fruitless than on *Asphaltite's* bank.

11.

The Gate, where *fire* and *smoke* the Porters be,
Stands always ope with gaping greedy jaws.
Hither flock'd all the *States of misery* ;
As younger snakes, when their old serpent draws
Them by a summoning hiss, hast down her throat
Of patent poison their aw'd selves to shoot.

12.

The Hall was roof'd with everlasting *Pride*,
Deep paved with *Despair*, checker'd with *Spight*,
And hang'd round with *Torments* far and wide :
The front display'd a goodly-dreadful sight,
Great *Satan's* Arms stamp'd on an iron shield,
A Crown'd Dragon Gules in sable field.

13.

There on's immortal throne of Death they see
Their mounted *Lord* ; whose left hand proudly held
His Globe, (for all the world he claims to be
His proper realm,) whose bloody right did weild
His Mace, on which ten thousand serpents knit,
With restless madness gnaw'd themselves, and it.

14.

His insolent feet all other footstools scorn'd
But what compleatest *Scorn* to them suggested ;
This was a *Cross* ; yet not erect, but turn'd
Peevishly down. The robe which him invested,
In proud embroidery shew'd that envious Feat
By which of *Paradise* he *Man* did cheat.

15.

His Diadem was neither brass nor rust,
But monstrous Metal of them both begot ;
Which millions of vilest *Stones* imbost,
Yet *precious* unto him, since he by that
Artillery his fatal batteries had
On heav'n-beloved *Martyrs'* bodies made.

16.

His awful Horns above his crown did rise,
And force his *horns* to shrink in theirs : his face
Was triply-plated *Impudence* : his Eyes
Were Hell reflected in a double glass,
Two Comets staring in their bloody stream,
Two Beacons boyling in their pitch and flame.

17.

His Mouth in breadth vy'd with his palace gate,
And conquer'd it in foot : his tawny Teeth
Were ragged grown by endless gnashing at
The dismal Riddle of his *living Death* :
His grisly Beard a sing'd confession made
What fiery breath through his black lips did trade.

18.

Which as he op'd, the *Center*, on whose back
His Chair of ever-fretting Pain was set,
Frighted beside it self began to quake :
Throughout all Hell the barking *Hydra's* shut
Their aw'd mouths : the silent *Peers* in fear
Hung down their tails, and on their *Lord* did stare.

19.

Three times he shak'd his horns ; three times his Mace
He brandish'd towards heav'n ; three times he spew'd
Fell sulphur upward : which when on his face
It soused back, foul Blasphemy ensu'd,
So big, so loud, that his huge Mouth was split
To make full passage to his *Rage*, and it.

20.

I yield not yet ; Defiance *Heav'n*, said He,
And though I cannot reach thee with my fire,
Yet my unconquer'd Brain shall able be
To grapple with thee ; nor canst thou be higher
Than my *brave Spight* : Know, though below I dwell,
Heav'n has no stouter Hearts than strut in Hell.

21.

For all thy vaunting *Promise* to the seed
Of dust-begotten *Man*, my head is here
Unbroken still : When thy proud foot did tread
Me down from my own Spheres, my forehead there
Both met and scorn'd the blow : And thou at first
(Whate'r thou talk'st to *Man*,) didst do thy worst.

22.

Courage my Lords ; ye are the same, who once
Ventur'd on that renown'd Design with me
Against the Tyrant call'd *Heav'n's righteous Prince*.
What though *Chance* stole from us that Victory ?
'Twas the first field we fought ; and He being in
His own Dominion, might more easily win.

23.

How oft have We met Him mid-way since then,
And in th' indifferent world not vainly fought !

Forc'd We him not to yield all mortal Men
At once, but simple *Eight*? though He'd be thought
Then to have shown his pow'r, when he was fain
Basely to drown what he could not maintain.

24.

Poor shift! yet make the best on't, still the odds
Is ours; and that our yelling Captives feel:
Ours is a *fiery Deluge*, but their God's
A *watery flood*: His scarce had strength to swell
For some vain months; ours scoras the bounds of age,
And foams and boils with everlasting rage.

25.

And let it boil, whilst to the endless shame
Of our high-bragging *Foe*, those *Pris'ners* there
With helpless roars our Victory proclaim:
What nobler Trophies could we wish to rear!
Are they not *Men* of the same Flesh and Blood
With that frail *Christ*, who needs would seem a *God*?

26.

A pretty *God*, whom I, sole I, of late
Caus'd to be fairly hang'd. 'Tis true he came
By stealth, and help'd by sly Night, forc'd Hell's gate:
But snatch'd he any Captive hence, that Fame
Might speak him valiant? No, he knew too well
That *I was King*, and you the *Peers of Hell*.

27.

Yet to patch up his tatter'd credit, He
Sneak'd through that Gulf, to barbarous *Abraham's* den,
Who for his ready inhumanity
Was dubb'd the *Father of all faithful Men*.
Less, less my *Pilate*, was thy Crime; yet Thou
(O righteous *Heav'n's*!) now yeldest here below.

28.

His willing prizes thence he won; (but how
Forlorn a Rout, let *Lazarus* witness be,
Who the late pity of vile dogs, was now
A special Saint :) and this vain victory
Homeward he bore, with banner proudly spread,
As if with his *own blood* 't had not been red,

29.

Me thinks I could permit him to possess
That pilfer'd honor, did he now forbear
My Subjects from their Loyalty to press,
And lure poor cheated Men his yoke to wear.
But by my Wrath I swear, I'll make him know
That I of Earth and Air am Sovereign too.

30.

Well beat, O my immortal *Indignation*!
Thou nobly swell'st my belking Soul; and I
Success's Omen feel. Brave *Desperation*
Doth sneaking *fear's* objections defy:
Shall we be *famely damn'd*, and new ones bear,
Because our old Wrongs unrevenge'd are?

31.

Was't not enough, against the righteous Law
Of *Primogeniture*, to throw us down
From that bright Home, which all the World do's know
Was by most clear Inheritance our own:
But, to our shame, *Man*, that vile *Worm* must dwell
In our fair Orbs, and Heaven with *vermin* fill?

32.

What tricks, charms, promises, and mystic Arts,
What blandishments of fain'd fawning things,
He musters up to woo these silly hearts!
Doubtless *God-like* into the field he brings
This juggling strength of his Artillery:
Yet, who, forsooth, the *Tempters* are, but we?

33.

Psyche, a simple thing I wot, and one
Whom I as deeply scorn, as Him I spight,
He seeks to make his prize; *Psyche* alone
Takes up his amorous Thoughts both day and night.
Were't not our wrong, I could contented be
Heaven's goodly *Prince* had such a *Spouse* as she.

34.

But she is ours; I have design'd a place
Due to her vileness in yon brimstone Lake,
Which shall revenge whatever in her face
Do's now her lusty *God a Woor* make.
He promis'd her, that with the *Angels* she
Should live; and so she shall; but those are *We*.

35.

We, noble *We*, who true unto our pure
Original, disdain'd to betray
Our native excellence; and by demure
Baseness, in stead of *Ruling*, to *Obey*.
What proof of virtuous bravery could be greater,
Than thus to scorn ev'n *God* himself to flatter?

36.

But since *this God* now thinks it fit to fly
From open Force, to his Reserve of Art;
Surely 'twill no dishonour be, if I
Deign to outplay him in his own sly part.
That all th' amazed World may understand
Our gallant *Brain's* as potent as our *Hand*.

37.

Last, thou shalt give the Onset: quickly dress
Thy self with every beauteous charm, which my
Aerial Kingdom yields, and subtly press
Our counterplot: remember but how thy
Sweet gules did once a *mighty King* subvert,
However fam'd to be *After God's heart*.

38.

Then *Philanty* and *Pride* shall stretch her Soul
With swelling poison, making her disdain

Heav'n's narrow gate ; whilst *Wealth* it self doth roll
Into her bosom in a golden Rain ;

That she may grow too rich to match with one,
Of a *poor Carpenter* the *poorer Son*.

39.

Next shall my Secretary *Hervey*
Right sagely teach her to become too wise
To take up points on trust, and fool'd be
By saucy *Faith* plainly against her eyes.
Then *Persecution's* flame shall earnest give
Of that full fire which she shall here receive.

40.

If still she tough and stubborn prove, do thou,
My dear *Despair*, about her sullen heart
Millions of black confusions toss, and through
Her tortur'd thoughts all Hell aforehand dart.
'Tis my Prerogative, that I can dare
To build assured *Hopes* ev'n on *Despair*.

41.

Nor shall this Service due requital want :
That trusty lucky *Fiend* who do's the feat,
Shall wear the *Prize* he wins, and by my Grant
Of Charter Royal be confirm'd the *great*
Master of Psyche's torments ; He, and none
But he, shall order her Damnation.

42.

Nay for his greater honor, every night
With seven full lashes he shall plow the heart
Of *Judas* and of *Cain* ; nor from my sight
Henceforth on any work shall he depart,
But here at my right hand Attendant be
For ever, and *Blasphemy* the next to me.

43.

Go then in *God's name*, but that *God am I*,
And here my blessing on you all I deal.
Catch but this *Wench* ; and by that Victory
We'll torture *Christ* more deeply than this Hell
Doth you or Me, and so revenge the pain
To which the *Tyrant* all *brave Us* doth chain.

44.

This said ; he from his scaly bosom draws
Five Dragons' hides tann'd in the *Sygyian Pool*,
And scratch'd with his own Adamantine Claws.
Then, lo, he cries, here in a several scroll
Each Warrant ready sign'd. Fly, fly ; delay
Doth oft the strongest-founded Plots betray.

45.

His *Senate* strait with an obsequious roar
Applaud their *Prince* : and those designed *Fiends*
Their Snaky-heads thrice bowing to the floor,
Take their damn'd leave. Forthwith a Tempest rends
Hell's wide mouth wider ope, that thro' the gate
They may their march begin in horrid state.

46.

Old *Tellus* wonder'd what wild Treason 'twas
Which tore her deepest Bowels ; for as from
The monstrous Cannon's thundering mouth of Brass
A sudden cloud of Rage and Death doth foam,
So from beneath these hasty *Furies* broke :
Such was the flashing fire, and such the smoke.

47.

But fouler was the stink : all honest Flowers
Frighted from their own sweets fell sick and dy'd ;
Stout Trees which had defy'd all *Tempests* powers,
From this dire *Breath* sneak'd their faint heads aside.
Only some venomous Weeds, whose roots from Hell
Suck in their deadly living, lik'd the smell.

48.

Last falls to work the first : a Spirit as foul
As he's ambitious beautiful to seem ;
Uncleanliness keeps her Court in's muddy Soul ;
Poison's own breath from's rank mouth's grot doth
steem ;
Black is the fire which burneth in his eye ;
Diseases thick in every member lie.

49.

But being cunning in the cheating trade
Of *Circe* and *Medea* [who had been
His Prentices,] he soon contriv'd had
What comely lie his ugly truth should screen ;
What goodly Body's spruce hypocrisy
Should to his filthy mind the Pander be.

50.

The purest Air which Virgin sweetness breaths
On *Libanus* his Cedar-crown'd head,
With Magic nimbleness he grasps, and wreaths,
And shrinks, and kneads, and moulds, till worried
From her soft self she is content to wear
The shape of any Fraud he thrusts on her.

51.

And thus the *Nymphs*, tho' weak and loose before,
And at the mercy of each busy blast,
Becomes a stiff stout *Man* : whose face to store
With Beattie's brightest charms, strait to the East
The *Spirit* flies, and in *Aurora's* cheeks
The best of Oriental sweetness seeks.

52.

But since his breath still reek'd with stinks, and spoke
The Gulf which spew'd him forth ; he slop'd his flight
To blest *Arabia's* Meads, from whence he took
Each Flower's best Flower, each Spice's sweetest might :
That from th' aromatis'd double bed
Of his soft lips, he vocal Balm might shed.

53.

Then raking thousand Virgins Tombs, he there
Plunder'd the richest of their Amber tresses ;

With which, new curl'd and powdered, his bare
And parch'd Scalp he amorously dresses :
Then with perfum'd Combs instructs them how
To smile, wave, play, and wantonly to flow.

54.

This done ; the Silk-worm's wealth, the Ermin's skin,
The tissues in whose pride young Princes shine,
Into one gorgeous suit he crowds ; and in
Each seam doth Gold and Pearls and Gems intwine :
For thro' *Earth's* closets when his way he tore,
He wisely pilfer'd all her gaudiest store.

55.

But for the fashion he was fain to run
To Court, and learn how Gallants there were drest ;
Men of more various transformations, than
In *Proteus* wit or fiction e'er exprest :
Chamelion's Apes, who rather than forbear
To change their hue, will choose to live on Air.

56.

An *Amoroso* here he chanc'd to spy
Devoutly idolizing Her, whom he
Only contriv'd to undermine ; and by
That Squire's quaint mode, he did his own decree.
Bravely dissembled thus from head to feet,
He plots where he may *Psyche* safest meet.

57.

That morning she was feasting it at home
Close in the sweets of His dear company,
Who from her *Lord*, the *King of Souls*, was come
His restless but delicious Suit to ply,
And with exact attendance see the *Maid*
Might to no sudden danger be betray'd.

58.

A Mine of beauties in the Symmetry
Of his all-ravishing aspect sweetly smil'd ;
Heaven clearly look'd out at either eye ;
His roseal cheeks ten thousand *Graces* swell'd ;
As many little *Loves* their Nests had made
In the curl'd Amber of his dainty head.

59.

He from the Rain-bow, as he came that way,
Borrow'd a Lace of those fair-woven beams
Which clear Heaven's blubber'd face, and gild dull day ;
And this he sew'd on all his Mantle's seams,
A Mantle spun of milky down, which had
On Birds of his own Paradise been bred.

60.

Upon his lovely shoulders dwelt a pair
Of correspondent wings : no driven Snow
On *Scythian* Hills durst vouch its plumes for fair
If questioned by *these*, which fear no thaw :
Less white, less soft are they, and will at last
With melting tears confess themselves surpast.

61.

Well did his body's nimble vessel suit
With those its gallant Oars ; so pliant were
His goodly timber'd Limbs, and yet so stout,
That Wax and Steel seem'd kindly marry'd there.
Hence, tho' he martial were, he lov'd to prove
Himself the *Warrior* of none but *Love*.

62.

High is his great Extraction, full as high
As is the loftiest and the purest Sphere :
There reigns his *Father*, *Prince of Majesty*,
There millions of his *Brethren* shining are,
And all as *Princes* too ; that Land alone
Contains innumerable Realms in one.

63.

Yet did this Royalty not puff his heart
Too high to his *grand Sovereign's* Will to bow ;
Or count it Earthly work from Heaven to part
And wait on *Jesus's* business here below.
O brave *Obedience*, whose wondrous art
Can depth to height, and Earth to Heav'n convert !

64.

At *Psyche's* birth his guardian Wing he spread
With ready watchful tenderness, that she
Might gently rest in that delicious bed,
To which all other Feathers thorny be :
Great was the Mother's care and love ; but yet
The Infant was to *Phylax* more in debt.

65.

That was his Name ; and sure he made it good :
No *Tutor* ever spent more learn'd care,
The stoutest Champion never braveller stood
Affronting Peril, and affrighting Fear ;
Than He in *Psyche's* quarrel, being able
To prove himself as strong as she was feeble.

66.

For Danger never drew its Forces near
His precious *Charge*, but *He* was nearer still :
All plots that *Envy's* cunning aim'd at Her,
He counterplotted with profounder skill.
While she was weak and knew not how to go,
About flew *He*, and joy'd her work to do.

67.

As she grew greater, so his care would grow ;
And he must wean her too, and stretch his Art
To damp her relish of vain things below,
Which likelier were to cheat and choke the Heart,
Than make it live its proper life ; for she
Was born to live unto Eternity.

68.

When she had learn'd to build a word aright,
He taught her Heaven's high Language, and the Song

Which lately in the Quire of Sovereign light
Had been the task and joy of his own Tongue ;
Desiring *Virtue* might be her first growth,
And *Hallelujah* broach her holy mouth.

69.

To season then and preposses her tender
Unwritten Memory ; with Rarities
Cull'd from *God's Book* he first allur'd her wonder,
And then her pretty study did entice :
Thus she well skill'd in holy *Scripture* grew,
Before she knew what Book it was she knew.

70.

Her prattle thus was Piety, and she
By her own sport engag'd was in Bliss :
Long, long before her Heart could mov'd be
Her Tongue could fly thro' *Love's* dear Mysteries ;
She having innocently learn'd the way
Thro' both the serious *Testaments* to play.

71.

But when her Soul could go, and well discern
The way it went ; he spread before her eye
Ten goodly *Paths* ; and these you needs must learn,
Says he, to trace, as leading to the high
Gate of pure *Rest* ; for *God's* own finger did
Draw for thy feet these Tracts on *Sinai's* head.

72.

As for that *broad* and glaring way wherein
Wild Sinners find full space to wantonize ;
It leads but to the guerdon of their sin,
And in the closest Prison ends : but this
Which with strict straitness seems besieg'd, will thee
Convey to everlasting Liberty.

73.

That straitness ne'r was meant to pend or press,
But sure and upright make thy Passage : by
The Nurse's wary hands the Child is thus
Close guarded when he his young feet doth try.
This is the heavenly temper of thy *Way*,
To yield full room to go, but not to *stray*.

74.

Room, room enough : the King's High-way is less
Kingly than this : the greatest *Heroes* who
Have climb'd above the World, wish'd not to press
Beyond these bounds. Be but content to go
Where *Saints*, and where thy *Lord* before hath gone,
That thou mayst overtake him at his Throne.

75.

Thus did He gently grave upon her Heart
The Characters of Heaven ; thus every day
He reads some Lecture, lest the *Templer's* Art
Upon her young and plying Soul should prey.
But they this morning being private, she
A story begg'd ; and thus replied He :

76.

Know then, my *Dear*, there liv'd a *Youth* of old
Almost as young, and no less fair than Thou :
On his rich Head smil'd a soft grove of Gold ;
Two small half Heavens were bent in either brow.
Nor were those Hemispheres sham'd by his Eyes,
Which the best Stars above dar'd not despise.

77.

All Roses blush'd when near his lips they came,
Whose purer Crimson, and whose sweeter Breath
They thought (and well they might) their double shame ;
No Lilly ever met him in his path,
But dreading his pure hand, in reverent fright
Grew pale to see it self outv'd in white.

78.

The portly Cedars whose high mounted pitch
O'r all the Trees advanc'd them to be Princes,
Envy'd this stripling's lower stature, which
Degraded their aspiring excellencies :
The *tallest lankness* shows not half so high
In *Beautie's* scale, as *graceful Symmetry*.

79.

Thus tho' compounded all of lovely Charms,
No wanton mixture did his sweets deflower :
With gentle gravity his looks he arms ;
And, as the Heaven is Heaven altho' it low,
So are his graces still themselves, tho' He
Envelop them in serious *Chastity*.

80.

His noble Sire, renowned *Jacob* was,
Not by the *Wife* whose blear and watery eye
Did its dim self bewail, and was the glass
In which the World read her deformity :
But by fair *Her*, who tho' she cost him twice
Seven years hard service, low he thought the price.

81.

He *Rachel's* Son, and her best Graces heir
For her dear sake, but much more for his own,
Sate precious next his Father's Soul ; whose care
Was bent his own delights in him to crown.
He lov'd his Children all, yet far above
The rest, his *Joseph* he did love to love.

82.

(*Joseph*, whose strangely forward Soul would not
Wait the dull leisure of *Experience* to
Conduct him in the paths of Knowledge, but
Spurred by Heaven did Time's own pace outgo ;
Thus proving in his bud maturely sage,
And long in Wisdom, e'er in years of age.)

83.

He hunts about the proudest World to buy
The choice of purest and of brightest Cloth

Brisk in the *Tyrian* and *Sidonian* dye,
As due to his fair *Darling*: seeming loth
That fewer Colors should embrace his Coat
Than all the World in him did Beauties note.

84.

Yet when the starry Peacock doth display
His train's full Orb, the wingèd People all
Disgracèd into anger and dismay
Let their out-sparkled Plumes sullenly fall:
So *Joseph's* Robes which his sweet self adorn,
His *Brethren* cloath with shame and ireful scorn.

85.

And is *per* He alone, said murmuring They,
His Father's lawfully-begotten Child,
And we By-blows? Or must his Boyship prey
On all our Seniorities? How wild
A Hysteron Proteron's this, which Nature crosses,
And far above the *top* the *bottom* tosses!

86.

'Tis true, our partial *Father*, tho' he were
The puny Brother, yet right silly did
Into that Blessing steal, to which the Heir
Was doubtless born: but yet by craft he sped,
And not by Right: had *Isaac* had his eyes
As *Jacob* now, sure he'd have been more wise.

87.

But tho' the old Man loves his lucky cheat
So well, that he upon his younger Son
Throws all his Heart: We hope no want of Meat
Shall force us willingly to be undone;
Nor any Pottage this fond Boy can dress,
Our Birth-right buy of the least He of Us.

88.

Thus they repin'd; (not knowing there was writ
Upon Heaven's Adamantine leaves a Law,
By which this scorn'd *Youth* was decreed to sit
In first-born *Reuben's* noble Chair, and grow
Like an imperial Branch, whose teeming Root
Dips in a living Fount its blessed foot.)

89.

Nor could his Innocencie's gentle charms
Prevent the tempest of their groundless hate:
For Brotherly salutes, with froward storms
Of scornful language they his patience beat:
And what they dar'd not venture with their Swords
Of Steel, they try to do by those of Words.

90.

Yet in the sweetness of simplicity
Ingenuous *He* tells them his sacred Dream:
From off my Bed by active *Fancy* I
Hurry'd into the open Field did seem;
And well my journey's pains were paid, for she
With your dear company there blessed me.

91.

To work we fell, and reap'd the Field, and bound
Our Sheafs; which strangely started all upright,
Mine in the midst, yours in a decent round:
Mine fix'd stood, yours seis'd with awful fright
Their reverential heads did all incline,
And render *meek obeysance* unto mine.

92.

This word his Brethren stung, who stamp'd and bit
Their ireful lips; but yet could not bite in
Their indignation, whose high torrent split
Their foaming Mouths: and must, said they, thy fine
Fancies usurp and reign, and by a trick
Down into vile contempt thy Betters kick?

93.

Proud Brat, know'st thou what *meek Obeysance* is?
How dares thy upstart Insolence *but dream*
That we thy Elders must bow down and kiss
Thy Boyish foot, and tremble at thy Name?
Believe it Child, 'tis not thy gewgaw Coat,
(Tho' too too princely for thy back) can do't.

94.

Altho' thus smartly check'd, Heaven-spurr'd *He*
Dreads not his second *Dream* to represent;
Yet wisely takes the opportunity
Of *Jacob's* presence, that their Discontent
Aw'd by their Father's looks, might cooler grow,
And civil audience to him allow.

95.

Then, misconstructions to forestall, he thrice
Bows down; and cries, Dread Sire, and Brethren dear,
When this last night had seal'd up mine eyes,
And open'd Heaven's, whose countenance now was clear,
And trimm'd with every Star; on his soft wing
A nimble *Vision* me did thither bring.

96.

Quite thro' the Store-House of the Air I past
Where choice of every Weather treasur'd lies:
Here Rains are bottled up; there Hail is cast
In candy'd heaps; here banks of Snow do rise;
There Furnaces of Lightning burn, and those
Longbearded Stars which light us to our Woes.

97.

Hence tow'd I to a dainty World: the Air
Was sweet and calm, and in my memory
Wak'd my serenest *Mother's* looks: this fair
Canaan now fled from my discerning eye;
The Earth was shrunk so small, methought I read
By that due prospect, what it was indeed.

98.

But then arriving at an Orb whose flames
Like an unbounded Ocean flow'd about;

Fool as I was, I quak'd ; till its kind beams
Gave me a harmless kiss. I little thought
Fire could have been so mild ; but surely here
It rageth, 'cause we keep it from its Sphere.

99.

There, reverend Sire, it flam'd, but with as sweet
An ardency as in your noble Heart
That Heavenly Zeal doth burn, whose fostering heat
Makes you Heaven's living Holocaust : no part
Of my *Dream's* tender wing felt any harm ;
Our journey, not the fire, did keep us warm.

100.

But here my Guide, his wings soft oars to spare,
On the *Moon's* lower horn clasp'd hold, and whirl'd
Me up into a Region, as far
In splendid worth surmounting this low World,
As in its place : for liquid Crystal here
Was the tralucid matter of each Sphere.

101.

The *Moon* was kind, and as we scoured by
Shew'd us the *Deed*, whereby the great *Creator*
Instated her in that large Monarchy
She holdeth over all the Ocean's water :
To which a *Schedule* was annex'd, which o'er
All other humid Bodies gives her power.

102.

Now complemental *Mercury* was come
To the quaint margin of his courtly sphere,
And bid us eloquent welcome to his Home :
Scarce could we pass, so great a crowd was there
Of Points and Lines ; and nimble *Wit* beside
Upon the backs of thousand shapes did ride.

103.

Next *Venus's* face, heav'n's joy and sweetest pride,
(Which brought again my *Mother* to my mind,)
Into her Region lur'd my ravish'd *Guide* :
This strew'd with *Youth* and *Smiles* and *Love* we find,
And those all chaste : 'tis this foul World below
Adulterates what from thence doth spotless flow.

104.

Then rapt to *Phobus's* Orb, all pav'd with gold,
The rich reflection of his own Aspect :
Most gladly there I would have staid and told
How many Crowns and Thrones his Dwelling deckt,
What Life, what Verdure, what Heroic Might,
What pearly Spirits, what Sons of active Light.

105.

But I was hurried into *Mars's* sphere,
Where *Envy* (O how curs'd was its grim face !)
And *Jealousy*, and *Fear*, and *Wrath*, and *War*
Quarrel'd, although in heaven, about their place.
Yea, Engins there to vomit fire I saw,
Whose flame and thunder Earth at length must know.

106.

Nay in a corner 'twas my hap to spy
Something which look'd but forwardly on Me :
And sure my watchful *Guide* read in mine ey
My musing troubled sence ; for straitway He
Least I should start and wake upon the fright,
Speeded from thence his seasonable flight.

107.

Welcome was *Jupiter's* Dominion, where
Illustrious *Mildness* round about did flow ;
Religion had built her Temple there,
And *Sacred Honors* on its Walks did grow :
No Mitre ever Priest's grave head shall crown,
Which in those mystic Gardens was not sown.

108.

At length we found old *Saturn* in his bed ;
And much I wonder'd how an He so dull
Could climb thus high ; His house was lumpish Lead,
Of dark and solitary corners full ;
Where *Discontent*, and *Sickness* dwellers be,
Damn'd *Melancholy*, and dead *Lethargy*.

109.

Hasting from hence into a boundless field,
Innumerable Starrs we marshall'd found
In fair array : This Earth did never yield
Such choice of floury Pride ; when she had crown'd
The plains of *Sheshem*, where the gaudy *Spring*
Smiles in the beauties of each verdant thing.

110.

This was our journee's end : but here began
A stranger Pageant than all those before :
I, who till now Spectator was, must in
The glorious Masque an Actor be, or more
Than so : I still am pos'd about the case,
But wiser you shall judge ; and thus it was :

111.

A knot of Lights constellated into
A radiant Throne, on which my self was set :
When lo, the Sun and Moon themselves did throw
Into obsequious duty at my feet ;
And then eleven great Stars thought it no shame
To crouch before me who admird them.

112.

But shame I thought it for poor Me to take
Homage of Starrs, who was but Dust and Clay ;
Big with excuse I grew, and 'gan to speak,
But then my *Dream* took wing and fled away. —
And fly thou after it, bold *Dreamer*, cry'd
His Brethren, who in Dreams dost mask thy Pride.

113.

Sage *Yacob*, though he ponder'd every word
In's own prophetic heart, and judg'd the *Dream*

Not fram'd by *Joseph*, but by *Joseph's Lord*;
Expedient thought it something wroth to seem;
Finding no readier way that Rage to smother
He saw smoke from his Sons against their Brother.

114.

But Child, said He, where is that blush of thine
Which us'd to paint meek Virtue on thy face!
How dar'st thou tell a Dream which doth design
Unto thy puny Self such Sovereign place?
Think'st thou thy Brethren and thy Parents must
Crouch to young thee, and lick thy footsteps' dust?

115.

Or dream no more, or thy fond Dream conceal,
If any fancy rise which may offend:
On this condition I thy pardon seal,
And all thy Brothers shall their quarrel end.
Go you my Sons, be careful of my sheep:
This Boy at home as meek as them I'll keep.

116.

And so he did: for little pains it cost
To tutor Him whom *Virtue* long ago
Espoused had; the Care he found which most
Busied his loving tenderness, was to
Prevent his being made that Mischief's prey
Which ranking in his Brothers bosoms lay.

117.

Dear *Joseph* see thy caution be no less
Than in thine Innocence; take heed how these
Thy Brethren-Anger thou, said he, dost press,
Least its rebound thine own blood out do squeeze.
I know their furies, and from whence they move:
O that their ground of Hate should be my Love!

118.

Hast thou not mark'd how if a flint we lay
Soft on a downy bed, and gently smite;
Its conquer'd stubbornness gives willing way:
But harshly us'd, it defies our might,
And spits its sudden rage in fire, nor shall
The stoutest hammer cool its wrath at all.

119.

Those bosoms of my Sons sure cannot be
More hard than *Hardness*, and the *Flint's* stiff heart:
Or if my charity deceiveth me,
Thy Mildness must be temper'd with such art
As may the softness of that Down exceed
Which on the Cygnet's dainty neck is bred.

120.

When they begin to bluster, give them way;
T' has often cost the boldest Cedar dear
To grapple with a Storm; whilst flow'rs which lay
Their weak heads low in meek and trembling fear,
Waiting the leisure of the Wind, again
Rise up unbruised, and see the Cedars slain.

121.

Thus I of late thy furious *Unkle* met,
Whose Indignation I had kindled by
More than a *Dream*; and made him vow that great
Affront with no less vengeance upon my
Head to return, and in a murderous fit
Tear back his *Birthright*, and my life with it.

122.

With droves of Presents, the best bribes of wrath,
I meekly block'd up his Revenge's way:
With gentlest phrases I bestrew'd his path;
Seven times before his feet I prostrate lay;
And by submission so superior grew,
That from the jaws of Rage untouch'd I flew.

123.

And now, sweet Child, 'cause many days are gone
Since sullen *they* went hence; lest they surmise
I treasure all my Joys in thee alone,
Feasting mine own on thy all-lovely eyes;
To-morrow thou unto their Folds shalt go,
And in their Father's name see how they do.

124.

The virtuous *Youth* of this Commission glad
Thought the nocturnal hours all clogg'd with lead;
Fir'd by ingenuous Zeal, such hast he made
That *Time* seem'd unto him asleep in bed:
And since his thoughts afore were march'd, He
No longer patience has behind to be.

125.

Long e'er the *Morn* her eyelids had withdrawn
And op'd the East into its hopes of day,
Up was he got and drest, and by his own
Fair eyes being lighted well on in his way;
Conning Submission's language as he went,
And plotting how his Brethren to content.

126.

But by the various beauties of his Coat
Discerning him from farr, Behold, said they,
The saucy *Dreamer* comes; and since w' have got
Free help of time and place our foe to slay,
Wisdom commands us to prevent in time
That Tyranny to which his Pride doth climb.

127.

O no, cries *Reuben* (one in whose mild heart
More genuine drops of *Yacob's* blood did thrill,)
He is a Child, and acts but his own part:
Dreams are but flitting toys; but if we spill
His harmless blood, the spot upon our head
Will be no Dream, believ't, but *Guilt* indeed.

128.

O rather give him to yon' gaping pit,
That he from you may only have his grave:

Let Fate's sure wrath, or wild Beast's fury fit
Him with a death, and bury in that Cave
Your less offence : doubtless no Stars will bow
To him whom from the sight of heaven you throw.

129.

Whilst *Reshen* thus with cruel-looking Love
Him from the worst of rage plots to secure ;
The gentle *Stripling* near was drawn, and strove
With lowly winning gestures to allure
Kind entertainment : but alas in vain ;
Desert swells *Envy* up with more disdain.

130.

As hungry Wolves upon the helpless Lamb,
Upon him strait they rush, who fruitlessly
Ran o'er all blandishments sweet Wit could frame
To tune their harsh Wrath to mild Concord's key :
With loud revilings his meek Prayers they drown,
And stripp'd, into the deep pit throw him down.

131.

Down *Joseph* sunk ; and up went their proud Cry
In *Scorn's* ignoble triumph : See, said they,
How low our *Loyal Sheaves* couch down to thy
Imperial Bundle : See how flat we lay
Our twinkling trembling *Stars* before the bright
Effusions of thy dread and royal Light.

132.

O that the old and crazy *Moon* and *Sun*
Should now forgetful of their duties be,
And let their Wheels in any Circle run
But that which might their homage roul to thee !
Thus flouted they, and heartened one another
Lower to plunge their most dejected Brother.

133.

But then a troop of Merchants passing by,
They money of more precious *Joseph* make :
The thrifty *Ishmaelites* admired why
For such rich Ware they would so little take :
No new-digg'd Pearl such fair beams ever shot
As beauteous *He* drawn from his mirey grot.

134.

Yet twenty silver pieces was his price,
Which soon they paid ; and now were sure they bore
To *Memphis's* Mart far richer Merchandise
Than all their swelling Packs of *Midian* store.
And thus the *Saint* a slave to strangers is,
As were his Brethren to strange Avarice.

135.

Yet fold they not his *Coat* : With this said they,
As *Yacob* vex'd us, We'll vex Him again.
There innocent Brother's pattern then they slay,
A gentle Kid ; with whose meek blood they stain
The Robe ; which thus unto their *Sire* was sent
Blushing for them, whose own shame all was spent.

136.

And soon *He* knew't. O me, the good Man cries,
It is my *Joseph's* Coat, all wildly rent,
And Bloody too : Be free my weeping eyes,
Y' have nothing now to do but to lament :
That only Day which joy'd and blest your sight,
My *Darling's* face lies buried in night.

137.

Ah sadly-precious *Relict* ! and were all
Thy glorious Colours not enough without
This fatal too-too-costly Crimson ! shall
I by my Joy's choice Livery be taught
Only my Sorrows to remember, and
By the torn fleece my Lamb's death understand !

138.

Dear *Coat*, behold I read mine own with thee,
Less, O less worthy to be whole than thou.
Sure some wild beast thy Master tore, and me
Together with him, though I felt not how.
Unrighteous partial Beast, which didst forbear
Me in my old less worthy self to tear.

139.

Sweet Child, I hop'd to have prevented thee
In seeing *Rachel* thy deceased Mother :
But surely long behind I will not be,
Thy death brings grief enough my life to smother ;
I'll come as fast as an old Man can go,
And see you both : Peace Friends, it must be so.

140.

But holy *Joseph* now to *Egypt* brought,
Is set to sale ; where *Potiphar*, the head
Of *Pharaoh's* guard, the goodly *Stripling* bought ;
And in 's ingenuous countenance having read
Pure characters of Worth, he doubted not
All freest Trust in his fair Slave to put.

141.

Nor did the issue ever flag below
His expectation ; for fidelity,
For care, for prudence, his *Example* now
The only Rule to all the rest must be :
Each Servant daily is admonish'd
To mind his charge, as trusty *Joseph* did.

142.

But how could they keep pace with Him, who through
Success's paths was led, and hastened by
Heaven's constant prosperous hand, Earth knew not
how !
Which when his wondring Master did descry,
With pious Wisdom thus concluded He :
My Servant has some greater Lord than Me.

143.

Contented therefore only with the Name
Of *Master*, Him he trusts with every key

Of highest charge, impow'ring him to Frame
As he thought best, his whole Oeconomy.
Thus did this unknown *Slave* the *Lord* become
Though not of his own *Lord*, yet of his *Home*.

144.

Lord of his *Home*, yet more his *Servant* still
Than all his numerous Family beside :
High was his *Place*, but *Lowliness* did fill
It to the top : Thus He on Honor's tide
Was more securely born, by striving how
Against the envy-breeding stream to row.

145.

But whilst this wonderous *Steward* doth allure
All other eyes to reverential Love ;
His *Mistress's* grew sick of an impure
And black disease : which did it self improve
To such foul strength, that now abroad it flies
Like Basilisk's beams, to poison neighbour eyes.

146.

Deep was it bred in that invenom'd Lake,
Which in hell's bottom stinks ; from whence a *Fiend*
It in a red hot vial up did rake,
And by unfelt degrees profoundly blend
With fair *Potiphera's* blood ; whose tainted veins
Were strait made channels of *Lust's* boiling pains.

147.

Though *Joseph's* virtue might aforehand be
Assurance of denial, yet her flame
With such impatient fury burnt, that she
All amorous enchantments brews to tame
His rigid heart. *Lust* ne'er despairs to try
A duel in Wit's field with *Chastity*.

148.

What ever word inhanceth *Joseph's* praise,
Her Echo doubles it, and doth supply
Some more pathetic and transcendent phrase
To raise his Merit to a pitch so high,
That He oblig'd in modesty might seem
To Her to render what she heap'd on Him.

149.

Of partial *Fortune* she did oft complain
Who with no Crown rewarded *Joseph's* brow :
Then that Complaint as oft retract again,
And cry : Her boons let foolish *Fortune* throw
On worthless heads ; more glorious 'tis by far
A Diadem to merit, than to wear.

150.

With many a courtly wile she pry'd and sifted,
His parentage and family to find :
All which when prudent He more subtly shifted ;
In fawning discontent she cry'd, unkind
Can *Sweetness* prove, and not inform us where
That fair *Stock* grows whose *Branches* wonders are !

151.

If any bit were choice, she thought it due
To *Joseph's* palate more than to her own :
The rarest flowers which in her garden grew
Must out be cull'd, and wreath'd into a crown,
Or some quaint posie, which herself invents,
And in a smile each morn to him presents.

152.

Go's He abroad ? with longing eye she still
Doth to the furthest prospect him pursue ;
And sadly counts the tedious minutes till
His wish'd return doth feast her hungry view :
His shadow's bliss she envies, which hath free
Leave his dear *Bodie's* Follower to be.

153.

Stays he at home ? not all the world can call
Her thoughts abroad : some pretty quaint pretences
She duly finds to be concern'd in all
Her *Steward's* business ; and with speaking glances
Labors to intimate, that she has more
Delicious work for lovely him in store.

154.

If he be well, she dares not but be so :
If he be sick, she scorneth to be well ;
And yet about him will be busy too,
To hold his head, or hand, his cup to fill,
His meat to dress, but most his bed to warm,
And watch all night that *Joseph* take no harm.

155.

Creeps Chillness on him ? She foment and heats
His flesh, but more profoundly burns her own.
The precious dew, if feverish he but sweats,
She wipes, and treasures up in amorous lawn.
Thus hot or cold, some way she doth devise
To feast on him her *Touch* as well's her *Eyes*.

156.

And more significant that *Touch* she makes
By odd and sudden pressures, which *Design*
Taught *Chance* to counterfeit : deep-laid mistakes
She covers with Solicitude, and in
Wary hypocrisy lets slip her hand
Much farther than she seem'd to understand.

157.

Then by officious carelessness her own
Robe she instructs how to betray her skin ;
And strait corrects that error of her gown,
Yet studiously lets it err again ;
By this sly dalliance of the crafty bait
Hoping what she could not subdue, to cheat.

158.

O with what thankful hecatombs did she
The Altars load, if from the smallest ache

Joseph were freed : yet that Idolatry
With which her Gods she flattered, could not match
This which at *Joseph's* shrine she daily paid ;
More of *his* anger, than of *Heav'n's* afraid.

159.

Whate'r she sees, or sweet, or rich, or rare,
She something in his Person findeth still
To which those precious things must not compare :
And in impatient *Lust's* bold-boiling zeal
At last she cries, *How blessed should I be,*
If Potiphar were such an one as Thee !

160.

He ken'd that treacherous Language for a while
No more than do's the Lark the Fowler's pipes.
But when he 'gan to smell her dangerous wile
Now by its stink betrayed ; off he wipes
That praise's froth which she so thick did strow,
And by his own Blush taught Her what to do.

161.

But dull to that hard lesson finding Her,
To *Heav'n's* tuition he commends her heart :
His own sweet Looks then souring with severe
Sternness, against *Lust's* shaft he throws the dart
Of Continnence ; and by neglected Dress
Feigns, what he could not make, Unloveliness.

162.

Never did *Slovenry* more misbecome
Nor more confute its nasty self than here :
The Sun in dusky clouds, in dirt a Gemm,
Of *Joseph* now but faint half-emblems were ;
So stoutly his oppressed Beauty got
The victory o'r its encourag'd Blot.

163.

This forc'd Him virtuously to undermine
His graceful virtue, and grow plainly rude.
Yet Rudeness too in *Joseph* fair did shine,
And by repulses drew what he eschew'd :
She, like the Ball, the stoutlier on the ground
'Tis thrown, with greater zeal doth back rebound.

164.

In 's *Lady's* ear at length right wisely He
High Panegyrics of his *Master* made,
And magnify'd her rare felicity
Who *Virtue's* own Spouse to her Husband had :
But signally above his other praises,
That of his *constant Chastity* he raises.

165.

This Word of all the rest, most deeply stung
Her unchast heart : She now resolves, no more
To rack her self *within*, but plainly bring
To light her soul's dark torments, and before
Her *Steward's* face her wounded bosome ope,
That Pity him might force those wounds to stop.

166.

His shyness to surprize industrious she
Having an ambush in her garden laid ;
Fortune, the friend of vice, and enemy
Of virtuous Worth, Him to her wish betray'd :
Where, Serpent-like in Paradise, she over
Her foul Design spread this fair-faced cover :

167.

Sweet Sir, said she, though Wit's own Pride you are,
In our *Egyptian Hieroglyphics* you
Seem yet but little studied ; wherefore here
I'm come to be your Tutorress, and bestow
My dearest skill ; being griev'd much to see
You in the best of Arts unlearn'd should be.

168.

The dialect of that tenderness and praise
I shew'd thick upon you day by day,
You understood not, though ten thousand-ways
I try'd to speak it plain : And what I pray,
Meant all that sweet ado, but only this,
Potiphara in love with Joseph is ?

169.

Nay, start not at the word, nor think that thy
Affected sourness can thy sweets imbitter :
Dear Hypocrite, I know thy plot, and by
Love's Powers I swear, thy value grows but greater
By that contraction : Thus heaven's Tapers are
So much the higher as they less appear.

170.

Just, just my Passion is ; and hear how I
With solid arguments can make it good :
'Tis sacrilege to let Divinity
Pass by unlov'd : yon banks of *Nilus's* flood
Did ne'r *Serapis* half so God-like see,
As this more blessed garden's walks do thee.

171.

Which as thou traversest, thou by the way
The choicest flowers instruct with thine eye
How to look brisk and brave, how to display
Some pretty beam of amorous Majesty :
By their steps dainty copy thy fair feet
Teach all the Beds of Spices to grow sweet.

172.

When on yon crystal Fount thou deignst to look,
It tickles the soft Nymph to think that she
Is by thy self each evening made the book
Where thy sweet face thou printest. Wo is me,
Why was not I a Fountain too, that thou
Thy dear impression might'st on me bestow !

173.

That Appletree's fresh ruddy Sons, which in
Their mother's arms so delicately smile,

Less approbation from wise judges win
 Than thy plump cheeks, which such full graces swell,
 That had my soul's best longing leave to choose,
 My tast should banquet on no fruits but those.

174.

Right lovely are those arms that courteous Vine
 About her strait-embracèd Elm doth throw :
 But how much, how much pleasanter are thine !
 In whose blest bands were I a Pris'nèr now,
 Not all heav'n's high temptations should on me
 Prevail once to accept of liberty.

175.

Wouldst count me wanton, if I long'd to kiss
 That youthful Rose, which looks enchantments there ?
 Yet his soft ruby lips themselves confess
 Dusky and harsh, when they with thine compare.
 And is't a Crime, to wish that Kiss which poses
 The purest complement of virgin Roses ?

176.

That Nightingale which hants yon cypress grove
 I thought th' *Intelligence* of Music's sphere ;
 Till thy more charming Accents did reprove
 My monstrous error : And if but to *hear*
 Inamoring thee, such ravishment doth steal
 Into my heart, what would it do to *feel* ?

177.

Long did my Husband woo the *Gods*, to gain
 Their blessing on his pining stock ; yet he
 Did still as needy as devout remain,
 Untill he thrived by *diviner Thee*.
 Judge then what reason I have to inshrine
 And honor now no *Deity* but *thine*.

178.

And sure I'm orthodox in this, and dare
 Dispute it with the graveliest-cheating Priest :
 For house and home those *Gods* beholden are
 Plainly to Us : but We our selves are blest
 With rich subsistence by thy influence : Thus
We keep our Gods, but Thou, Thou keepst Us.

179.

Hath *Nature* any beauteous Piece to make
 On which her credit stands ingag'd ? She
 Distrusting her own fancy's power, doth take
 Her copy from Perfection in Thee.
 O, wouldst thou fall to work thy self, above
 All Rarities must thy Productions prove.

180.

The *Morn* betimes repairèth to thine eye,
 And asks what weather heaven shall have that day :
 In vain the Clouds combine to damp the sky,
 If thou thy Face's sunshine dost display :
 If thou but low'r'st, in vain the foolish Air
 Forceth it self to smile, and to look fair.

181.

What fools our Scholars are, their time, and care,
 And brains upon the Stars above to spend,
 Searching the Seasons which are hatching there !
 'Tis Heresy, say I, but to ascend
 Above the Orb of thine illustrious Eye,
 The fairest book of best *Astronomy*.

182.

This way no Winds from blest *Arabia* trade,
 But from thy mouth snatch thy more balmy Breath
 Into their own ; and as they forward speed,
 With gallant Odours all perfume their path.
 The world admires whence such rich Blasts should fly ;
 But none the sweet Original know, but I.

183.

For strange ev'n to thy self thou needs wilt be,
 And take no notice how all *Excellence*
 In thee alone doth hold its Monarchy.
 I tell thee Dear, 'tis but a fond pretence
 Which thou call'st *Modesty*, and might undo thee,
 If Providence had not sent me unto thee.

184.

Let me be bold, that so I may be loyal ;
Duty, not *Envy*, spurs me now to speak :
 And if my Zeal be check'd with a Denyal,
 (Which *Love* forbid !) yet shall thy stern mistake
 But whet the edge of my fidelity,
 Since none dare tell thee of this fault but I.

185.

Canst dream wise Heaven's strange Bounty ever meant
 To plant the best of all its store in thee,
 There to ly hid and dy, and not be spent
 In their free course of *natural Charity* ?
 Let those be *Chast*, who can no love invite ;
 'Twere sin in thee, created for delight.

186.

Indeed the *other Phanix* knowing none
 Of his own feathered kind, is fain to spend
 His virgin love upon himself alone,
 And hatch his life's beginning by its end :
 His amorous flames kill and revive him so,
 That to himself he's Son and Father too.

187.

But Thou, as rich and fair a thing as He,
 Hast fitter fuel for thy fire : Lo here
 I ready dried am with thirst to be
 Its sacrifice ; and will thy bed prepare
 With such life-breeding sweets, as shall contest
 With all the spices of the *Phanix* nest.

188.

In this dear pile of Aromatic love
 We'll burn together and vie flame with flame :

Why may this Bonfire not mount far above
The *Phanix's* in more renowned fame ;
With much discreeter fervency reprieving
The old, and life to a new *Joseph* giving ?

189.

To my contrivement leave the welcome care
Of making sure that he, and none but he
To *Potiphar's* estate do prove the heir.
Indeed, plain Justice calls for this ; since we
Owe all our wealth to thee, whose child can merit
But only thine, that portion to inherit ?

190.

Why stay we then ? The *good-Man* 's now from home,
As he is from my heart ; which both are thine.
Fear not this glaring Day ; I'll make Night come
With one quick twitch, and cloud up our design :
Close are my Curtains, and no tales they tell ;
Come then, my dearer self, all shall be well.

191.

So foam'd hot *Lust* from her hell-kindled heart.
But sober *Joseph* (though youth's nimble flame
Leap'd in his sanguine breast,) well knew the part
Of cool chast Gravity, and how to tame
If not her fury, yet what ever heat
Could *Lust's* wild March in his own bosome beat.

192.

Madam, no hast ; since you vouchsafe, said He,
All love to me, of all love hear me speak :
To travel in *Success's* company
Hast has no patience ; but delights to make
Her pace so fierce and violently mad
As quite outruns all fortune but the bad.

193.

Chiefly when *Passion* cheats her of her sight,
Concealing all the dangers of the way ;
So that her wildfires flames afford no light
But desperate darkness to her passage. Say,
Say then, can headlong *Lust* a good end find
When both her self, and her fond *God* are blind ?

194.

Were they not so, how couldst thou me invite
To those strange Joys that must lie sneaking in
Thy guilty curtains, and avoid heav'n's light,
As too too fair a witness for a sin
So foul and hellish. Thus aforehand thou
Ashamed art of what thou fain wouldst do.

195.

Call hither but thy Men or Maids ; or walk
With me into the Market-place, and there
Try if thou dar'st that ugly motion make :
O no ! Thy Rhetoric's best wardrobe ne'r
Will furnish thee with any dress so spruce
As may in others ears this filth excuse.

196.

Did I those high elogiums merit, thou
Didst gild me with, I could return them back
As arguments against thy suit : For how
Can such bright beauty choose to grow so black !
Such prodigies are past : No more must *Evil*
Hope of a *Lucifer* to make a *Devil*.

197.

True, I a *Slave* was to my *Master* brought,
And unto *You* in him ; but not to *Lust* :
Yet my *Desert*, or his *mistake*, hath wrought
So great a change, that in my single trust
He treasures up his numerous Family,
Whereof He *Father*, I must *Ruler* be.

198.

Thus gave he me my freedom from the bands
Of Vassallage, but not of Virtue too.
O no ; this obligation stricter stands,
And *Joseph* must more hearty homage do
To *Potiphar*, than meanest they who lie
Still fetter'd in the sink of slavery.

199.

Trusty obedience is all their debt,
But most ingenuous Loyalty is mine :
Their limbs and labours he did purchase, but
My heart and soul : And O what more divine
Distinction of our duties can you have !
They to his Power, I to his Love am Slave.

200.

Seest that fair *Sun*, to whom his *God* hath given
The free dispensing of his stock of Light
To all the starry Family of heaven ?
When that high Steward can his Master slight,
Then (nay not then) the copy hope to see
Of that Ingratitude transcrib'd by me.

201.

Himself my *Lord* ne'r gave into my hand,
Therefore not *Thee*, who art but one with Him :
Nor could he do it, since so close a band
Do's cement you together, that no limb
Of his own Body Nature's hand did join
Nearer unto himself than is all thine.

202.

O wish me not so barbarous as to tear
Him from himself, and rend you both in sunder.
If needs I must be faithless, be it there
Where I may nothing but his Fortunes plunder.
What Cheat is more inhuman, than to seem
To spare his Goods, and yet imbeal Him ?

203.

Except the venerable Temples, what
Place is more reverend than the Nuptial Bed ?

Nay heav'n has made a Temple too of that
For Chastitie's most secret Rites : and did
I violate its sanctity, no less
Than sacrilegious, were that wickedness.

204.

In vain thou plead'st, that *Potiphar's* away :
He's so to none but those who serve his eye ;
And therefore all the while they him obey,
Obey not him, but base necessity.
True Duty's Master at her loyal hand
When He's abroad, as well's at home, doth stand.

205.

But grant Him absent : still *God's* round about,
And in the midst, between ev'n Me and Thee ;
His eye needs make no search to spy us out,
Which Us before we were at all, did see.
I would not wrong *My Master*, but much less
Injure that *God*, who is *my Lord and His*.

206.

A *Lord* whose Indignation is attended
By all heav'n's thundering artillery :
A *Lord* whom wilful Rebel ne'r offended
With safe and unreveng'd villany.
A *Lord* whom did not Pow'r make awful, yet
His Goodness might our reverence beget.

207.

A *Lord* so pure, that we may saffier gaze
Upon the burnish'd Sun's meridian beams,
Than he his eye can fasten on *God's* face ;
A face whence such excess of lustre streams,
That *He* in mercy casts on Us below
A veil, which though We cannot, *He* looks through.

208.

He looks through that, and through all Curtains too
Which we upon our selves and sins would draw.
Far be that fondness then, that we should go
Seeking some secret hole to break His Law,
And there no less expose to his bright Eye
The foulest of all spots, *Adultery*.

209.

A spot which me so black would make, that thou,
Who with such loving fury me dost woo,
For mere deformity wouldst never know
Me more, but scorn'd and hated let me go :
So would I do my self, and never stay
With *Joseph*, knew I how to run away.

210.

Yet with so much more hideousness that spot,
Madam, in you would stare, as you exceed
In beautie's choicest wealth : We wonder not
When dusky moles in *Luna's* cheeks we read ;
But should *Sol's* face such foul incroachments wear,
Each mole would prove a Mount of blackness there.

211.

O be what happily you are, be what
All other Ladies emulate in vain :
And since your Goodliness admits no blot,
Still let your Virtue too indure no stain :
At least let not your slave that monster be
Who must defile such noble purity.

212.

Ask or command me what you please beside :
If you'll dispatch me to the furthest Sea,
To fetch you Pearls ; the Sun shall not out-ride
My restless course, nor any Jewels be
Treasur'd so deep in the profoundest main,
But I will dig them thence and come again.

213.

Or speak the word, and I'll revenge your wrong
On these bold sweets of my enchanting face
Which have abus'd and tempted you so long :
These nails of mine shall those fair charms erase,
And plow such ghastly wounds, as strait shall heal
All those, my beauty made your bosom feel.

214.

I'll soon transform my self into a state
Which more your Pity, than your Love, shall crave :
Or if this truer Love of mine you hate,
Some where or other I shall find a grave ;
And there with greater comfort rest my head,
Than if I slept on your delicious bed.

215.

My grave's worst worms can never deeper gnaw
Than this poor flesh : but in thy bed will breed
One so rapacious, as quite through and through
My heart will eat, and on my conscience feed.
Ah Madam — Here, what he had more to say
Sighs cutting off, he sadly turn'd away.

216.

As when a mighty Torrent hasting on,
Is by some sturdy Bank check'd in his way ;
The waters roar, and foam, and swell upon
Themselves, for spight at their proud journey's stay :
So did *Potiphar's* heart, whose lustful course
Unshaken, *Joseph* back again did force.

217.

A thousand Passions boyling in her breast
Raise up a Tempest of rebellious flames ;
Whose Tide disdaining what did it resist,
Beats with themselves its unsuccessful streams ;
Till miserably wrack'd, most woful she
Quite sinks in this self-torment's monstrous Sea.

218.

Fair Day to her seems nothing but a mist
Through which no hopes can dawn on her desire :

Still Night, which to all others sealeth rest,
Wakes and alarms her heart-consuming fire :
Whether she walks, or sits, or stands, or lies,
Her wretched self still in her self she fries.

219.

She finds no relish in the daintiest meat,
But only on distracted fancies feeds :
The spiced wine, to other palates sweet,
Mocks her's alone, and odious loathing, breeds ;
Thick sighs and tears from her swoln mouth and eyes
Echo the storms, which in her bosom rise.

220.

With her most pliant bed of fawning down
No wrath of thorns in sharpness may compare,
Because her husband (now too much her own)
And not her *Joseph*, her joy's Spouse, is there.
Ah my dear *Psyche*, where, ah where may we
With Heavenly love a soul thus wounded see !

221.

Oft she renew'd her suit, but su'd in vain :
Till faint and sick, at last she asks him how
He would her murder answer ? Such a stain
Will scarce become, said she, thy lovely brow ;
Deep in th' unnatural furrows of whose frown
The seeds of my unhappy death are sown.

222.

But finding him still, like the constant Rock,
Fix'd firm upon his solid Chastity ;
Her final resolution she awoke,
And all her passionate strength with it, that she
Might now correct her scorn'd Love's mishap
By valliant managing her plott'd Rape.

223.

Shall squeamish He my Pleasure's harvest, by
Fond superstitious coyness thus prevent ?
Since by my softness he grows harder, I
By Toughness now must teach him to relent :
I must, cry'd she ; there's now no way but one ;
Though he will not be woo'd, he shall be won.

224.

Fool as I was, to sigh, and weep, and whine
Out long complaints, and pine my self away.
Just Fate doth *Cowards'* projects countermine,
Whilst only venturous *Courage* gets the day.
Love's Bow and Quiver signify that he
Is friend to none but such as warlike be.

225.

Resolv'd thus, her former withering hope
Into proud forward confidence did flourish ;
And perch'd now upon Presumption's top
Her Lust with fancy she mean while doth nourish,
Until the fit and lucky season might
Her freely to the real feast invite.

226.

Which Invitation often chid by her,
And challeng'd of leaden-pac'd delay,
At length appear'd, when tedious *Potiphar*
And all her tell-tale servants were away.
She welcom'd it, as fierce flames do their fuel,
And flew with raging joy unto her duel.

227.

For having caught her *Joseph* all alone,
She Harpie-like clap'd one bold tallon fast
Upon those Cloaths she wish'd had not been on :
Her other Arm about his neck she cast :
Loose was her coat, bewraying more than He
Desir'd to view, or I to tell to thee.

228.

My Pris'ner then she cries, art thou, as I
Have long been thine, though thou didst scorn thy
Prize ;
But better use of thy Captivity
I vow to make : Thou shalt no more despise
My *Prayers*, for I *Command* thee now to be
Whether thou wilt or no, happy with me.

229.

Since you no other Arguments would trust
Of my *Love's strength*, this Act shall make it plain.
Know that this battel is my first, nor must
You dream that I'll turn Warrior in vain.
I but supply your part ; 'tis fit that when
The Males will not, the Females play the Men.

230.

Perhaps thy needless maiden modesty
Stay'd by thy Lover to be ravish'd ; for
Your nicer *Beauties*, though they long to be
As kind as love can wish, seem to abhor
Assent's free plainness, and all tricks devise
How to be *Plunder's*, not *Persuasion's* prize.

231.

Lo then, that feat is done ; as far at least
As may secure your Credit's Jealousy.
But if my loyal love you still resist ;
Behold, I deeply swear by *Thee*, by *Thee*
(Whom yet I only worship,) that no blood,
But from thy heart, shall make that damage good.

232.

Not of that lukewarm *Mediocrity*
You dull-soul'd *Men* mistake for *Virtue*, but
Of brave *Excess* we *Women* temper'd be :
Our Spirits are all Superlatives ; and what
Extremities exalt our *Loves*, the same
Will blow up our provok'd *Revenge's* flame.

233.

Loud I'll exclaim, and tell the Household how
With lustful force thou here surpris'dst Me :

This monstrous Crime will cost thy life ; for know
My Lye can soon out-face thy verity.

Hadst thou not better take thy pleasure here,
Than be for nothing, judg'd a Ravisher ?

234.

Whilst thus her rampant Passion boil'd, He
Wisely consider'd, that no cool Reply
Could slack its rage : the Storm to that degree
Was swollen now so desperately high,
That venturing any longer stay to make,
Was but to run upon a certain wrack.

235.

He therefore through close paths of wary hast,
Hunts his escape ; and loosning secretly
His upper garment, which she grasp'd so fast,
Leaves that to her, and out himself doth fly.
The wise and watchful Serpent thus knows when
'Tis fit to stop her ear, and cast her skin.

236.

But she with such an hideous outcry tears
Her throat, that all th' amaz'd family
Into her Chamber brings their staring fears ;
Where on her bed, heaving a woful sigh,
Behold, said she, this garment : which of you
Would think the *Hebrew Slave* so bold should grow ?

237.

He thought, because his *Master* was from home,
My *Faith* had been so too : He thought that he
Might as his Lord's Vicegerent freely come
And challenge right ev'n to my chastity.
'Twas time to cry : which I no sooner did,
But he, the guilty hypocrite, was fled.

238.

He fled, but left for fearful hast behind
That pledge of his unfortunate impudence ;
For, confident he me should willing find,
Off went the Villain's clothes. Come bear me hence
From this curs'd place : but bring the Vest with me,
That *Potiphar* his *Darling's* badge may see.

239.

In desperate Revenge engag'd thus,
Her spiteful slander she contriveth how
With every odious circumstance to dress,
Which heaviest mischief might on *Joseph* throw ;
And *Potiphar's* return she covets more
Than for his absence, she had long'd before.

240.

When home he came, she met him with this *Lye*,
And threw the garment to him for her proof.
He took no sober time the cause to try,
But judg'd that Argument more than enough.
Joseph's to Prison sent ; a place less warm
To him, but sweeter than his *Lady's* arm.

241.

Yet long he lay not loaded with his chains,
But ev'n the *Taylor's* heart the Pris'ner takes :
Such potent sweetness still in *Virtue* reigns,
That her *Commanders* She her *Subjects* makes.
Heav'n would not suffer other bonds to yoke
Him, who through all *Lust's* chains and charms had
broke.

242.

The *Keeper* now keeps nothing but his Name :
The keys at *Joseph's* girdle hang, and he
Is in this closer Stewardship the same
He was in *Potiphar's* free Family ;
Nay more than so, no *Mistress* being here
To make his Jayl as bad's his freedom there.

243.

At length the guerdon of his worth drew near,
And *Dreams*, th' occasions of his low estate,
Assist him now in climbing *Glory's* sphere.
The great *Events* ripe uncontrolld *Fate*
Was into *Egypt* suddenly to bring,
Are in a mystic Vision shew'd the King.

244.

Their curious brains the old Magicians beat
About the Riddle, but were all too weak
To pierce that mighty cloud wherein the great
Secret inshrined lay : The King must seek
Some wiser head ; and who d'y' think was he ?
Joseph alone his *Oracle* could be.

245.

Joseph, whose wisdom's strangely-searching beams
Rose in the dazld Court's horizon, by
Clearing the *Butler's* and the *Baker's* *Dreams*
From mists of most profound obscurity :
Joseph, who now from Prison's freed, that He
May set the hamper'd thought of *Pharook* free.

246.

And soon he taught Him what the *Kins* did mean
Heaven shew'd him feeding upon *Nilus's* shore :
Why *seven* were wondrous *Fat*, and *seven* as *Lean* ;
Which did portend the *Famine*, which the *store* ;
What sign grew in both kinds of *Corn* ; What Cares
Were requisite against the following Years.

247.

Such full Conviction seiz'd th' astonish'd King,
As left no entrance for the least Demurr :
So plain, so consonant was every thing,
That as on Heav'n's sole Privy-Counsellor
He looks on *Joseph* ; and thenceforth detests
The dull-ey'd Magic of his cheating Priests.

248.

First thanks to Heav'n, he cries, then thanks to thee
In whom its spirit so clearly I descry.

And who can better my assistant be
Than Thou, who hold'st all Wisdom's Monarchy?
The Throne and Sceptre shall continue mine;
All *Egypt* else, and justly, shall be thine.

249.

Which said; his royal Ring, his love to seal,
On *Joseph's* hand he puts, and him invests
With purest Linen: on his neck, which steel
Had lately gall'd, a golden chain he casts;
And then to him his second Chariot gave,
Who lately into *Egypt* trudg'd a *Slave*.

250.

What he had been to *Potiphar* before,
What to the *Taylor*; now he's to the *King*:
The sovereign Steward and Vicegovernor
Of his whole Realm. And here true *Heav'n* did bring

About full proof to justify his *Dream*,
Whilst both his *Sire* and *Brethren* bow'd to Him.

251.

Thus *Chastity's* pure King his *Champion* sees
Amplly repaid; who having got Command
Of his own *Flesh* and *Blood*, can rule with ease
A *Kingdom's* reins. Mark well and understand,
Dear *Psyche*, this Narration's design.
The Case which here was *His*, may once be *Thine*.

252.

So spake the blessed *Guardian*; and then
His own on *Psyche's* lips clos'd with a *Kiss*.
She strait her reverent thanks return'd him in
Low-bow'd Modesty: and, warn'd by his,
And by *Time's* Item, kindly took the hint,
And to her wonted task of Prayers went.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Page 11, THE ARGUMENT, l. 3, '*Phylax*.' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, and so throughout with significant and personifying Names. It is deemed better to explain there once for all than to weary and irritate by repetition in each place, or reference back and back to prior occurrences: st. 3, l. 3, '*Erythraean Tide*' = the Red Sea: st. 4, l. 3, '*Bay*'—by stress of rhyme with '*may*': more accurately '*bays*' in the plural, which was the garland-crown bestowed as a prize for victory or excellence. It was woven of sprays of laurel: Greek *βύβινος* = a branch of the palm tree: Spanish *baya* = a berry, fruit of the laurel.

.. 12, st. 15, '*imboist*' = embossed, or in *relievo* or raised work.

.. 13, st. 30, l. 2, '*belking*' = belching: st. 37, l. 6, '*After God's heart*' = King David: 1 Samuel xiii. 14: st. 38, l. 1, '*Philauty*' = φιλαντία, self-love.

.. 14, st. 45, l. 2, '*designéd*' = designated or appointed: st. 49, l. 5, '*spruce*' = nice, daintily masked.

.. 15, st. 55, l. 5, '*Apes*' = imitators.

.. 16, st. 68, l. 6, '*broach*' = open—an adaptation of the word: st. 73, l. 1, '*pend*' = close up or coop or confine.

.. 17, st. 85, l. 3, '*By-blows*' = bastards. Thomas Wright (after Halliwell), *s.v.*, refers to Barnefield's '*Affectionate Shepherd*' by mistake for his '*Hellens Rape*' for an example of this word, thus:—

'In such a Ladies lappe, at such a slipperie by-blow,
That in a world so wide, could not be found such a willie
Lad.'

But '*at*' seems to show such is not the meaning there. See Roxburgh Club edn. of the Complete Poems of Richard Barnefield (1876), p. 57*. His other quotation is accurate, thus:—

'*Sel*. Thou speak'st not like a subject; what's thy name?
Fil. My name is Draco.

Sel. Of the Athenian Draco's?

Fil. No, of the English Drakes, great Captain Drake
(That sail'd the world round) left in Spain a *by-blow*,
Of whom I come.' *The Slighted Maid*, p. 17.

See our Glossarial Index, *s.v.* for more: st.

85, l. 5, '*Hysteron Proteron*' = 'before' = later, following: opp. to *πρότερον* = before others: st. 87, l. 5, '*fond*' = foolish: st.

88, l. 2, '*Adamantine*' = made of adamant. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for examples, earlier and later: st. 93, l. 5, '*gunguis*' = a showy trifle: *ib.*, l. 6, '*too*

too': see Glossarial Index on this: st. 95, l. 5, '*trimm'd*' = adorned: st. 96, l. 6, '*longbearded Stars*' = comets: st. 97, l. 1, '*tow'r'd*' = ascended—a hawking term.

Page 18, st. 100, l. 6, '*translucid*' = translucent or transparent: st. 101, l. 5, '*Schedula*' = Latin schedula, from schedā, a sheet or leaf of paper, *i.e.* a small scroll written on: st.

102, l. 1, '*complemental*' = compliment-paying.

.. 19, st. 115, l. 1, '*fond*' = foolish, *frequent*: st. 119, l. 6, '*Cygnat*' = young swan.

.. 20, st. 132, l. 4, '*roul*' = roll: st. 139, l. 1, '*pre-vented*' = come before, anticipated.

.. 21, st. 144, l. 5, '*borne*' = borne.

.. 22, st. 160, l. 1, '*kne'd*' = knead not.

.. 23, st. 176, l. 1, '*haunts*' = haunts: st. 188, l. 2, '*vie*' = compete. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for illustrations.

.. 24, st. 196, l. 1, '*elogiums*' = eulogiums: st. 202, l. 6, '*imbezzil*' = embezzle.

.. 25, st. 208, l. 3, '*fondness*' = foolishness.

.. 27, st. 243, l. 2, '*occasions*' = happenings. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for more.

.. 28, st. 252, l. 5, '*Item*' = particular. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for more.—G.



CANTO II.

Lust Conquered.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Lust, who in ambush lay, the Onset gives
To careless Psyche, as she gads abroad :
Charis the overpowered Maid relieves :
Phylax unmasks the Fiend. Her penitent flood
Psyche pours out, and is conducted by
A Vision to the Court of Chastity.*

I.

NO foolish *Tinder* ever strove to catch
In its soft amorous arms the treacherous spark,
And with such zealous rashness joy'd to hatch
Its own destruction ; as fond *Man* doth mark
And treasure up those *fair-fac'd Counsels*, which
With fatal charms his heedless heart bewitch.

2.

No wretched *Adder* ever soder'd up
His wilful ear with trustier cement ; than
With retchless obstinacy *He* doth stop
His Memories unhappy portals, when
Wholsom Advice with sweetness woos it, and
Long knocking for admission doth stand.

3.

In self-destroying Vanity so much
Is He engag'd, that He no leisure hath
To listen after Bliss ; but still of such
Importance counts his Nothing, that 'tis death
To harbor Life, and entertain those dear
Counsels, which more than their own charges bear.

4.

Or if strong Importunity (whereby
The tenderest Drops are taught to pierce the Flint,)
His sullen stiffness constantly doth ply,
Perhaps he yieldeth to the dainty dint
Of such unwearied Gentleness ; which yet
Her conquest more by stealth than force doth get.

5.

But though at length a wicket ope he sets,
His alighted *Guest* in some out-room he lays :
But when vain *Fancy*, or *Seduction* beats
Summons upon his gates, He strait displays
Their way, and lets them quite thrust out of door
The former *Stranger*, scarcely in before.

6.

For as the honey of Heav'n's lovely hives,
The Summer Clouds, snuggling in laps of Flowers,
That correspondent dwelling quickly leaves
To churlish drops of less-deserving showers,
Or rankling mildew, which such venome sheds
As soon deflowereth all those Virgin beds :

7.

So far'd it now with *Psyche's* careless breasts,
On which more dainties drop'd from *Phylax* tongue
Than e'r on *Hybla* made their verdent nest.
Abroad she will, and please her self among
The fields' wide sweets, forgetting that some wind
Might steal upon, and blast her bonied mind.

8.

Abroad she will, because she understands
Not truly what it is to be abroad ;
And knows as little what safe bliss commands
Her private home : that Robbers haunt the road
She never dreams ; or that the broader way
Gives *Danger* room more ambushes to lay.

9.

The sportful *Twins of heav'n* now 'gan to reign,
And brought a season fitting for their play ;
Thick did they scatter upon every Plain
A flow'ry verdure, and dishevel *May*
Round *Tellus's* springing face, who thus beguiles
Her Winter's sadness with this *Month of smiles*.

10.

And why, said *Psyche*, may not I comply
With Heav'n and Earth, now both are of a mind ?
Yet *Guilt's* fore-runner doubtful *Jealousy*
Advised her this wild design to blind ;
And by sly *Stealth* to snatch those joys for which
Though earnest, yet still fearful was her itch.

11.

She therefore plotted to slip out alone :
But sage *Syneidesis*, her trusty maid,
Hunted out every step where she had gone ;
And *Charis*, an old friend of her's, afraid
What might betide the *Wanderer*, follow'd too,
Yet in her company forbore to go.

12.

Nor could her foolish craft escape the eye
Of wary *Phylax*: never-sleeping he
Discover'd with what politic vanity
Her own betrayer she contriv'd to be:
And all the way she went, with heavy sighs
Ponder'd the dangers of her jollities.

13.

As pleasure's paths she in the fields did trace,
It joy'd her dreaming heart the lambs to see
Skipping in harmless sport from place to place:
And who would be so sad and dull, said she,
To sneak at home, when thus abroad we may
Behold how sweetly Innocence doth play!

14.

No smiling flower could meet her as she went,
But gathering it, she with a kiss would pay
The courteous price of that delicious scent
With which so kindly it perfum'd her way:
And still cries out, How poor a place is home,
Which for such free full joys affords no room?

15.

Thus loosely tripping, she was lost at last
Through pathless paths, into a pleasant Grove;
The gentle winds through crowds of trees made haste,
And in her face a gale of odours drove:
Needs would she venture, and see whether this
Were not the Copy of old *Paradise*.

16.

The courtly boughs laden with generous spice,
Stoop'd to salute her as she forward went;
And woo'd her to accept the sacrifice
Of any fruit which might her choice content:
The dangling Apples smil'd, and seem'd to say,
Madam, behold we meet you half the way.

17.

But all their cheeks with such thick charms were set
That every one did her amazement win:
When one prevail'd, his neighbor straight would get
The victory, but yield it back again.
About looks she, yet knows not which to choose,
And in those sweets her sweeter self doth lose.

18.

When on the sudden, from a neighbor tree
Her ears were captiv'd, as before her eyes:
For mystic chains of purest harmony
Insar'd them by enchantment's soft surprise;
Whilst a wing'd Quire through their new-tuned throats
Pour'd out a deluge of their daintiest Notes.

19.

Divided thus with pleasures, needs she will
Seek where her fond self she may recollect:

Close by she stealing spies a silver Rill,
Whose gorgeous bank with golden flowers was deckt.
There pitching down, once more adieu, said she,
Dull home, which no such feast couldst spread for me.

20.

Syneidesis, her Mistress being set,
Couch'd down behind her, and fell fast asleep.
Old *Charis* kept aloof, resolv'd to let
The venturous *Maid* some smart experience reap
Of her rash confidence, who needs would stray
Like some vain child, so far from home to play.

21.

She play'd indeed, and little thought that she
Was playing all her happiness away:
She play'd, and knew not what catastrophe
Would sour the fickle sweetness of her play;
But wholly yielding to the fair-fac'd Treason,
Into her Sense she melted all her Reason.

22.

When lo, into the Grove a monstrous Boar
Loud roaring out his ugly thunder came,
And brought more Terror thither, than before
Appear'd Delight. Never did whiter foam
Smoke on the Ocean's stormy face, than now
This hideous Beast about his own did throw.

23.

As are the Comets, fierce with ominous light,
Such were his eyes, compos'd of fire and blood:
His dismal tusks, the engines of his spight
Held forth their greedy points: a hedge of dread
Star'd on his back, with bristles stern and high,
Whose sharpness did all wrath of thorns defy.

24.

At this dire spectacle their troubled heads
The trees did shake, and all their leaves did quiver:
The fearfull flowers fell down upon their beds,
Closing their fainting eyes: the frighted River
Doubled his course, and headlong through dismay
Sought from his channel how to run away.

25.

Strait startled out of her unfortunate pleasure
Psyche flies too upon the wings of fear;
Whose steps the hungry Beast as fast did measure,
And swallow'd up the way to tear down Her:
His roars, though high, her shriller shrieks transcend,
Which heav'n and earth and her own throat did rend.

26.

Phylax, her soul's most watchfull friend, was near,
Flying from tree to tree still as she ran:
But was by heav'n forbidden to appear,
And rescue Her who needs would be undone:
He wisely was forbidden, till her jolly
Progress, had fully pay'd her for her folly.

27.

Through thousand snarlèd thickets posting, she
Darted her self, regardless of her way :
No peevish bushes' claws, though busily
They snatch'd and scratch'd her, could command her
stay :

Become all speed, she found not now that deep
The Vallies were, or that the Hills were steep.

28.

But long flight at the last shortning her breath,
Which twist her trembling lips lay struggling, she
Crys out, dear *Phylax*, from these jaws of death
The Monster opes so wide, deliver me !

Where is thy *God* and mine ! O can, can my
Almighty *Lover* love to see me dye !

29.

Hear helpless *Dread* and fainting sunk her down,
Unto the ready Beast an easy prey :
Whose hasty tusk straight through her dainty gown
Unto her softer body tore its way.

When lo, a sudden spear flew through his neck
And frighted on the ground return'd him back.

30.

A lusty Gallant, *Aphrodisius* Knight,
Who in that lucky instant thither came,
Directed it ; and strait with equal might
Drew out his glittering blade ; whose dreadful flame
A forehead strook the dazlèd Monster dead,
Whose keener edge snatch'd off his ravenous head.

31.

This done, he gently takes the *Virgin* up ;
Then with a courtly kiss he gives her joy.
Scarce could her hopes grow bold enough to ope
Her eyes, seal'd close with desperate dismay :
But when she view'd the slaughter'd Boar, and Him
As sweet and fair, as that was foul and grim,

32.

I see there are more *Phylax's* than one,
Cries she : This life, dear Sir, which heretofore
Was mine, your love hath now made your's alone :
For helpless I had left it to that Boar,
And lay'd me down to measure out my grave ;
Whence you to me this Resurrection gave.

33.

Yet trust me Sir, a life you have not giv'n
To one who can forget by whom she lives :
Whether you come from Earth, or rather Heav'n,
(For seldom Earth such strange salvation gives,)
Let my Soul big with just thanks, learn, and see
Whether her debt divine or humane be.

34.

The debt you mean, was mine, reply'd the Knight
You nothing owe but courteous acceptation :

In Ladies' rescues who forbears to fight,
Forfeits all Knighthood's noble obligation.
Yet by a great and dearer bond than this
Was I oblig'd your danger to repress.

35.

But Madam, first be pleasèd to repose
Your lost-found self : a little distance hence
(For well I know this place,) a Current flows
Between two flowry Banks : there will I rinse
My bloody hands ; there shall you sit and hear
A wond'rous story, and due to your ear.

36.

The place was where she wantoniz'd but now :
Thither they go ; and thither *Phylax* flies,
Perching unseen upon a neighbour bough.
The *Gallant* wash'd his hands ; and she her eyes,
But in her own soft tears of joy, to think
How she had come from Death's to that Brook's brink.

37.

The various pleasures of the *Grove*, no more
Monopolize her wond'ring eyes ; for she
In *Aphrodisius* reads far nobler store
Of love-commanding miracles : and He
As much admiring his own prosp'rous art,
Aforehand acts his triumph in his heart.

38.

Then on the flow'ry couch by Her he sits,
And ushers in his talk with cunning sighs ;
His cheating cheeks with lying tears he wets,
Three times he strikes his breast, three times his eyes
He casts up towards Heav'n, three times he smiles
And sighs again, and her as oft beguiles.

39.

At length, I crave, said he, your pardon till
You know my case ; then blame me if you can :
And since my self my self to you must tell,
Bate me the Laws of that which squeamish men
Call modesty ; my story must be high ;
High Truth's more modest than the humblest Lie.

40.

Know Lady then, I am a Man who by
My birth as deep ingag'd to fortune stand,
As any he that lives, if Majesty
Crown not his head, and Sceptre gild his hand.
My Stock's the noblest in this Land but one,
Nor bears it any Branch but Me alone.

41.

This made my tender Lord and Father spare
No noble cost which might his Son adorn :
From learnèd *Athens* Tutors hired were
Whom first the wings of *Fame* had hither born
They *Athens* left, but brought with them to me
From thence the truer University.

42.

Thus did the public Wit of *Greece* become
A member of our private family,
And I with all the world convers'd at home ;
Yes in their dialects too, as fast as my
Young breath I could transform : nor was it long
Ere many sate upon my single Tongue.

43.

For never in the long and tedious tract
Of slavish *Grammar* was I made to plod ;
No tyranny of Rules my patience rackt ;
I serv'd no apprenticeship to any Rod ;
But in the freedom of the Practic way
Learn'd to go right, ev'n when I went astray.

44.

This with a Pass supplied me by which
Without disturbance I might travel through
All Learning's Provinces, and in her rich
Commodities, a skilful Trader grow.
Their gains be doubtful, who for all their wares
Are forc'd to traffique by Interpreters.

45.

A clear survey of those dark steps I took
By which *Philosophers* have *Nature* trac'd :
Then *Mathematics* were my buisy book ;
A thousand Lines I plac'd and displac'd :
To heav'n upon the Artist's *Staff* I went,
And studied round about the Firmament.

46.

Those mighty Pow'rs which so securely dwell
On th' open forehead of the brittlest Glasses,
Melting the boldness of the thickest Steel
Whilst through the furnace of thin light it passes ;
With all those *Optic* Miracles I learn'd
Which scorn by *Eagles* eyes to be discern'd.

47.

Music's most mystic soul I hunted through
All her sweet Orb, and with unwearied pains
Measur'd long nights and days, in hopes to know
What reason married *Concording Strains*.
What divorc'd *snarling Discords*, but no knot
E'r mock'd my fruitless industry like that.

48.

With proud delight, and with no less success
I tun'd my heart to those soul-conqu'ring Charms
Which flourish in smooth *Numbers* : how to dress
In fierce array War's thundering Alarms ;
How to belace and fringe soft Love, I knew,
For all my Ink was now *Castalian dew*.

49.

The treasures of Antiquity, lap'd up
In old historic leaves I ransacked :

How Kingdoms sprung, and how they made their stop,
I well observ'd ; with what brave Spirits did,
How they their honors managed, and what
The beams of their nobility did blot.

50.

But with my Soul's delight no Study e'r
Concenterd so, as that which led me through
The Paradise of sacred *Scripture*, where
All Trees of Knowledge unforbidden grow.
The fond World mock'd me, as too grave and sad ;
But ne'r would I for fashion sake be mad.

51.

My Recreations were such as few
Durst make their work, so serious was my Play :
Tir'd with my bookish study, fresh I flew
To practise Martial Feats : thus ev'ry day
In both her brave Professions I strove
To follow *Pallas*, whom I most did love.

52.

Oft have I fac'd stern War, and seen the Field
With streaming Ensign's goodly terror spred ;
Where how much more I lov'd to die, than yield,
Upon my brest good witness you may read ;
Ev'n these seven Wounds, whose mouths once open'd
wide,
In mine own blood my virtue testify'd.

53.

Oft through the gloomy'st Woods alone I rode
To find, some wild Antagonist, some Bear,
Some Boar, some Lion, the accustom'd food
Wherewith I diet this my hungry spear :
You well may gather by the certain blow
I gave yon Beast, I am no Learner now.

54.

Thirty such barb'rous heads as that of his
With noble horror trim our stately Hall :
Which furniture was purchased by this
Sole hand of mine : to glorify a Wall
With tapestry feats, is womanish, say I,
Give me a Suit of real Chevalry.

55.

And will you think Pride speaks the word, if here
I tell you *Fame's* Trump breath'd my History ?
Through Court, through City, Country, ev'ry where
Reports of *Aphrodisius's* worth did fly :
No highstrain'd Parallel was made but thus,
As good, or brave, as Aphrodisius.

56.

Through any rural Village did I ride ?
With gaping eyes and mouths the swains beset me :
The Mothers, with their Children by their side,
Pointed and talk'd strange things : The Pedant at me

Discharg'd, part through his lips, part through his
nose
Some wellmeant volley of ill verse or Prose.

57.

But when I mov'd in the Court's high sphere ;
Stars of the noblest magnitude, although
They twinkled at my fairer presence, ne'r
Did an oblique malignant aspect throw
Upon my motion : *Honor* seem'd in me
To have forgot her own fragility.

58.

So sov'reign were my Beams, that fewer eyes
Paid homage to the King's, than unto Mine :
Devoutly did the Ladies sacrifice
Their Looks, and sighs, and Languors at my shrine ;
Oft has the Queen gone out alone, whilst they
Forgot to follow her if I did stay.

59.

How many a pretty Embassy have I
Receiv'd from them, which put me to my wit
How not to understand ! but by and by
Some Comment would come smiling after it ;
Which yet with modest art endeavor'd how
Not to profess what most it strove to show.

60.

But though thus oft and delicately haunted
By these sweet *fairies* ; still with resolute heed
Some handsome way or other I invented
How not to be at leisure : for indeed,
I other business had which fill'd my head,
Books call'd me up, and Books put me to bed.

61.

This my Disease thus known, a Lady sped
To me a *Handful of Conceit*, cloath'd in
So quaint a Cover, as forc'd me to read
That unwrit lesson e'r I could begin
To ope the Book ; and what did that contain,
But *A Discourse to prove all Learning vain* ?

62.

Bold *Titile*, then said I, if thou can'st make
Thy Promise good, by *Learning* thou must do it.
With that I threw't aside ; yet could not slake
My curious itch to look again into it.
I look'd and read, and saw how finely *Wit*
Had whipp'd it self ; and then grew friends with it.

63.

Then summon'd by Civility I went
To court the Giver, and my thanks repay.
Look not, said I, for polish'd complement,
Whose art, sweet Madam, rather would gainsay,
Than thank you for your Book : Since *Learning's* vain,
My wisest thanks must simple be and plain.

64.

Between a blush and smile, she welcome gave
To her new Convert. But dear Sir, said she,
I sent another Book, in which you have
More of my mind than in those leaves can be !
A Book, writ by a Dart shot from above,
In rubric lines and characters of love.

65.

Yet think not that a gift : No ; 'twas the Debt
Which I did to all *Sweetness* pay in you.
How could I chuse ? for had I more than that,
They would be more than due : but having now
But only one poor heart, your praise must be
Not to disdain my helpless poverty.

66.

I would not for a thousand worlds again
Receive it back : with how Divine a nest,
If your all-lovely bosome shall but deign
To entertain it, will it there be blest !
If thence you cast it, take't who will for me !
I ne'r shall love what hated is by Thee.

67.

Yet give me leave to ask, what Lady 'tis
Thou wilt exalt to sit Queen in thy heart :
Whether her face more graceful be than this,
Which blusheth here in pleading its own part :
Whether her Lineage or Estate afford
More arguments than mine to win my Lord.

68.

If not ; then by these loyal tears I offer
At thy fair feet, this venturesome Truth forgive :
Thy Love is due to me. Can just Heaven suffer
The best of Men should only live, to live ?
No ; Thou an Off-spring ow'st the world, which may
With Heroes furnish it another day.

69.

And let it be no bar against my Bliss,
That I turn Wooer, and change parts with thee :
Poor I, indeed, but passive am in this,
For thou although most chaste, hast ravish'd me ;
And all that I have said, If rightly spell'd,
Will signify no more but that *I yield*.

70.

O may all Equity forbid, that Thou
Should'st count it boldness in me to *Submit* :
To infinite Necessity allow
What Thou thy self imposest : Never let
The yielding innocent Tinder suffer blame
For taking fire, when she's beset with flame.

71.

As when the Pris'ner at the bar has done
His tongue's last Plea ; he plants his craving Eye

Upon the Judge, and from his mouth alone
In hopes and fears expects his destiny :
So look'd the Lady, with prepared eyes
To see her joys, or weep her obsequies.

72.

Full loth was I to speak, but loth'er by
Inhuman Lingring silence to torment
Her most suspended soul, and make her die
Without her sentence. Many a sigh I sent
Before to tell how painful was the birth
Of that sad Answer, which I thus brought forth :

73.

How wretched is his Bliss, whose single heart,
Whilst Diverse Ladies of choice worth attend
With loyal passion, He must either part,
And so destroy his own ; or empty send
Them all away but one ; and thus be fain
By many a Loss to make one piteous Gain !

74.

Had I as many bosoms as I owe
To such sweet Creditors as Thou ; with speed
I all my scores wou'd pay : But first I vow,
To thee, dear Lady, in whose Worth I read
Such rich Attraction, that were I to choose
My heav'n, for thee I would all other loose.

75.

But long ago my Choice was made, and I
Affianc'd : Yet to what sacred she,
Is so divine a Secret, that no Key
Could from my bosom pick that Mystery.
My reverend Mother's tears and kisses sought,
But never yet prevail'd to wooe it out.

76.

Yet thy breast's cabinet I honor so,
That I dare trust this Jewel there : but see
Thou keep'st it safe and close, as thou wouldst do
My blood and soul, things not so dear to me.
And give me leave to cast this charm about,
For fear thou lett'st it and my life slip out.

77.

So may thy heart-strings hold thy heart, as thou
This more than heart of mine : so may thy Love
Be true to thee, and to thy wishes bow,
As to my Secret thou shalt trusty prove :
So may thine Angel hug thy soul, as in
Thy faithful breast thou shalt this thing inhaine.

78.

A thing which mine own Guardian Angel did
Acquaint and bless me with. When through mine eyes
Love first began his amorous beams to shed,
And with his soft Desires my heart surprise,
This winged friend of mine look'd through a frown,
And told me, my own heart was not my own.

79.

It is, said he, thy privilege, (and see
Thou thank Heav'n for it,) not to run and spend
Thy youth on wantoness's mystery :
Let others study how to walk, to bend,
To smile, to look in print, and their spruce lip
With dainty lies and softer kisses tip.

80.

With Taylors for their best accomplishment
Let Vanitie's gay Sons run on the score :
Idoltrous Poetry let them invent,
And into Sonnets change their Psalter : more
Manly and generous Arts decreed are
To exercise thy parts and crown thy care.

81.

Court thou thy Books, and gain such treasure there
As may inhance thy worth, and thee complete
For a fit match for her whom Heav'n's prepare
To be thy Spouse : whose face when thou shalt meet,
The reading on that fair-writ Book of love
For all thy studies, ample Pay will prove.

82.

But dream not that the Court's all gaudy some
Will e'r present her to thy longing eye :
No public glaring Gem is she, but in
Abstrusest shades of virtuous modesty
Delights to glimmer. Thus from common Day
To private Night slip all the Stars away.

83.

To yon dark Grove a pilgrim thou must go
Each morn, to find thy Saint ; and with thy sword
Make her thine own Prey of a monster's : so
Shall she salute thee with no other word
But plain confession that thine is her life :
Thus Heav'n contrives that thou shalt win thy wife.

84.

These are my fortunes, Madam, yet unknown
Ev'n by the sweetest half unto my self :
And sure your hand would help to thrust me down
Deserv'd vengeance's profoundest gulf,
Should wantoness invite me to despise
A blessing higher than my Pride durst rise.

85.

The former scarlet of the Lady's face
This answer into piteous paleness turn'd :
Her Suit's strong flame to ashes fainted was ;
And She although rejected, yet not scorn'd,
Wander'd about her thoughts, and all agast
Found her sad self in musing silence lost.

86.

Yet happy she, at length she cries, whose'r
She be that must hug happiness in you.

And yet permit mine eye one other tear :
 'Tis not of envy ; No : Dear Sir, adieu.
 It pited me to see this gentle fashion
 Of her sincere but unsuccessful Passion.

87.

We parting thus, I hasted to this Grove,
 Amongst whose spicey trees I knew would grow
 My sweeter hopes. But *Heav'n* it seems would prove
 The valour of my patience, and throw
 Procrastinations in my way, that I
 Might earn my bliss by hardy Constancy.

88.

How often came I, and with bended knee
 On every flow'ry cushion of the Grove
 Implor'd the speed of my felicity !
 How oft to this sweet Temple has great *Love*
 Receiv'd my heart an offering all on fire,
 Kindled, and fed, and blown by strong Desire !

89.

How often with this Brook have my poor eyes
 Sadly contended which should fastest flow !
 How often has the tempest of my sighs
 Outstorm'd the loudest Winds that blustred through
 These groaning Trees ! How often has my cry
 Taught gentle *Echo* mournful sympathy !

90.

At length my groans were heard ; and this dear Day
 In that sad-welcome moment sent me hither,
 Which shew'd me that my long-expected joy
 Was now fullgrown and ready ripe to gather.
 Which strait had I not pluck'd, the monster had
 Of all its sweetness his foul booty made.

91.

First then to *Heav'n* my fultide thanks I pay ;
 And next to thee, my noble *Guardian*, who
 Before my hopes no forg'd bait didst lay :
 Each smallest circumstance agreeth so,
 That this the *Lady* is, the *only she*
 Design'd by *Heav'n* to crown my joys and me.

92.

All blessings on thy head, my *Psyche* : that,
 That, I am certain is thy precious name.
 That *Angel* told me it, whose counsels put
 Me on this blest adventure, when I came
 To save thy life both for thy self and me,
 And make of thine my joint felicity.

93.

I with no prying questions stand to sift
 Thy lineage, education, or estate :
 To follow not examin *Heaven's*, my drift ;
 Nor must my Policy my Faith abate.
 O no ! I am secure ; all things cannot
 But suit aright when *Heav'n* do's lay the plot.

94.

Here then, my heart I give thee, and I seal
 The Deed on thy fair lips : may curses rain
 Thick on my head, if ever I repeal
 This sacred Act, or challenge back again
 That Gift of mine, whose fault is only this,
Of thy Desert it too unworthy is.

95.

So spake the glorious *Impostor* ; and
 Granting commission by a graceful kiss
 To his own snowy yet lust-burning hand,
 Sent it to treat with *Psyche's*, and to press
 With feeling eloquence that Project He
 Hop'd would conclude in tactile villany.

96.

But as the Seaman by fierce tempests thrown
 Into the seeming depth of roaring Death,
 If he by sudden fortune back be blown
 Into the gentle harbor ; wondereth
 At his strange safety, and scarce trusts his eyes,
 Long doubting whether yet he lives or dyes :

97.

So *Psyche* snatch'd from Danger's desperate jaws
 Into the arms of this illustrious *Lover* ;
 Her self into Doubt's misty mazes throws,
 And in suspensive thoughts a while doth hover.
 Deceive me not, said she, a frightened maid,
 Too poor, great Sir, by you to be betray'd.

98.

If still I live ; and all this be no Dream,
 (For sure your story's such a heavenly thing,
 That simple I alas unworthy am
 To be concern'd in it,) be pleas'd to bring
 Some Proofs which my faith's dazzled eye may cheer,
 And it for your bright miracles prepare.

99.

Then be the first Proof, *Aprodisius* cries,
 This *diamond Ring* ; a glass where thou maist see
 The sparkling copy of thine own bright eyes :
 The next, this *Jewel* ; what thou art to me
 Let that attest ; yet pardon me that I
 Gave it that *precious Name*, now *Thou* art by.

100.

The third, that delicate Embrace shall be
 For which all Loves are kindled : that which will
 Most solid sweet assurance seal to Thee ;
 And my great *Guardian's* prophesy fulfil.
 Come, I can give thee leave to blush ; a *Maid*
Of what she most loves, must be most afraid.

101.

Were not our case *divine*, I well could stay,
 And by our *human* Ceremonies marry :

But We did wed *above*; and what can they
Add to Heav'n's Rites? O no! 'tis sin to tarry.
Shall Matrimony's mighty *Author* not
Be thought sufficient to tie the Knot!

102.

When *God* to *Adam* brought his *Eve* (as thee
He did to me,) bold had her niceness been,
If to pronounce her *Match* authentic, she
Had linger'd till some Priest might intervene.
Nor could my *Angel*, if in this I err,
Forbear to tell me so. Come then my Dear.

103.

Forgetful *Psyche* now enchanted quite
By these harmonious Wiles, set ope her breast
To the loose fancies of *unclean Delight*:
Forthwith a knot of unseen serpents prest
Into her heart, and set it so on fire,
That strait it flamed out with foul *Desire*.

104.

But *Phylax* seeing that outrageous flame,
Wakes heavy-brow'd *Syneideris*, and cries,
Run, run, and help to save your dying *Dame*;
Look how her funeral flames aforehand rise.
Up flies the *maid*, and instantly thrust in
Between the *Lovers* and their ready *sin*.

105.

Back *Psyche* flung, and from her forehead shot
Mix'd darts of guilty Wrath and wild Disdain:
Impudent Wretch, cries *Aphrodisius*, what
Has made thy life so vile, that thou shouldst strain
To forfeit it to me? I prithee go,
Dy somewhere else: I'd be no *Woman's foe*.

106.

O then, said she, forbear to stain my pure
And spotless *Mistress*. *Fy*, cries *Psyche*, *fy*,
I know her not: My Lord, can you endure
I should such saucy servants own, as she?
Is your Love's might less mighty than before?
Tear down this *Sow*, as you dispatch'd the *Boar*.

107.

He having steeping, in a box of Jett,
A blacker Liquor, drawn from *Lethe lake*,
Upon *Syneideris* strait emptied it.
She rubb'd her eyes; but found their strength too weak
To grapple with that stupor which did creep
On her dull'd brow, and down she fell asleep.

108.

As when the Child, ventring his feet to prove,
Carelessly stumbles to some Precipice;
His tender Nurse, wing'd both with fear and love,
Makes on amain, with most intente eyes
Not on her way, but Him, who now she knows
Is stepping into Death's wide open jaws:

109.

So watchful *Charis*, who did distance keep
Till her Assistance might more useful be,
Now snatch'd *Speed's* wheels; and rousing from her sleep
Syneideris, be not dismay'd, said she,
But try with me, whether Heav'n's bridle will
Not curb your Lady's fierce career to hell.

110.

With that, as *Phabus* steals his subtil Ray
Through virgin Crystal, so through *Psyche's* breast
She darts her hand, and strives to snatch away
The poisonous Brood from their usurp'd Nest:
Yet she flings back, and though herself forlorn,
Casts on her fairest *Friend* foul frowning scorn.

111.

Thus when the Prince's gracious Proclamation
Woo's the successful Rebel from his sin:
Outrageous he with sullen indignation
Kicks the kind offer, and had rather in
His pleasing Poison wallow, than confess
That he, heav'n-favor'd he, infected is.

112.

But *Aphrodisius* amaz'd now
To see a *Beauty* whose dawn damp'd his eyes,
A *Beauty* which on *Psyche's* face did throw
Unlovely blackness, and monopolize
All heav'n within it self; recoiled back,
Some Counsel in his troubled brain to take.

113.

Mean while, *Syneideris* pour'd this loud Cry
In *Psyche's* ear: *Mistress*, believe it now
I am *awake*, and see your Misery:
But O how foul a sleep possesseth you!
Whilst monstrous Dreams and Apparitions roul
About your pleas'd because enchanted soul.

114.

Home, home, I pray: this *Grove* grows thick with Charms
And will bewitch you from your self, untill
All help grows tardy for your rampant Harms.
Home soon will cure you, and your bosom fill
With better flames than these, which only be
Lighted to plunge in Darkness you and me.

115.

Why linger We? see, see your *Lover's* gooe;
Perhaps to fetch more poison for your heart,
And double on you your Destruction.
This unexpected News made *Psyche* start:
She turn'd her head, and saw 'twas so indeed;
Frighted by *Charis*, He away was fled.

116.

Yet after him a heavy Sigh she sent,
And would have more dispatch'd: but tugged by

Synædisis, at last she homeward went.
Her feet crept homeward, but her heart did fly
Back to the grove ; which *Charis*, as she came
Watching behind, met, and brought safely home.

117.

But *Aphrodisius* could not make such haste
As to out run the Angel's nimbler hand ;
Half this curs'd Paradise he had not past,
But *Phylax* lighted down and bid him stand.
Stand *fend*, said He ; thy punishment shall be
Upon this scene of thine own Treachery.

118.

Fair hideous Sir, how has your wretched spight
Tore from your Memory that deep-writ Blow
By which mine and my heavenly Brethrens Might
You and your fellow-feinds to hell did throw ?
Did that fall bruise your heart so little, that
It, and our Victory you have forgot ?

119.

But grant your spight (which as immortal is
As your too-lasting Essence) triumphs o'r
Your mightiest Pangs ; grant that your stubbornness
Made you delight to earn still more and more
Extremities of Vengeance, and forget
That bottomless already was your Pit.

120.

Was't not enough that in your burning Home
Hot blasphemies you day by day did spit
At Heaven and *God* : but you to Earth must come
And all your trains of sly Delusions set
To ravish his own *Spouse*, for whose dear sake
I here his *Liege* lie the Match to make ?

121.

Poor harmless *Psyche*, how did she offend !
Did she incroach on your black Realms below ?
Did she e'er envy Hell to any *feind*,
Or strive to snatch Damnation from you ?
Sure you have injur'd Her, and *Phylax* too ;
For she's my *Charge*, and you shall find it so.

122.

With that, He from his angry bosome drew
A golden Banner, in whose stately lap
His *Lord's Almighty Name* wide open flew,
Of Hell-appalling *Majesty* made up :
The *feind* no sooner *Jesus* there did read,
But Guilt pull'd down his eyes, and *fear* his head.

123.

For as the Lightning darts on mortal Sight
Dazling confusion : so this brighter *Name*
Flash'd in the *Fury's* face with killing fright.
Strait *Phylax* hal'd him pale with dread and shame
To that enchanted Tree, whose conscious shade
Roof'd the green Stage where he the Lover play'd.

124.

So have I seen a learing Cur drawn back
Into the field where he had torn the Lambs,
With guilty ears thrown flat upon his neck ;
With woful tayl sneaking between his hams ;
With grinning chaps, whose whining dialect
Spake both what he had done, and did expect.

125.

In vain he struggles : for the nearest bough
Phylax with potent art twines round about
It's own tough self, and teaches how to grow
Into a Band more obstinate and stout
Than his fell *Pris'ner* : whom forthwith he ties
Fast to the Tree, and home to *Psyche* flies.

126.

Poor *Psyche* ; who no sooner was come home,
But *Charis* hasts her to her Closet, where
The holy furniture which trimm'd the room,
Piously-sullied and worn Prayerbooks were.
But she so strange an eye now casteth on them,
As if her soul had never dwelt upon them.

127.

Her idle Thoughts were grown so squeamish, that
Such serious Acquaintance she abhorr'd :
Which surer out to keep, the wilful gate
Of her unhappy heart within she barr'd :
Nor could wise *Charis*, though all ways she try'd,
Slip that untoward peevish Bar aside.

128.

Yet by untir'd Love's diligence, at last
She in that heart found out a private door ;
Through which with blessed stealth her arm she thrust,
And valiantly rent from thence, before
Psyche's astonish'd eyes, that viperous fry
Which her snarl'd soul in unfelt bands did ty.

129.

And see, said she, the Token your brave *Love*
Hath hung about his *Darling's* heart, is this :
What kind of favors His were like to prove,
By these fine Knots of Ribands you may guess.
If they thy *Heavenly Suiter's* gifts excell,
Then love they Hellish *Aprodisius* still.

130.

The hissing Serpents scrambled on the floor,
Which, and their shamed selves, they gnaw'd for spight.
Psyche starts back afraid of what before
She in her bosome hugg'd with blind delight ;
Till potent *Charis* in disdain did throw
Them whence they came, home to their hell below.

131.

Deeply agast, the *Virgin* ponder'd now
The monstrous *Witchery* with serious thought :

Horrid Amazement's torrents rush'd through
The breaches of her wounded soul : about
All her breast's region, with wide-streaming dread
The Banners of Confusion were spread.

132.

At length fall'n on her lamentable face,
Her grief burst ope into this rueful cry :
My shameful presence maketh any place
Unworthy of thy noble company :
Hence, hence, pure *Charis* ; let me blush alone,
Left fouler than those serpents which are gone.

133.

And you my rev'rend Books, your leaves shut up,
Where my Damnation frowns in ev'ry line.
When holy Eyes draw near, then freely ope,
But O, you are too fair and chaste for mine :
Mine, which let out my soul, and usher'd in
All Hell, and, what is far more hellish, *Sin*.

134.

They nothing else can do but blurr you now
With those perpetual streams of bounden brine
Which to my wilful misery I owe.
O Eyes ; if ever your salt tide decline,
May you fail too : so dead a life live I
That if you drown me not, I needs must dye.

135.

Shine not on me fair *Sun*, though thy brave Ray
With safety can the foulest dunghills kiss :
I am a nastier heap than those, and may
Taint thy sweet Lustre by my filth's excess.
Black *Night* will fear no spots ; O may she roul
Up in her pitch my correspondent soul !

136.

What have vile I to do with noble *Day*
Which shews Earth Heav'n's bright face ? that face
which I
Wantonly scorn'd, and cast my love away
Upon impostur'd *Lust*'s foul Mystery.
Did e'r Heart make so mad a choise as mine,
To grow plain devilish rather than divine !

137.

My stern Revenge sure on this Heart shall smoke :
A tempest will I raise of sighs and groans
To scourge that smooth-tongu'd Gale whose whispers
woke
That Wrack which stole on me : with ruthless stones
I'll make this harder breast without appear
As black as 'twas within when Hell dwelt there.

138.

I with my howlings will these ears torment
Which joy'd to drink the *Cheater*'s tickling charms ;
These lips which lov'd his kisses, shall be spent
In courting nasty Dust : these lustful arms

Which hug'd his body, shall mine own chastise,
Which now I hate more than I lov'd his.

139.

His *Jewel*'s sparks I'll quench and punish by
A Coat of swarthy'st and of hardest hair :
For his rich Ring of smoothfac'd Diamond, I
By a course knotty rope will pay fall dear :
(And here, in wrathful scorn, her foot upon
Them both she set ; and thus went waiting on :)

140.

O all ye *Grieffs* which ever find your sting
Deep in a guilty treach'rous bosom, hear
Unhappy *Psyche*'s Pray'rs, and hither bring
Your stoutest pow'rs ; my heart has room to spare
For your full train : (Adieu all *Loves*.) I now
Must only study to wooe *Hate*, and you.

141.

Why was I born ! (may Darkness choke that *Day*
Whose light faun'd, on my curs'd birth :) or why
When in the *Boar*'s my Death his paw did lay
Upon my throat, had I not leave to dye.
Why did I scape that *Monster*, to be thrown
To fouler ones, *Hell*'s Treason, and mine own !

142.

Why play'd such flaming beauties in mine eye
As might allure and shew to *Lust* its way !
Why smil'd my face with such mild majesty,
As bad *false Love*, be bold me to betray !
Why was not I deform'd, that shelter'd in
Secure neglect, I might have soap'd this sin !

143.

The universal World's *Contempt* could not
Have wrong'd or wounded me so deep, nor thrown
Upon my Beauties such a fatal Blott,
As they upon themselves and me have drawn.
I had not now been heir to heaven's just scorn
If in Earth's eye my shape had been forlorn.

144.

But in my Bodie's graceful features, my
Proud graceless folly needs would surfet so
As to persuade me, my felicity
Upon a rotten carnal Stock did grow.
To beastly solace thus with gay content
My self did I an holocaust present.

145.

O righteous Prophet of unrighteous Pleasure ;
Whose total sum's made up of desperate loss !
How justly, when we trade away our Treasure,
Requit'st thou us with rusty fretful dross !
For all the Gains fond Wantonness brings in,
Prove but a bank of vengeance on the sin.

146.

Still still I burn ; my fire but changèd is ;
 And though my Lust be cool'd, my Guilt is hot,
 And belks and boils ; whilst wroth *Syneidesis* ;
 Blows up its more incensèd coals. O what
 Can help my enigmatic sorrows, who
 Thus on my self my Execution do !

147.

Stings, conscious stings, have made my heart their Butt,
 Graving outrageous Memorandums there
 Of those snakes' tongues which *Aphrodisius* shot
 Into my heedless breast : strange tongues, which here
 Were tame and mild, but being hence withdrawn
 Most harb'rous in their successors are grown.

148.

Ay me ! can *Pity* injure *Justice* so
 As to relieve me with a gracious glance ?
 Durst any *Cordial* undertake a *Woe*
 Which helps itself to fester ? What pretence
 Shall I devise, to seek abroad for aid,
 Who willingly have been at home betray'd ?

149.

As thus she lay lamenting on the floor,
 And strove to sink yet lower : *Charis*, who
 Had all this while but stepp'd behind the door,
 Comes clearly in, and cries, Break of thy Woe,
 Dear *Psyche* : 'tis enough, thy hearty cry
 Hath pierc'd already, and appeas'd the Sky.

150.

The Copies of those Tears thou there hast shed
 Upon the ground, reflected high, and are
 Already in Heaven's Casket bottlèd ;
 Thy grief now smiles above, and maketh clear
God's lowering face : Look up and see how Day
 Right friendly on thee shines, and bids thee joy.

151.

With that, her blessèd News to justify,
 She breath'd into the wondring *Virgin's* breast
 Mysterious seeds of pure tranquillity ;
 Pledges of reconcilèd Heav'n, a feast
 Of Paradise's most delicious cates,
 Spiritual joys, and soul-enliv'ning sweets.

152.

Her squalid count'nance with such verdant pow'rs
 Of cheerfulness, ne'r did the thirsty Ground
 Reform and beautify, when Summer Show'rs
 The deep pains of her gasping Drought had drown'd ;
 As overjoyed *Psyche*, now she feels
 Warm in her bosom *Grace's* gentle Gales.

153.

Gales on whose dainty wings strange *Influence* rides ;
 An *Influence* of such speedy operation,

That though all *Opposition's* highest tides
 Roar in its way, through their proud Conjunction
 With instant Might it flies, and ev'ry where
 Finds *Victory* attending its career.

154.

Forth from her eyes, in spight of all those tears
 Whose deluge domineer'd there before,
 Sweet flames of gladness broke ; her head she rears
 With sudden briskness, and upon the shoar
 Of Comfort having fix'd her foot, forgets
 Her shipwreck's Loss, and hasts to pay her debts.

155.

To *Heav'n* to *Charis*, to *Syneidesis*
 Her wing'd thanks she speeds ; but all array'd
 In scarlet, from her cheeks, whose graceful Dress
 The beauty of her Penitence display'd.
 Blushes, though Blame's own Colours, are not blam'd :
 The greatest shame is not to be asham'd.

156.

But whilst She melted into joy to see
 Her buried Soul rise up to life again ;
 A sudden Damp clouds her Serenity,
 Alarming her with unsuspected pain :
 For *Phylax* flutters in, and, Come, said he,
 You to the *Grove* must back again with me.

157.

As when the place of Robbery you name
 The Thief in white or red betrays his fear :
 So *Psyche's* heart gall'd with renewèd shame
 By that word's piercing rub, makes it appear
 In her appall'd looks : And, ah, said she,
 Com'st thou thus to revive my Misery ?

158.

Bid me go find some despair'd rock from whence
 Down I may plunge into the deepest Main :
 Bid me post headlong to th' *infernal Prince*
 And cov'nant with him for eternal Pain :
 Nay bid me do't : or bid me not go where
 My far worse Hell will meet my guilty fear.

159.

I like thine anger well, cries *Phylax* ; but
 The *Grove* is not the *Grove* it was this Morn :
 Another visage I on it have put,
 Both chaste and safe, and fit for thy return.
 No *Boar*, no *Woover's* there : come let us go ;
 Both *Charis* and thy *Maid* will with us too.

160.

This high assurance cheer'd her tim'rous heart
 Long us'd to holy confidence in Him :
 Besides, her faithful *Consorts* bore their part
 In this encouragement. Yet did there swim
 About her breast, some tender trembling Doubts,
 Which spread like Mist upon her clearer thoughts.

161.

Along they went : but coming near the *Grove*,
 Suspicious *Psyche* quak'd and closer clung
 To *Phylax*, who reach'd out his shield of Love,
 The downy shelter of his Heavenly wing ;
 Under whose chearly shadow her he led
 Into the gloomy shades the Wood had spread.

162.

For now those pageant beauties which of late
 Had there trim'd up a Temple for Delight,
 Were all unmask'd ; and *Melancholy* sate
 Shrowding her hideous self in mid-day night.
 The heavy nodding Trees all languished.
 And ev'ry sleepy bough hung down its head.

163.

There *Aphrodisius* his best teeth had try'd
 (And four of them lay broken on the ground)
 With irefull restless knowing, to divide
 The Withe by which he to his shame was bound
 Straiter than to the Tree ; which yet he shook
 Till all its frighted Leaves their boughs forsook.

164.

But at the Visitors' approach, he bit
 His lips and Tongue, and spit them in their face.
 See *Psyche*, *Phylax* cries, the *Gallant's* wit,
 Who hopes to 'scape confessing his Disgrace :
 But strait I'll make his Dumbness find a Tongue
 To speak out his imposture, and thy wrong.

165.

Forthwith he from him snatch'd all He had stoll'n
 Of Earth's, of Air's, of Water's goodly'st store :
 The beauteous veil no sooner off was fall'n,
 But *Aphrodisius* appears no more :
 It proves an hideous *fend* : and *Psyche* cries,
 Running behind the Tree, God bless mine eyes !

166.

A pois'nous stink then seasing on the Air,
 Strait *Phylax* blew 't down to its native hell :
 And cheerfully confuting *Psyche's* fear,
 Be bold said he, and mark the *Monster* well :
 There wantonis'd his curl'd Peruque, where now
 Two ragged Horns with rusty horror grow.

167.

That forehead he so fair had plaister'd over
 With polish'd Flesh, hath chang'd its stolen hue ;
 Being rough-cast with odious sores to cover
 The deadly juice that from his brain doth sue.
 Yet lo, the Boils spew on his eyelids' hairs
 Fit matter for so foul a Monster's tears.

168.

Like to some Oven's black Arch, so hangs his Brow
 Over the furnace of his Eyes, wherein

Delicious flames did radiantly glow,
 But now the Fire 's as dark as his own Sin ;
 And being fed with sulphure, doth confess
 What is its work, and where it kindled was.

169.

A double alabaster Conduit hung
 Down from his forehead ; where is nothing now
 But those two rotten Pipes, not to be wrung !
 Least they together with their Moisture flow ;
 That baneful Moisture, which as deeply do's
 Poison, as it is pois'ned by the Nose.

170.

Two rows of Roses on those Lips did grow
 To sweeten every Word that travell'd by ;
 But now scorch'd black as Hell's own mouth, they show
 What kind of breath steams from his bosom's sty.
 A breath like that which from the chimnie's top
 Speaks its own stink by what it vomits up.

171.

His Cheeks, which lifted up two hills of Joy
 With flourishing spices crown'd ; are sunk so low
 That like two hollow untill'd Valleys, they
 With nothing but pale *Desolation* grow.
 Now grisely Hair deflowers his polish'd Skin,
 Shewing what he to *Satyrs* is of kin.

172.

His slender Hands are swell'd to monstrous Paws,
 Whose Nails much longer than their fingers are.
 Sure his Imbrace is dainty when he throws
 Those chains about his Love ! but see'st thou there
 What at the portly *Gallant's* back doth trail ?
 His courtly Sword 's turn'd to a dangling Tail.

173.

The martial Vigor which both spred and knit
 His manly limbs, is withered into
 Diseased Craziness ; his Joints forget
 Their sturdy office, and his Sinews no
 Tokens of their late active selves express :
 Witness his crinkling hams and trembling knees.

174.

Behold his goodly feet, where one great cleft
 Divides two toes pointed with iron claws.
 The rest of his fine body must be left
 Close sealed up by *Modesty's* chaste Laws.
 Yet may'st thou safely view his Bosom's cell
 And see what Jewels in that casket dwell.

175.

This said ; his strangely-potent Wand's petard
 He smartly to the *Monster's* breast apply'd :
 Forthwith the bones which had so strongly barr'd
 The guilty passage up, flew all aside.
 This foulest Book now fairly open'd, on
 The *Angel* thus did in his Lecture run :

176.

Mark where ten thousand Charms and Kisses lie
And Complements of every garb and kind ;
With which on heedless Virgins he doth flie,
And whom he softliest toucheth, surest bind.

Look where upon the top those Courtships be
Which bravely wooed and enchanted Thee.

177.

In that sly corner, (and observe it well,)
Sneak various Shapes, which allway changing be ;
Shapes trim and smooth and fair without, but full
Of inward Venom : which industrious He
Subtly improves to comely Treacheries,
Handsom Impostures, and welfavor'd Lies.

178.

See'st thou not there the model of the *Beast*,
That hideous Witchery which chafed Thee ;
With all the amorous story sprucely drest
To court and cheat thy credulous chastity ?
Never did *Cosenage* with more lovely art,
Or face more honest, act a fouler part.

179.

But yet there's something stranger lurks behind :
Spy'st thou that Scroll ? It is a full Commission
By which he made this ~~voyage~~ ^{voyage}, ready sign'd,
And strength'ned by the broad Seal of Perdition.
Come, I'll untwine the knot of snakes which tye
It up, and fain would hide it from thine eye.

180.

Lo here a scheme of such confounding Letters
And scrambling Lines, as never Conjuror writ :
His forks, hooks, prongs, racks, gibbets, grid-irons,
fettors,
And all the wild Tools of his spiteful Wit
Are *Belshazzar's* made Alphabet : but hear
How well I ken his mystic Character.

181.

Satan the great, God of Hell, Earth, and Air ;
Of *Men and Angels* everlasting foe ;
Rival of *Heav'n's*, and of *Heav'n's* only *Heir* ;
Monarch of Pride, Rage, Blasphemy and Woe ;
Out of our princely grace, to our right vicious
And trusty friend and Cousin *Aphrodisius*.

182.

To thee by these our Letters-Patents, we
Give full authority the Soul to seize
Of hated *Psyche* ; by what treachery
Shall best thy cunning and thy malice please ;
That here her Guilt may fry in that degree
Of Pangs which our just vengeance shall decree.

183.

And see thy diligence as great appear
As are thy Helps ; for hereby over all

The Forces in our Realms of Earth and Air
We constitute thee *Captain General*.
Giv'n at our flaming Court of Desperation,
This sixt age of our Sovereign Damnation.

184.

Thus having read these curs'd Lines ; again
He crow'ds the Scroll into the *Furie's* breast ;
And, Home, says he, and ask your *Sovereign*
A larger Patent : see you are releast.
But here I hang the withe, that ever you
Return this way, this Token please to know.

185.

Th' unfetter'd *friend* heaving an hideous sigh,
And tearing his fell locks with helpless wrath,
Flung down his Patent, and away did fly.
The *Grove* smok'd as he went ; in all his path
What Trees he met, he rent, and burnt in pain
Till in Hell's flames he plung'd was again.

186.

This Spectacle so melted *Psyche's* heart
That flowing forth in holy Shame and Joy,
Fresh Thanks and Blushes to her *Friend's* desert
Most earnestly she pays : O never may
My God remember me, said she, if I
Forget your blessed Love's dear Constancy.

187.

Farewel false Beauties ; Heav'n above, I'm sure
Is full as fair within as 'tis without :
No *Aphrodisius* there ; but all as pure
As virgin Crystal, or your spotless Thought
Dear *Phylax*, which from thence its pattern takes,
And a new Heav'n in your sweet bosom makes.

188.

There will I fix my heart : there dwells my *Love*,
My *Life* my *Lord*, much purer then his palace ;
Whose *Paradise* shall be the only *Grove*
To which my Soul shall pant for genuine solace.
Forbid it *Yessu*, any thing below
Be Master of this breast, whose Lord art *Thou*.

189.

Most, most deserving *Thou* ; who to intice
My undeserving Soul, beset'st her ways
With such rich Baits as far transcend the price
Of all this vain World's most illustrious Toys :
Safe Baits, which hide no hooks, or none but such
As into Liberty their Pris'ners catch.

190.

Thus sweetly breathing out her ardent Passion,
She with her heav'nly *Consorts* homeward goes ;
Yet by the way renews at every station
Her cordial Thanks and her pathetick Vows.
At length got home, she to her Closet hasts,
Where all her Soul at her *Love's* feet she casts,

191.

What prayers were there, what thanks, what sighs, what tears,
 What zeal, what languishment, what ecstasies,
 What confidence, what shame, what hopes, what fears,
 What pains, what joys, what thoughts, what words !
 She dies
 And yet she lives, and yet she dies again
 And would for ever live so to be slain.

192.

So to be slain ; for every Death she dies
 Higher and higher lifts her into life.
 Her Weakness is strong Love ; in which she tries
 The utmost of her power, and by that strife
 Of humble boldness wrestles to obtain
 Her will of *Him* who on Heav'n's Throne doth reign.

193.

But fainting Nature (for 'twas midnight now,
 And hard sh'had wrought and travell'd far that day,) *(*
 Permitted sleep to grow upon her brow ;
 And tho' unwilling, down at last she lay.
 Sweet was her Rest ; but sweeter far that Dream
 Which now about her wond'ring soul did swim.

194.

Imagination's chariot convoy'd her
 Into a garden where more Beauties smil'd
 Than *Aphrodisius's* Grove's false face did wear,
 And gentler Gales the air with odours fill'd :
 Lilies on every bed such sheets did spread
 As scorn'd the whitest cap of *Taurus's* head.

195.

The goodly Walks politely paved were
 With Alabaster, whose unspotted face
 Lay'd fairly ope unto the silver sphere
 Which roll'd above, a comely Looking-glass :
 Whether upward She, or downward turn'd her eye,
 Still she beheld the same heav'n's majesty.

196.

Their heads no trees presumed there to shew
 Which e'r had been deflour'd by Winter's blast :
 Plants of eternal verdure only grew
 Upon that virgin soil ; such trees as cast
 Both cool and constant shades ; and having been
 Planted of old, still liv'd young and green.

197.

No fountain bubbled there, but fed with springs
 Of purest milk ; upon whose dainty shoar
 Chaste-sighing Turtles sate, and wash'd their wings,
 Though full as white and pure as it before.
 But thus one *Candor* pour'd upon another
 Do's kindly kiss and sport it with his brother.

198.

A princely Castle in the mid'st commands,
 Invincible for strength and for delight ;
 Fram'd all of massy crystal, and by hands
 As pure as those Materials were bright.
 A clearer Court was ne'r by *Pos's* brain
 Built for Queen *Thetis* in her watery Main.

199.

Ten thousand *Blushes* stood before the Gate,
 With *Magnanimities* all hand in hand :
 As many *Purities* in modest state
 Were rang'd with as many *Beauties*, and
 Young smiling *Graces* ; whose sweet task it was
 To be the Guard of that delicious Place.

200.

As *Psyche* wonder'd at th' illustrious sight,
 Her constant *Phylax* met her puzzl'd eye :
 Strait she demands, What Place was that, so bright
 With more than earthly pomp ! for *Chastity*
 'Twas built, said He, and built by *Him* who is
 The *Sovereign* of all vertuous Clarities.

201.

Behold, the Gate is opening now, and all
 Th' officious *Guard* gives way : here shalt thou see
 (For this is *Chastitie's* high festival,) *(*
 A strange Procession's solemnity ;
 And witness be what splendid Princes are
 The stars which move about this limpid sphere.

202.

There comes the first : Observe his royal gate,
 Majestic yet not proud : about his brows
 A glittering Coronet wreaths his princely state,
 And in his hand a Palm his triumph shows ;
 Full flows his Robe, and following his steps,
 Them with a train imperial fairly sweeps.

203.

Less white this Pavement is, less sweet are those
 Perfum'd Lilies, than that Robe of his.
 From his own Fleece *Heav'n's Lamb* was pleas'd to
 choose
 The richest snowiest Wool, to cloth and dress
 His spotless friends and fellow-lambs, who are
 All privileg'd this Livery to wear.

204.

Those graceful Eyes, in which *Love's* Throne is set,
 Are they which did *Potipphara* defy :
 What need I that fresh History repeat ?
 This is that *Joseph*, tho' advanced high
 In *Pharaoh's* realm, yet now more glorious grown,
 Holding a fairer Kingdom of his own.

205.

The next 's a *Female*, in the same array ;
 For Sexes here no outward difference show,

But all like *Angels* live, since noble They
Strove to forget their He and She below
And, tho' clogg'd with gross Earth, yet overtake
That spotlessness which us doth equal make.

206.

Susanna is her Name, and gloriously
Her Virtue made it good : What Lily e'r
Could clearer fairer proofs produce that She
Did in her native whiteness persevere ?
Ev'n Life could not, altho' its price be high
Hire her to give her *Lily-name* the ly.

207.

The goodly Orb of that her radiant face,
Which none but chaste and holy beams did shed,
Two lustful *Elders* made their daily Glass,
And with the Antidote invenomed
Their shameless Hearts. So bold is *Lust*, that she
Dares hope to find a Blot in *Purity*.

208.

When *Cancer* scorch'd the World, and tender She
Went in her private Garden's shaded Spring,
(As in the Emblem of her Chastity)
To cool her bashful self ; They issuing
Out of their ambush, in their cloaths express
More shame, than Her discover'd Nakedness :

209.

We too, are hot, cry they ; but none but Thou
Canst quench the fury of our mighty flames :
Thou art the Fount in which all Pleasures flow,
And we are come to bath us in thy streams.
Yield, as thou lov'st thy life ; else We will swear
That in Adultery we caught Thee here.

210.

Nay swear we will : nor must thy Vows and Tears
E'r hope to make the *Truth* as naked be
As Thou art now : such Reverence guards our years,
That in our lies no Eye dares falshood see.
Fond squeamish Soul, what profit is't to Thee
To lose thy Life, and keep thy Chastity ?

211.

Then welcome Death ; thy gastly face, said She,
Is fairer than the Visage of this sin.
Here she cry'd out aloud ; and instantly
Her startled Handmaids all rush'd shrieking in :
Whom both the fulmouth'd *Elders* hasten'd
To catch th' Adulterer, who, said they, was fled.

212.

Then haling Her unto the Bar, their own
Guilt upon her they throw, and she must dy :
But strait a Miracle crowds in to crown
The truth of her unconquer'd Chastity.

This turn'd the Sentence on her slanderous Foes :
They to be ston'd, and She to triumph goes.

213.

There comes the second *Joseph*, but as far
Before in honor as in time behind :
In *Virtue's* shop as skill'd a *Carpenter*
As in his own ; whose Art a way could find
To frame a Life (and raise the building high,)
Both of *Heroic Worth*, and *Poverty*.

214.

Mine and my Brethren's Office (tho' it be
Both sweet and glorious,) down must stoop to His ;
His, who was *Guardian of Divinity*,
And of the *Mother of all Sweetnesses*.
And yet no Angel envy'd Him his place,
Who ever look'd upon his wonderous face.

215.

What Gravity dwells there, and what Delight,
What Tenderness, and what Austerity !
How high and humble are his Looks, how bright
And gently-meek his Eyes ! how sweetly He
Seems here in glorie's Heav'n not to forget
That Cloud which upon him in Earth did sit !

216.

But look, and see thou start not at the sight,
Those Beams, tho' more than sun-like, lovely be ;
Now dawns of Heav'n and Earth the choice Delight,
The *Queen of Softness* and of *Purity* :
Millions of *Loves* come tripping in her way,
Flown from her Eye in a forerunning Ray.

217.

Behold her face, and read all Paradise,
And more, in Flesh and Blood : in vain we seek
By *Flora's* Jewels to emblemize
The Gallantry of Her illustrious cheek,
At whose sweet composition every *Grace*
Ran crowding in, for fear to lose its place.

218.

All *Cherubs* and all *Seraphs* have I seen
In their high Beauties on Heav'n's Holydays ;
But still the gracious splendor of this *Queen*
Sweetly outglitters their best tire of Rays :
For all her wondrous Glories' Texture is
A Web of Sweetness fring'd with Joy and Bliss.

219.

How rude and course-spun those Idea's were
Which sprucest *Pagan-Wits* did ever frame,
When *Beautie's Idol* they desir'd to rear
In amorous fancies' temple ! What broad shame
And studied scorn would their best Pens have thrown
Upon that *Venus*, if they *This* had known !

220.

This Mother of divinest Love, as pure
As is that other putid! Noblest Tongues
When they triumphant are, and would be sure
With double Heav'n to swell and bless their Songs;
First chant the *Son*, and then the *Mother*; He
Begins, and She makes up the Harmony.

221.

Her Crown imperial scorneth to be deckt
With oriental Diamonds, being set
With purer Sons of Light, whilst most select
Virtues (because her own) embellish it.
Yet those but poorly-glimmering *Copies* be
Of her rich heart's *original Treasury*.

222.

I need not tell thee *Mary* is her Name;
Her potent influence me prevented has:
This cold dead Pavement lively doth proclaim
What Feet with newborn lilies trimm'd its face:
Whose but the *Virgin-Mother's* steps could bless
A soil so barren with such fertility?

223.

Turn, *Psyche*, and behold who cometh there:
The *King*, the *King* of royal *Chastity*.
She look'd; but look'd not long: For upon her
Weak face such mighty beams from *His* did fly,
That starting at th' intolerable stroke,
She rubb'd her dazzled eyes, and so awoke.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Stanza 2, l. 1, '*soder'd*' = soldered: l. 3, '*retchless*' = reckless, unconcerned.
" 6, l. 2, '*snugging*' = to lie close, or 'snudge,' not exactly 'nestling.' Cf. Herrick:—
'Under a Lawne, then skies more cleare,
Some ruffled Roses nestling were:
And *snugging* there, they seem'd to lie
As in a flowrie Nunnery.' (My edn. i. 42.)
" 7, l. 3, '*verdant*' = verdant.
" 9, l. 1, '*Twins of heav'n*' = sign of the Zodiac (*Gemini*).
" 23, l. 3, '*dirmal*' = horrid, frightful: l. 6, '*wrath*' = opposition causing pain?
" 24, ll. 3-4: 'The fearful flowers fell down upon their beds,
Closing their fainting eyes.'
Cf. Crashaw of the Fury sent to Earth:—
'Heav'n saw her rise, and saw Hell in the sight:
The fields' faire eyes saw her, and saw no more,
But shut their flowry lids for ever.' (My edn. i. 112.)
" 27, l. 1, '*smarled*' = entangled, as before: l. 3, '*peevish*' = fretful. Cf. st. 23, l. 6.
" 51, l. 3, '*bookish*' = given to reading (over-much).
" 54, l. 2, '*trim*' = adorn.
" 61, l. 1, '*Disease*' = Bibliomania.
" 62, l. 4, '*itch*' = itching, curiosity.
" 64, l. 4, '*rubric*' = red.
" 74, l. 3, '*scores*' = debts—as 'scored' up with chalk on back of door or in books: l. 6, '*loose*' = lose.
" 75, l. 4, '*Mystery*' = secret. Cf. Ephesians iii. 3: vi. 19.
" 79, l. 5, '*to look in print*,' qu.—as in printed books instructions are given him to dress and 'look'?
" 80, l. 2, '*run on the score*'—into debt. Cf. st. 74, l. 3 and relative note: l. 4, '*Sonnets*'—which was the *mode* of love-making, earlier and later from Wyatt to Shakespeare and onward.
" 91, l. 1, '*fulltide*' = full-tide or full-tided.
" 102, l. 2, '*niceness*' = scrupulousness.
" 105, l. 1, '*flung*' = flounced.
" 107, l. 1, '*sleeping*' = macerating or soaking.
" 108, l. 4, '*amain*' = forthwith, forcefully implied: *ibid.* '*intensive*' = closely-attentive, stretching forward.

- Stanza 114, l. 3, '*rampan't*' = rearing (a heraldic term).
" 120, l. 6, '*Lieger*' = ambassador (resident).
" 124, l. 1, '*leering*' = leering.
" 126, l. 3, '*trimm'd*' = adorned. Cf. st. 54, l. 2.
" 128, l. 6, '*snarl'd*' = entangled. Cf. st. 27, l. 1.
" 135, l. 5, '*roul*' = roll.
" 139, l. 4, '*course*' = coarse.
" 146, l. 3, '*belks*' = belches.
" 149, l. 4, '*of*' = off.
" 151, l. 5, '*cates*' = provisions.
" 157, l. 4, '*rub*' = unevenness or obstacle.
" 162, l. 2, '*trim'd*.' Cf. st. 54, l. 2: st. 126, l. 3.
" 163, l. 4, '*Witke*' = willow sapling.
" 166, l. 1, '*seizing*' = seizing: l. 5, '*Peruque*' = wig.
" 167, l. 4, '*run*'—run as from a common sewer or jakes?
" 173, l. 6, '*crinkling*' = shrinking.
" 175, l. 1, '*petard*' = engine of ancient war: l. 6, '*Lecture*' = reading or speech.
" 176, l. 2, '*Complements*' = compliments.
" 179, l. 3, '*voyage*' = journey—now limited to sea-journeying.
" 184, l. 5, '*witke*.' Cf. st. 163, l. 4, and note.
" 190, l. 2, '*Consorts*' = sisterly companions.
" 194, l. 1, '*convoy'd*' = conveyed, but implying companionship. It is still thus used in Scotland, as when a young man sees his 'sweet-heart' home or most of the way, or when a friend accompanies another on departing.
" 202, l. 1, '*gate*' = gait.
" 206, l. 6, '*Lily-name*,' viz. Susannah = *Zoufardva*, i.e. *lily*, 'a lily,' or bright flower.
" 211, l. 5, '*ful-mouth'd*' = foul-mouthed, as the context shows. See st. 209-210. Usually it is full-mouthed or the mouth filled (with food) as Quarles (Emblems v. 7, Epigram):—
'Cheer up, my soul, call home thy spr'ns, and bear
One bad Good-Friday: full-mouth'd Easter's near.
i.e. Easter that fills the mouth or brings plenty.
" 217, l. 4, '*illustrions*' = lustrous.
" 218, l. 4, '*tire*' = head-dress.
" 219, l. 1, '*course*' = coarse.
" 220, l. 2, '*putid*' = putrid? Latin, *putidus* (from *puteo*), to have an ill smell.—G.



CANTO III.

The Girdle, or Love-Token.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Her Spouse, in token of his royal Love
A Girdle unto Psyche sends ; wherein
The accurate Works historic Beauty strove
The radiant Materials to outshine.
Phylax the rich Embroidery expounds,
And with the Token then the Maid surrounds.*

I.

*SHORT Taste of Pleasures, how dost thou torment
A liquorish Soul, when once inflam'd by thee !
Desire's sweet-cruel edge might soon relent,
Didst thou not whet it to that keen degree,
That nothing but complete fruition will
The longing of its wakened stomach fill.*

2.

*The Seaman, who hath with unwearied pain
Wrought through a thousand storms, and gain'd the
sight
Of his sweet Home ; that some cross wind again
Robs him of that dear-purchased delight,
He finds a greater storm in's breast arise
Pouring his sorrows through his mock'd eyes.*

3.

*The pin'd Man, on whom a thinner She,
Insatiable Famine, long hath fed ;
Covets no Heav'n or Paradise to see
But what lies moulded up in any Bread.
One glimpse of this, bids Hope return, and light
Life in those eyes which were bequeath'd to Night.*

4.

*But if that cheerful Morn o'reclouded be,
And his young Comforts in their cradle slain ;
The fugitive Blessing feeds his misery,
And by rebound exalts it to a strain
Of higher Anguish : now his fancy more
Do's gnaw him, than his Hunger did before.*

5.

*So Psyche famished with strong desire
To view her Spouse, no sooner 'gan to taste*

*Of his first Lustre, but that dainty fire
Made her all-ravish'd Heart Joy's Holocaust :
All other Days she counted Night to this,
Whose Dawn had broach'd such golden floods of Bliss.*

6.

*But when immensity of Beams had cast
That cloud of weakness on her mortal eye ;
And whilst she found it, she the Light had lost
In too much Light ; her longing swell'd so high,
That did not sighs unload her bosom, it
Had by th' impatient belking Tumor split.*

7.

*She sighs, and thinks ; and then she sighs again :
Each frustrate thought which labour'd to comprise
What seeing kept from sight, makes her complain
Her thoughts were dazl'd, as before, her eyes.
Yet still she thinks, and grieving loves to be
Puzl'd in that delicious misery.*

8.

*That Glorious she knew not what, whose glance
No less attracted than repuls'd her look,
Rack'd her upon Imagination's Trance
Untill her over-strained Passion broke :
Whose torrent through her lips now gushing out,
This amorous Lamentation forth she brought :*

9.

*O happy ye, stout Eagles, happy ye,
Whose pure and genuine eyes are temper'd
To that brave Vigor, that the Majesty
Of your beloved Sun can never shed
Such bright extremities of Heav'n, but you
Can drink them in as fast as they can flow :*

10.

*You perch'd on some safe Rock can sit and see
How when the East unlocks his ruby gate,
From rich Aurora's bed of Roses He
Sweeter than it doth rise ; what Robe of state
That day He deigns to guild, what Tire of light
He on his temples binds there to grow bright.*

11.

Not one of those brisk Eyes with which by night
Heav'n looks so big and glorious, but at
The mighty dint ev'n of his dawning light
Its conquer'd and abashed self doth shut.
'Tis your prerogative alone to bear
That Splendor's stroke which dazzles every Star.

12.

Into his Chariot of flaming gold
You see him mount, and give his purple steeds
Leave to draw out the Day: you see him roll'd
Upon his diamond Wheels, whose bounty breeds
That gorgeous *Family of Pearls*, which dwells
On eastern shores in their fair Mother-shells.

13.

You see him climb Heav'n's highest silver hill,
And through *cross Cancer* make the *Hours* run *right*.
There with his widest looks your own you fill,
And riot in that royal feast of light;
Whilst to your eyes your souls fly up and gaze
On every Beauty of his high-noon face.

14.

You see Him till into the steep-down West
He throws his course, and in th' *Atlantick Deep*
Washes the sweat from his fair brow and breast,
And cool his smoking steeds, and yields to sleep
Among the watry *Nymphs*, who in his rest
Waft him through by-paths back into his East.

15.

The kind *Day* thus makes all her hours attend
Your undisturb'd *Jays*; but fainting me
With one poor minute she will not befriend
That I my fairer sweeter *Sun* may see.
Yet why blame I the *Day*? she's clear and fair:
But you, adulterate eyes, you cloudy are.

16.

/ Had you been *constant*, such had been my *Bliss*:
But you with faithless cowardize gave in.
Surely I'll be reveng'd on you for this,
Till you repent your treachery in brine.
Perhaps when tears have wash'd you clean, you may
Suit with the pureness of my *Sponse's* ray.

17.

These querulous sighs, by their impatient blast
Drove on the cloud, and now the Rain began;
Down her swell'n cheeks drops great and numerous
haste,
For more and greater still came crowding on;
Whilst either eye-lid sprinkled in the crowd
A living rainbow on its margin shew'd.

18.

Strange Fire of noble Love, which thus can feed
And feast on Water; which disdains to find

Delight in Joy, or Rest in Pleasure's bed!
Which seeks its Calm in sighs' tumultuous Wind!
Which dares amidst Grief's Sea expect a shore
Of Peace, and Quiet in a Tempest's roar.

19.

But as this storm swell'd high, in *Phylax* flies,
Whose yerning sweetness almost loos'd the rein
To his own gentle sympathetic eyes,
Seeing the flood of *Psyche's*: but in pain,
Till she was out, 'He hastes to chase away
Those sullen clouds which damp'd her joyous day.

20.

For with his wing he wip'd her blubber'd face,
And fann'd fresh comfort on her fainting mind:
Quarrel not with thine eyes; thy *Vision* was
Too visible; and they by growing blind
Their duty did, said He, being clogg'd as yet
With lazy *dust*, for sprightly sights unfit.

21.

Have patience till that *Dust* be put to bed,
And mix'd with the grave; then shall thine Eye,
From its dull former self awaken'd,
Open into a full capacity
Of viewing *Him*, whose lovely Princely Look
Shall be thy safe and everlasting Book.

22.

Mean while, this *Token* He is pleas'd to send,
Hoping thou'lt for his sake wear't next thy heart:
No *Lover* e'r woo'd his adored *Friend*
With richer Present; that thou ne'r maist start
From his affection, with this *Girdle* He
Contrives to bind thee to *Felicity*.

23.

The *Ground's* a texture all of Turtles' down,
Which dares call virgin-snow both *Aarsh* and *black*:
For He himself deep dy'd it in his own
River of *Whiteness*, whose meek head doth make
Its nest at his throne's foot; where once when He
But dip'd his hand, the fount prov'd *Purity*.

24.

To a choice *Grace* to spin He put it out,
That its fine thread might answer her neat hand;
And then through all heav'n's Jewel-house He sought
What *Gems* to honor with this *Ground*: The strand
Of precious *India* no such Treasure shows;
Above, the *Ocean of true Jewels* flows.

25.

Ten thousand glittering things He turning o'r,
Cull'd out a glorious heap: Yet if, said He,
I throng my Darling with this massy store,
'Twill to a Burden swell my Courtesy:
She tender is, and so my Love is too:
I wish her all; but these for all shall go.

26.

And those were Jaspers, Diamonds, Onyxes,
Topazes, Beryls, Rubies, Amethysts ;
All fitly polish'd for embroideries ;
But brighter far than ever flam'd on Priests'
Or Princes' crown : Which as He sending was
To honor with the work, another Grace,

27.

His *Snowy Mother*, waiting all that while
At his right hand, melted down on her knee,
And sweetly beg'd that Office : In a smile
(His constant aspect towards Her and Thee.)
He grants her kind request ; Yet stay, and let
Says He, my choice Thee with a *Needle* fit.

28.

A Twist of Glories o'r his shoulders thrown,
About his back a sportful Quiver roll'd,
Of metal in this grosser world unknown,
The *thrice-refined Quintessence of Gold*.
Yet was the splendid *House* less pure and fine
Than those *Inhabitants* it did inshrine.

29.

No sooner He unlock'd the glorious Lid,
But lo, a Cloud of living *Jays* and *Smiles*
Which in that merry Region were bred,
Breaths out itself, and all Spectators fills
With vigorous *Pleasures*, and with fresh *Desires*
To view that fountain whence such Bliss expires.

30.

Innumerable Shafts there nestling lye
And keep each other warm with mutual flames,
Since all their metal's *mystic Ardency* ;
A Metal which outbraves the gaudiest beams
That play about the Stars, or those which flow
From *Titan's* eyes, when they in *Highnoon* glow.

31.

For those top raies which dart pure Spirits of Splendor
Love once selecting from his royal Crown,
These Arms, said He, as solid are as slender ;
My Quiver shall this sole Artillery own :
My Heav'n's the Bow which at my Earth I bend,
And that my Arrows to their Mark shall send.

32.

There's no such thing, believe it *Psyche*, there,
As *laden Bolts*, steep'd in cold Scorn and Hate :
Each *Dart's* a *Son of fervor*, and do's wear
A rich remembrance of its *Master's* fate ;
For deep dy'd in his mighty precious Blood,
It keeps the pow'r and tincture of the flood.

33.

With these He wounds his best-belov'd Hearts,
And by each Wound sets ope to *Life* its way :

Life is the point of these mysterious *Darts*
Which with clear *Joy* and dainty *Vigor* slay.
They slay indeed, yet still reviving be ;
They nothing murder but *Mortality*.

34.

The threads of softest flax show gross and course
Compar'd with these, so delicate are they :
Yet cruel Steel strikes with less boistrous force,
And with less fatal certainty doth slay.
Immortal Eys alone can view them, but
No way they see to fence the subtle shot.

35.

They quench their noble thirst where'er they list
Sucking and quaffing in the royal veins
Of our sublimest *Cherub's* deepest breast :
All Heav'n's bright *Hierarchy* with joy complains
Of those sweet deaths these potent Weapons give,
By which in Pains of amorous Bliss they live.

36.

Love choosing one of these from its bright Nest
Applies it near his own all-piercing Ey,
From whose acute intention there prest
A Dint so searching, that immediately
The yielding *Dart* did answer't by a new
Eye of its own, and so a *Needle* grew.

37.

Then from his golden Locks, that curled Grove
Of thousand *Little Loves*, one single Hair
He pluck'd : And this alone, said He, will prove
Sufficient Thread to finish all thy fair
Embroidery ; 'twill stretch, and always be
Longer and longer to Eternity.

38.

Here take thy Tool ; but let th' *Invention* be
Thine own ; for who with comelier art can fit
The emblematic *Gift of Chastity*,
Than Thou, the *Mother* both of *Me* and *it* !
She bowing low, her thanks and duty throws
Before his feet, and to her work she goes.

39.

Th' officious *Graces* tripp'd after Her
With meet attendance on her lily train,
Unto that *Tower of living Crystal*, where
Thy *Vision* lately thee did entertain.
That *milky Way* which down Heav'n's mountain flows
Its beauteous smoothness to *Her* footsteps ows.

40.

Oft had she trac'd and travers'd it ; but ne'r
With cheerlier countenance or nimbler pace :
The pleasure of her Task could not forbear
To shew itself both in her feet and face ;
So much she joy'd this *Virgin-work* should be
Child to the *Mother of Virginity*.

41.

The Castle Gates in a soft smile flew ope
To see their *Queen*, and bid her welcome in.
She looks about her in that curious shop
Of *Purities*, uncertain where to 'gin :

She all approves, and therefore doth demur
Among so many *Bests*, which to prefer.

42.

The lofty Roof of that illustrious Hall
With *Sighs* and amorous *Languishments* was seal'd,
From whence in most delicious drops did fall
Down to the floor heartmelting *Tears*, and yield
A pearly pavement, which the ground's cool kiss
Into chaste *Firmitude* did crystallize.

43.

The Twilight's tears shed in the laps of flowers
Less gracefully reflect Heav'n's rising Ey,
When *Phoebus* lets in the Diurnal Hours
And trims his face upon the Morning sky ;
Than these reverberated that fair Look,
Which from the *Virgin's* entring face they took.

44.

Thick were the Walls impeopled, with the stories
Of those whom *Chastity* had cloth'd in *White*,
From antient *Abel's* most unspotted glories,
Unto the latest beams of virgin-light :
That *Abel* who first to his *Lilies* tied
Martyrdom's *Roses*, in whose bed he died.

45.

But at the upper end a Table hung
All of one sparkling Diamond, fair and high,
Whose brighter Lines the noblest *Angel's* tongue
Is proud to read. It was the History
Of *Love* himself, in sculpture so divine
That every Word the Table did outshine.

46.

For every Word seem'd more than seemingly
To live and breathe and walk and operate,
And gloriously maintain affinity,
With that immortal Word whose mortal state
Reviv'd on this fair Stage ; on which were met
Both his first *Bethlehem* and last *Olivet*.

47.

Long look'd she on this Pourtrait, and forgot
By looking long, that she had look'd at all :
Her Eyes, whose prey that Object was, did not
Perceive how by their pris'ner they were stole ;
Nor was she well aware how with her eyes
Her heart was gone, and made the Picture's prize.

48.

At length she sweetly cries, O that this hand
Might draw those Lines of Bliss, of Life, of Love !

Till *Time* do's fall I'd be content to stand
And practise here, so I at last might prove
Artist enough to form one Copy which
With more than all Heav'n would poor Earth enrich.

49.

But my *Almighty Lord and Son* who did
React his Stories on this diamond Scene,
By his own finger, can be copied
Only by it : Though He would make a *Queen*
Of worthless me, yet meet He judg'd it still
That in his *Handmaid* some defect should dwell.

50.

This word strait summon'd in th' ingenuous cheek
Of all the *Graces*, which about her prest
An universal blush, to hear their meek
Though highest *Empress* : And, may we at least
Copy, said they, this Lowliness, more due
To vulgar us, than unto Soverain you.

51.

But turning to the next her busy eye,
And reading there in glorious triumph drawn
The sweet Exploits of her *Virginity* :
She blush'd more than they, and of their own
Shame made them all asham'd, to see how far
It was outpurpled and outgain'd by Her.

52.

By her, who cry'd, since *He* is *Lord supreme*,
What help, if He be pleas'd to have it so.
If next his own He ranks his Vassal's *fame*,
And, prints it in a Book of Diamond too.
'Tis not the Picture of what I did merit,
But what His favour maketh me inherit.

53.

For what was I, a Lump of sordid Clay,
Who would have *Lovely* been, but could not be ;
For when I sunk my self, and lowest lay
Flat in the dust of my Humility,
Too high I was, and might most justly in
My native *Nothing's* gulf have plunged been.

54.

Had I had any thing in *truth mine own*,
I from that step might lowly have bow'd :
But seeing *all is His*, aforehand thrown
Was I beneath descent, though truly Proud
Vile *Dust* may be, yet properly to speak,
What springs from *Nothing* never can be *Meek*.

55.

Whilst in this Paradoxe's rapture she
Breathes forth her Piety ; the *Graces* by
Her, strong Dispute against it, clearer see
Th' illustrious Truth of her Humility.
(Thus when the blushing Rose her self doth close
Up in her bud, her sweetness widest flows.)

56.

Then round besieging Her with bended knees,
In a conspiracy of reverend love,
They charge Her thus : Seek no more stories ; these
Of thine, the best imbroidery will prove.

Degrade not what thy *Son* prefers, nor be
Because He loves thee, thine own enemy.

57.

Nay gentle Sisters, sweetly she replies,
I love my self too well so proud to grow ;
Though other hands applaud my victories,
Mine own would them deface by doing so.
Were that my work, this Needle at each letter
Would prick my heart, because I was no better.

58.

Lo in that next, that ruby Table there,
An heav'nly Pattern : well the *Man* I know,
Both to my *Lord* and Me a friend most dear,
When we with him were sojourners below.
Pure was his Life, and pure his Office was,
Cleansing the way where *Pureness* was to pass.

59.

Chaste Excellence, devout severity,
Courageous Temperance, death-daring Zeal,
All flourish in his blessed History :
Of both the Testaments the middle Seal
And Clasp was He ; and who so fit to be
This *Girdle's* beauty, as *conjunctive* He ?

60.

Whilst on the noble *Baptist* thus her eyes
And praises dwelt ; a *Grace* had fill'd in haste
Her lap with lilies, and the dainty prize
Into a chair of Alabaster cast.
The gentle *Virgin* smil'd at first to see't ;
Then down she sits and makes her Cushion sweet.

61.

Her maiden Train strait gathers close about,
And with a Jewel each one ready stands.
To her dear Work she falls ; and as she wrought,
A sweet Creation follow'd her hands :
Upon her knee apace the *Table* grew
And every figure to the Texture flew.

62.

As active *fancy* in a midnight's dream
With strange extemporal dexterity
What Scenes, what Throngs, what Worlds she lists doth
frame,
Making the most divided things agree,
And most united snarle ; though in a scant
Nook of the brain her spacious works be pent.

63.

So wrought this nimble *Artist*, and admir'd
Her self to see the Work march on so fast.

Surely th' ambitious History desir'd
To this new dignity amain to haste,
And purchase to its single ruby beams
The various Lustres of ten thousand Gems.

64.

The hindmost features forward crowd ; for all
Would needs thrust in, and rather choose to be
Justled, and press'd, and nipp'd into a small
(Yet fully glorious) epitomy ;
Than in that little Dwelling loose their seat,
Where sweet *Contraction* made their worth *more great*.

65.

And now the *Girdle* proves a *Throng*, which in
Each several Gem did find an Union :
But eminent above the rest did shine :
The lovely Master of the business, *John* ;
One-different John, who, as the *Work* doth rise,
Lives, preaches, washes, suffers prison, dies.

66.

Th' *Imbroidery* finish'd thus : that with more speed
She might present it to her mighty *Son*,
She gives command her Birds be harness'd :
Quick as the Word, her ready *Maidens* run,
And from the shore of her next milky spring
Five pair of her immortal *Pigeons* bring.

67.

Her Coach was double gilt with that pure Light
Whose grosser part fills *Phabus'* face with glory :
Not glaring, like his eyes, but *Mild* and *White*,
And shining like its *Owner's* *Virgin-story*.
The Reins were cloath'd in whitest silk, to hold
Some 'semblance to the Hand which them controll'd.

68.

The gentle *Birds* bow'd down their willing head
Not to be yokèd, but adorned by
The dainty harness : *Joy* and *Triumph* spread
Their wings, who well knew whether they should fly.
Strait nimble *She* into her Chariot step'd,
Which glad and proud to bear Her, upward leap'd.

69.

As through the whirling Orbs She faster flies,
The glittering *Girdle* to the Stars She shows :
They twinkled strait, asham'd of their faint eyes,
Round all the dazl'd *Zodiac* which throws
His spangled Cincture o'r the slippery Spheres
To keep in order and gird up the Years.

70.

Orion's Blush confess'd how much this sight
Outvy'd the glories which about him flow :
His yielding countenance fell, and to the bright
Triumphant Apparition did bow ;
Three times he try'd, and studiously felt
How to unbuckle his out-shin'd *Belt*.

71.

But mounting to the sovereign Palace, She
Hastes in to her expecting *Lord* and lays
Her face and *Work* upon his footstool : He
Her curious pains with high approval repays ;
Yet, on this *Ground* had thine own *Story* grown,
The *Girdle* would, said He, have fairer shown.

72.

Then to his royal Cabinet He goes,
Which *Spirits of gold*, and *Souls of Gems* inshrines ;
And having from that *heart of Richness* chose
The softest Drops, He in one *Jewel* twines
Such Rarities as my tongue cannot tell ;
But thy dear Soul their ravishments shall feel.

73.

For to the *Girdle* straitly linking it,
He deign'd to grace Me who stood wondering by ;
Take this, said He, and see how it will fit
Thine and my *Psyche's* : But be sure to ty
It on so close, that by this *Token* She
May understand how *near* She is to Me.

74.

The second hour's scarce entering since I took
It, and my leave : and here the *Present* is,
Come, wipe thine eyes ; a purified look
Is but a due debt where the sight is *Bliss*.
This said, the *Girdle's* volume ope he threw,
Whence a full volley of *Light's weapons* flew.

75.

But as the rural *Swains*, whose courser eyes
Ne'r star'd on other beauteous things than what
Begay the simple fields ; when first he spies
His Prince's Wardrobe ope, quite through is shot
With *wondering fear*, and much doubts least it be
Treason in him such royal sights to see :

76.

So mortal *Psyche* was dismay'd at this
Immortal Spectacle's first flash : When He
Cries out, Error cheats and frights thee thus ?
This *Zone's* not *torrid* though it flaming be ;
Nor sent thy *Spouse* this *Token* to destroy
Thine Eye's, but diet them with sparkling Joy.

77.

Feed then and feast them here ; whilst I in it
Interpret this rich dialect to Thee
Which *Mary's* needle hath so fairly writ,
And taught dumb Colours eloquent to be.
These words reliev'd the daz'd passion
Of *Psyche's* eyes, and *Phylax* thus begun :

78.

See'st thou that *Fabric* there, which lifts so high
Its glittering head, and scorns to pay the *Sun*

Homage for any beams, since *Sanctity*
Flames round about it, and 'twixt every stone
Lies thicker than the Cement ? know that this
Illustrious Pile, the *Jewish Temple* is.

79.

Forty-six years had run their race, and spent
Their own upon Heav'n's lasting Orbs, before
This Structure gain'd its first complement :
But here a moment rais'd it, and to more
Pomp than proud *Herod's* Treasury could dress :
These *Stones* grew in a *richer mine* than His.

80.

That reverend *Senior* whose high-miter'd Head
Points out his heav'nly Office, is the *Priest*.
Plain in his awful Countenance thou maist read
What his Attire proclaims : were He undrest,
He still with virtues would arrai'd be,
Who now clothes *holy Robes* with Sanctity.

81.

His left hand on his *sealed mouth* he lays,
His right he backward to the *Altar* stretches ;
His eyes are full of talk ; his gestures' phrase
Without a tongue, his Mind's oration Preaches.
At length that throng of People there, began
To guess the *Sense*, and what befel the man.

82.

Whilst on the Incense-altar He did place
Its aromatic fuel, and supply
What Heat or Sweetness there deficient was
By many a fervent Vow and precious Sigh ;
His Cloud out-flew the fainting Incense smোক,
And stoutly through Heav'n's highest stories broke.

83.

Where as it roll'd, an Angel leaps upon
Its odorous back, and posteth down to Earth ;
Hither he steers his flight ; his station
He by that Altar takes ; and there breathes forth
A sweet repayment unto *Zachary*
Of what his Soul had panted out so high.

84.

Behold, says he, thy *Vows* and *Prayers* are
Come back to fill thy bosom with *success* :
No *Messenger* am I of fright or fear ;
Trust Me, and trust thy privileged *Bliss* :
Thine Heart, so fruitful in sublime Affection,
Hath for thy Body earn'd an high *Production*.

85.

Thy dear *Elisa*, who is join'd to Thee
As near in Virtue's as in Wedlock's Tie,
Shall bear a *Son*, in whom thine eyes shall see
The fruit of both those Knots ; a *Son* so high
In Heav'n's esteem, that *God* thinks fit to frame
His sacred Title ; *John* must be his Name.

86.

A Name of high Ingredients, *God*, and *Grace* ;
For ne'r was Man so grac'd by God, as He.
His Life shall justify before the face
Of all the World this *Etymology*.

Needs must that Name *infallible Success*
Assert, where *God* the *Nomenclator* is.

87.

A *Son of smiles and Gladness* he shall prove,
Making thine aged heart young with Delight.
On his birthday together *Joy* and *Love*
Shall spring with Him, and take their blessed flight
To thousand Souls, where they shall sit and tell
What Hopes, what Wonders in thy *Infant* dwell.

88.

When friendliest Stars had their propitious powers
Join'd in the straitest league of Love, to crown
With *Fortune's* own blest *Soul* the native hours
Of noblest Princes ; they were never known
To dart so much of *kind Heav'n* down to earth,
As forth shall break at His auspicious Birth.

89.

For in his own *Creator's* mighty Eye,
(In which the burly bulk of all this World
Less than the simplest Atom shows, which by
The feeble Air in scorn about is hurl'd,)
Great shall thy Son appear ; Let Doubting go,
Immensity resolves to make him so.

90.

For whilst he nestles in the narrow Cell
Of thine *Elisa's* womb, the *Spirit of Heav'n*
(Much vaster than its boundless Realm) shall fill
His breeding Heart : which, when it once is thriven
Unto a pitch mature, shall nobly prove
To *Earth*, how it by *Heav'n* alone doth move.

91.

No boistrous roaring Wine, or rampant Drink
Shall his sweet lip deflour : his Cup must be
Fed on some virgin-fountain's crystal brink,
To teach his Palate too Virginity :
For in his sacred veins no fire must flow,
But what *Heav'n's Spirit* pleaseth there to blow.

92.

With which brave fire He *Israel* must refine ;
Israel, o'rgrown with rust and filth : and so
Chastise and cleanse the Way where his divine
Redeemer means close after him to go.
For nobler flames ne'r warm'd *Elijah's* breast,
Than in thy *Son's* shall make their gallant nest.

93.

So spake the wing'd *Ambassador*, but *Doubt*
Ran shivering through the *Old man's* jealous heart :

Through his uncertain Eye *Dismay* look'd out ;
And his sear joints did too-too nimbly start.

Thus vain *fear* forc'd the *Priest* himself to be
A sacrifice to *Infidelity*.

94.

And this Reply he sigh'd : Decayed, I
Alas want blood to paint a Blush at this
Too worthy News : Can fifty Summers fly
Back, and with *Youth* my wither'd Spirits bless !
Frost in my veins, and Snow upon my Head
Bid me already write, *More than half dead*.

95.

Nor in *Elisa* doth less *Deadness* live :
How then in two such *Winters* can there grow
A *Spring* whose sudden Vigoroussness may give
New Lives to Us, and make them overflow
Into a *third* ? Sweet Angel, thy *strange Word*
May well some *Sign* to cheer my faith afford.

96.

Sure then thou know'st not Me, the *Angel* cries ;
Wer't thou aware that *Gabriel* I am,
Who in the Presence-chamber of the skies
Attend on *God* and his *Almighty Lamb* ;
From purest *Verity's* eternal Home
Thou would'st not dare to dream that *fraud* could
come.

97.

Yet shalt thou have a *Sign* ; and I will fast
Seal't on thy faithless Tongue which asked it.
Mute shall that Tongue remain, until thou hast
Seen what thou would'st not credit : Then I'll let
The Pris'ner loose again, that it may sing
A *Benedictus* to its gracious *King*.

98.

That stiptic Word full in the *Priest's* face flew,
And fastned mystic chains upon his Tongue.
He strait rejoyc'd to feel his Censure true ;
And with his eyes and heart forestall'd his Song.
He thinks and looks his earnest Hymn, and pays
For his dumb Punishment, his silent Praise.

99.

But now observe that sober *Matron* there,
Through whose well-poised eyes sage *Chastity*
Her reverend prospect takes : Lo how the dear
And trusty *Promise* in her *Womb* grows high ;
Which by *still swelling* tacitly confesses
The same the *Muteness* of her *Sponse* expresses.

100.

Mark that most humbly-gentle *Stranger* come
To see her pregnant *Cosen* : Her array
Is plain and poor ; her Looks still seem at home,
So closely cloyster'd in their veil are they :
Spectators were so much her Dread, that she
Ev'n in this *Girdle* would not view'd be.

101.

She would not view'd be, yet shines more bright
Than all the rest, because herself she clouds.
So the most pure and star-like Hypocrite
Of all the Tribe of sparks, is that which shrowds
Its bashfull Lustre in th' unlikely nest
Of the cold flint's ignoble swarthy breast.

102.

Tis *She* whose Handy-work the *Girdle* is,
And who upon herself least cost bestows ;
She, whose *salute* with raviishment did seize
Elisa's heart. See how her arms she throws
In wide astonishment ; how fain would those
Pearls which have op'd her mouth, her words disclose ;

103.

All Glories which our *female Tribe* have crown'd,
Cry'd she, shrink in their conquer'd eyes, to see
Those brighter Blessings which in *Thee* abound,
Thou *Miracle* of Virgin-pregnancy.
All Happiness dwells in thy *God* ; and *He*
Takes up his mansion now in chosen *Thee*.

104.

For when thy *Salutation* through mine ear
Shed Heav'n into my heart ; the *Babe* which lay
Listning within me, prov'd that he did hear,
And ken the language too : nor would he stay
To act his triumph in some larger room,
But, for his dancing-house, leap'd in my womb.

105.

He by thy voice well knew that *WORD* which was
Within, and finding now his *Lord* so near,
Thought it high time to be at work, and as
He might, begin his active Office here :
A true *fore-runner*, who doth leap unborn ;
Unto his *Lord's strange Day*, a *wonderous Morn*.

106.

See'st thou that knot of *busy Jewels* there,
Whose cheerly Looks some happy News proclaim ?
The *Infant's* born, and those his Kinsfolks are,
At Circumcision's Rites : but for his *Name*
A kind Dispute makes their loves disagree ;
All these will have it none but *Zachary*.

107.

His holy *father's Name* will sit most fair
Upon the *Son*, say they, who now doth rise
The long-expected and miraculous Heir,
From whom may flow a Brood of *Zacharies*.
The Eagle's Progeny must needs inherit
As well their father's princely Name, as Spirit.

108.

O no ! the *Mother* cries, mis-call him not ;
His *Name*, before himself, conceived was,

Surely wise *Heav'n's* best understandeth what
Title will fit its Gifts. Might I the case
Resolve, my honor'd Spouse's Name alone
I would prefer ; but *Heav'n* hath chosen *John*.

109.

So hot the kind Contention grew, that now
To *Zacharie's* decision they run.
See where He writes : that golden leaf doth show
The Oracle's Decree : *His Name is John*.
In what fair equipage those Letters stand !
For *Maria's* finger here did guide his hand.

110.

No sooner had his pen drop'd that sweet *Name*,
But his long-frozen Tongue again was thaw'd :
For *Gabriel* (though undiscern'd) came
To melt the chain which he on it had thrown.
The Captive, glad of this Releasment, dances,
And with inspired Lays his Joys advances.

111.

Behold his friends in that admiring Throng,
Whose eys and hands Amazement lifts so high,
To see at length his dead and buried Tongue
Revive, and yield a vocal Progeny
Of holy Praise : thus strangely answering
That *Birth* which from his cold dry body sprung.

112.

That feather'd and party-colored Thing
Who to her puffing mouth a Trump doth set,
And hastens hence with ready-stretch'd wing,
Is noble *fame* ; which posteth to transmit
These Miracles in such a sound as may
Through every ear and heart command its way.

113.

Look where she's perch'd now upon yonder Hill,
And on that advantageous Theatre
Doth all the Quarters of *Judea* fill
With stranger News than ever thundred there.
Thus *John*, who came to be a *Voice*, doth in
Fame's and his *Father's* Tongue, his *Cry* begin.

114.

But there the Scene is chang'd, where *Desolation*
Was sole Inhabitant, until that one
Poor *Ermite* chose his tamest habitation
Amidst its Wildness : That plain Thing is *John*.
'Tis strange how *Mary* taught such Gems to seem
So vile a garb, as here becloudeth him.

115.

That Cincture stands but for a thong of Leather,
That Vestiment for a coat of Camel's Hair :
The sum of all his Wardrobe was no other
But what upon his simple self he bare.
No Riches will I own, said noble *He*,
But what may make me *rich in Poverty*.

116.

I know my Dust ; nor shall my flesh and Blood
 Flatter my heart into forgetfulness,
 That they are sentenc'd to become the food
 Of Putrifaction : and why should I dress
Corruption's seeds in Beautie's livery,
 And be a painted Tomb before I dy?

117.

I'll rob *no Ermya* of his dainty skin
 To make mine own grow proud : No cloth of gold
 To me shall dangerous emulation win :
 I live to live ; I live not to be sold :
 And fine enough this Clod of mine shall be
 In Weeds which best will suit *Humility*.

118.

Let Scarlet's Blush the guilty Court attend,
 Let wanton Silk smile on the Gallant's back,
 Let pure and snowy-countnanc'd Linen lend
 Its own to those who *other Whiteness* lack :
 My Bravery must be, an *Eye* to please
 Which reads no beauty in such Joys as these.

119.

Let gaudy *fashion-mongers* day by day
 Misshape themselves, and vex their giddy Brain
 About some upstart Cut or Garb, which they
 Were never yet disfigur'd with : in vain
 Striving to catch the *fashion*, which is still
 Like *Phaë's* face, but one day at the full.

120.

My *fashion* constant as my Nature is,
 Which taught me it : Nor is the Sun midway
 His race e'r I have travell'd through my Dress.
 The same East op's mine eyes, which op's the Day ;
 And I'm as soon attir'd as wak'd, who ne'r
 Do any other but my Bed-cloths wear.

121.

This hairy Covering is my only Bed,
 My shirt, my cloke, my gown, my every-thing.
 When over it these *several Names* I read,
 His furniture I well can spare the King,
 The tumult of whose store yields no supply
 So fully fit, as my Epitomy.

122.

Mark now that bubbling Crystal, *Psyche*, there ;
 That spring's the living Cellar of the *Saint* :
 Thence do's he draw his tame and virgin beer,
 And makes his Blood with those cool streams acquaint :
 Cool streams indeed ; yet such as best agree
 With fervent flames of noblest Piety.

123.

No Kitchin he erects, to be the shop
 Wherein to forge his *Bellie's* ammunition :

His Table's full as cheap as is his cup,
 And no less stor'd with fountains of provision ;
 This Region doth him his *Catës* afford,
 And even his *Habitation* is his *Board*.

124.

His common Diet those poor Locusts are ;
 And when he feasts, he lifts but up his head,
 And strait those courteous Trees, to mend his fare,
 Into his Mouth sincerest honey shed.
 Nor turns he down that Mouth, untill it has
 Pay'd for its sweet feast by a sweeter Grace.

125.

Here *with himself he do's converse* : a rare
 And painful thing, when Men in Presses dwell ;
 Where whilst on those who crow'd them, still they stare,
 Unhappy they, alas, though too-too well
 Skilled in all their Neighbors, never come
 To be acquainted with themselves at home.

126.

The rest of his Acquaintance dwelt on high,
 Beyond his eye's reach, but within his heart's :
 For with what speed brave Lightnings downward fly,
 Through every stage of heav'n, this upward darts :
 Nor will its spiritfult journey bounded be
 By any Rampart but *Jumensity*.

127.

At *God* it aims, nor ever fails to hit
 Its blessed mark, whilst on strong *Prayer's* wings,
 Or *Contemplation's*, it steers its flight :
 And rank'd above with joyous Angels sings,
 Admires, adores, and studies to forget
 There is a *Breast* below which wanteth it.

128.

How often has his fainting *Body* made
 Complaint of his *injurious Piety* !
 How often has it cry'd, I am betray'd ;
 My life and spirits all away do fly
 And smile in Heav'n, whilst I below am left
 To live this Death, of death and life bereft.

129.

He fetch'd no bold Materials from the deep
 Bowels of any Marble Mine, to raise
 A daring Fabric which might scorn the steep
 Torrent of headlong *Time* ; as if his Days
 And years had been his own, and he might here
 Lord of his life for ever domineer.

130.

He knew the least Blast's indignation might
 His brittle *Dust and Ashes* blow away :
 He knew most certain Death's uncertain Night
 Lurk'd in the bosom of his vital Day :
 He knew that any House would serve him, who
 Look'd for no Home so long's he dwelt Below.

131.

That Cave his Palace was, both safe and strong,
Because not kept by jealous Door nor Bar :
Those Groves his Gardens, where he walk'd among
The *family of Dread*, yet knew no fear:
For *fear's* wild Realm is not the Wilderness,
But that foul Breast where *Guilt* the dweller is.

132.

Those Bears, those Boars, those Wolves, whose ireful
face
Strikes terror into other Mortal Eyes,
With friendly Mildness upon him did gaze,
As on sweet *Adam* in calm Paradise.
They slander'd are with savageness ; no spleen
They bear to *Man*, but to *Man's* poison, *Sin*.

133.

So wild, so black, and so mis-shap'd a Beast
Is *Sin*, that other *Monsters* it defy
As a more Monstrous thing than they, and cast
About how to revenge it : But the eye
And Port of *Purity* so reverend are,
That Beasts most fear'd wait on it with fear.

134.

The beams of this Angelic Life at last
Broke out, and summon'd in new Admiration ;
For *Man* at length, that *duller, ruder Beast*,
Is by these Brutes convinc'd to imitation.
Behold that thronging Rout which hither flies ;
See how they stare, and scarce believe their Eys.

135.

These *Deserts* nothing less than desert seem,
Being crowded from themselves, and now become
Jurist's thick Towns, and fair *Jerusalem*,
Which hither have remov'd their populous Home.
What now has *John* lost by his private Cell,
To which whole Towns and Cities flock to dwell?

136.

Thus generous *Honor* righteously disdains
Ev'n to be touched by th' high-panting reach
Of bold *Ambition* : but through hills and plains,
And dens and caves, and *Deserts'* hunts, to catch
The modest *fugitive*, whom *Worth* doth hurry
From *Worth's* Reward, and makes afraid of Glory.

137.

His Auditory now so ample grown,
The noble *Ermite* is resolv'd to Preach :
Behold, says he, that promis'd *Glorie's Dawn*,
(Which to behold, the *Patriarchs* did reach
Their necks and eyes through many a *shady thing*)
In your horizon now begins to spring.

138.

O fail ye not to meet his gracious Beams
With undefiled hearts ; for such is *He* ;

And will *Baptize* you with refin'd streams
Of searching fire, that you may Metal be
Of pure alloy, and, sign'd with his face
And Motto, through his Realm for current pass.

139.

Let not that Power of Spots and Blots, which in
Your Souls now reigns, make you despair to be
Freed from the nasty bondage of your Sin,
For you beforehand shall be Wash'd by me :
My water for his fire the way prepares,
As for my water must your hearty Tears.

140.

Observ'st thou, *Psyche*, how that silver stream
Its limpid self doth through the *Girdle* wind :
This *Jordan* is, and there the People seem
At busy crowding strife who first should find
A better *Baptism* in those floods, which may
Their fruitless *Legal Washings* wash away.

141.

But mark that grateful *He* : how sweet his eye,
How delicate and how divine his face
Embellish'd with heart-conquering Majesty !
Were't thou to choose thy *Spouse*, wouldst thou no
place
Thy soul to Him? 'Tis *He* : O no, it is
As much of Him as *Jewels* can express.

142.

To be Baptis'd, but not cleans'd, comes *He*,
Who is more spotless than that living *Light*
Which gilds the crest of *Heav'n's* sublimity :
He comes, by being wash'd to wash white
Baptism itself, that it henceforth from Him
And his pure Touch, with *Purity* may swim.

143.

As when amongst a gross ignoble crowd
Of flints and pebbles and such earth-bred stones
An heaven-descended Diamond strives to shroud
Its luster's brave ejaculations ;
Although it 'scapes the test of vulgar eyes,
The wiser Jeweller the Gem describes :

144.

So most judicious *John's* discerning eye
This *Stranger's* shy but noble splendor read.
Besides, when others to their Baptism by
A penitent Confession prefaced,
He wav'd that useless Circumstance, and so
Himself conceal'd, yet intimated too.

145.

See how Suspense astounds the *Baptist* : for
The *Promis'd sign* his *Master* to descry
Appear'd not : this made his just Demur
Dispute the case, and resolutely cry,
If thou art spotless, fitter 'tis for me
Who sinful am, to be baptis'd by thee.

146.

But when his *Lord* reply'd, For once let me
Prevail, since thus alone we must fulfil
The sum of righteousness; ambiguous He
Felt sacred Aw surprise his trembling Will :
He mus'd, and guess'd, and hover'd about
The glimmering Truth with many a yielding thought.

147.

Which *Jesus* seeing, He upon him threw
The urgent yolk of an express Injunction ;
Whose virtue forthwith efficacious grew,
And made the meek *Saint* bow to his high function.
Cast but thine eye a little up the stream,
Wading in Crystal there thou seest *Them*.

148.

Old *Jordan* smil'd, receiving such high Pay
For those small pains obedient he had spent
Making his water's guard the dry'd way
Through wonders when to *Canaan Israel* went.
Nor do's he envy now *Pactolus'* streams
Or eastern fouds, whose paths are pav'd with Gems.

149.

The waves came crowding one upon another
To their fair *Lord* their chaste salute to give :
Each one did chide and jostle back his brother,
And with laborious foaming murmur strive
To kiss those Feet, and so more spotless grow,
Than from its virgin spring it first did flow.

150.

But those most happy Drops the *Baptist* cast
On *Life's* pure head, into the joyless *Sea*
Which borroweth from *Death* its stile, made haste,
And soon confuted that sad Heraldry :
The Deep that day reviv'd, and clapt his hands,
And roll'd his smiles about his wondring strands.

151.

See there thy *Spouse* is on the bank, and more
Than Heav'n flown down and pitch'd upon his head :
That snowy *Dove* which perch'd heretofore
High on the all-illustrious Throne of *God*,
Hath chose this seat, nor thinks it a Descent
On such high terms to leave the Firmament.

152.

For whosoever *Jesus* is, although
In the profoundest sink of black *Disgrace*,
Still *Glory* triumphs in his sovereign brow,
Still *Majesty* holds its imperial place
In the bright Orb of his all-lovely Eye ;
Still most depressed He remains *Most High*.

153.

And *Heav'n* well-witness'd this strange truth, which in
That wondrous instant op'd its mouth and cry'd,

This is my *Darling Son*, in whom do shine
All my Joy's Jewels. O how far and wide
That *Voice* did fly, on which each *Wind* gat hold,
And round about the World the Wonder told.

154.

From hence to Court the valiant *Baptist* goes,
Where Lusty *sins* no less than *Herod* reign :
Meek Sanctity had arm'd him well with those
Proud Enemies a combat to maintain.
He who dares nothing but his Maker fear,
Against all Monsters may proclaim a War.

155.

Behold how Pomp besots great *Herod* there :
O what imposthumes of fond Majesty
Pride puffs into his face ! Durst there appear
A Censor now a just Truth to apply
Home to the King, and tell him that his eyes
Should rather swell with Tears, his breast with Sighs ?

156.

Yes, there the Heav'n-embellish'd *Preacher* is,
Who therefore in strong pity melts to see
A Prince made Subject to vile wickedness.
Great Sir, the *Match* unlawful is, cries he :
O far be it from Kings to break the *Law*,
For whose defence so strong their Scepters grow.

157.

Since to thine own Commands, just duty Thou
Expectest from thy Subjects ; let thy neck
Not scorn to thine own *Maker's* yoke to bow.
The Precedent may dangerous prove, and wrack
Thy throne and kingdom, if thy People read
Highest Rebellion's Lesson in their Head.

158.

Thy Brother's Wife to Him as near is ty'd
As He himself ; O tear him not in sunder :
You murder him alive when you divide
His *Dearest Unity* : The worst of Plunder
Is Mercy, if compar'd with this, which doth
By tearing off one half, unravel both.

159.

Live, live O King, and flourish ; live for ever ;
Yet not for works of *Death*, but Acts of *Life*.
Death's proper hateful office 'tis to sever
The loving Husband from his lawful Wife :
But *He* his wrath as yet deferred hath ;
O why wilt Thou more cruel be than *Death* !

160.

God who made this enclosure, hedging Her
In to her *Philip*, still hath left to Thee
And thy free choice, an open Champain, where
Millions of sweet and virgin Beauties be.
Adorn thy bed with any one beside,
Only thy Brother's must not be thy Bride.

161.

Must not ? th' *Adulteress* cry'd (for she was by)
Whether is *Herod*, or that *Youngling*, King?
And shall the Acts of awful Majesty
Be flouted by this upstart prattling Thing?
My bodkin burns his traitorous tongue to bore,
And make it sure for preaching Me a *Whore*.

162.

Be thou content my Dear, the King replies,
Strait I'll revenge thy Wrong, for 'tis mine own.
Rebellion's fiery Boils may likelier rise
From his in venom'd Words against my Crown,
Than from our spotless *Match*; which Heav'n long
bless!
Drag him to Prison, he shall smart for this.

163.

(Unhappy *Truth*, how gains vain *Flattery*
More grace and freedom in the Court than Thou,
Who mightst secure and prosper Majesty,
Whilst that doth Lies, and Traps, and Poisons strew!
Who though thou meek and poor and naked art,
Yet bear'st a valiant and loyal heart!)

164.

Deep in the City's bottom sunk there was
A Goal, where *Darkness* dwelt and *Desolation*:
Through all the Town's proud Taunts inforc'd to pass,
In glorious patience and meek exultation:
The *Saints* is thither hurried, and down
Into the miry dungeon headlong thrown.

165.

So when unworthy Chance doth prostitute
Some noble Jewel unto sordid Swine,
The senseless Beasts unable to compute
Their Prize's worth, or read those beams which shine
With love-commanding beauty, rudely tread
Into the vilest dirt its precious head.

166.

These rude dead walls, with stones almost as hard
As that which for a heart did serve the King,
The Pris'ner up in a *new desert* barr'd:
Yet his free Contemplation still did bring
Heav'n's latitude into those straits, and swell
With *Angels* and with *God* that *lesser Hell*.

167.

This is his noble Company, and He
More liberty doth in his Goal enjoy,
Than foolish *Herod*, though his *Tetrarchy*
Op's to his loosest Lusts so wide a way.
Vice is the foulest Prison, and in this
Not *John*, but *Herod* the *close Pris'ner* is.

168.

Yet *Herod* thinks not so: (what pity 'tis
Vain *Thought* and *Fancy* thus the scale should sway,

And ponderous *Reason's* sober solidness
Like light and idle froth be cast away!)
For this smart *Preacher* thus imprison'd, He
Judges himself, and all his Pleasures free.

169.

And in that freedom means to celebrate
That Day which gave him welcome from the womb;
To crown which Ceremony with bright state,
His glittering *Nobles* all to Court must come,
That Men might in the splendor of each Guest
Read his magnificence who makes the Feast.

170.

Abundant choice of every lusty Beast
Was hither brought: No Bird so dear and rare,
But it was fetched from its highest Nest
To build in some quaint py or platter here.
To *Noah's* Ark scarce came a thicker Croud
For life, than to be slain there hither flow'd.

171.

The Ocean too streams in to fill this brim
Of more than spring-tide superfluity:
Large shoals of wanton fishes here must swim
In aromatic ponds of spicery;
That *Herod's* ominous *Birth-Day* forth may bring
A needless *Death* to every kind of thing.

172.

Ambition was chief steward of the Feast;
Both Cook and Cater liquorish *Luxury*;
Only *Lust* mix'd the gallant sauce, and drest
The choice inflaming Dainties of the Sea.
Lo there the King is with his Nobles set,
And all the crowded Table smoaks with meat.

173.

Intemperance attended on the board,
And crown'd with sparkling Wine each foaming Cup.
The *King's* health first went round, which every *Lord*
Drowning his own in it, hasts to drink up;
And loudly prays, His life as full may be
Of years, as they the Board of dishes see.

174.

Next to the *Queen* their ranting homage they
All in a like drink-offering sacrifice,
And heap upon her second Nuptial day
The garlands of their courtliest flatteries;
Darting on *Philip* scorn's ignoble Wit,
Whom as the *Married Widdower* they twit.

175.

Then wild with proud excess, bowl after bowl
Are to their female *Idols* poured down.
So monstrous were those Draughts, that *Bacchus'* soul
Had now all *theirs* subdu'd, and *King* was grown
Of *them* and of their *Prince*; who belching cries,
Enough of this feast; now let's feed our eyes.

176.

For he the young *Herodias* had spy'd ;
Whose face no sooner dawn'd in the Hall,
But an enchanting meretricious Tide
Of *sweets* and *Graces* overflows them all.
Doubled her Looks' and Dresses' beauties be,
Because her fond Spectators double see.

177.

No *Syrax* ever on the watry stage
Did act so *true*, a *false* but lovely part,
The gazing careless Seaman to engage
In the delicious shipwreck of his heart :
Nor e'r was dangerous Sea so deep and wide
As in her narrow breast this *Nymph* did hide.

178.

Behold *her* there : What studi'd neglect
Upon her shoulders pours her tresses down !
How is her breast with Gems' allurements deckt,
Yet wins more eys and wishes by its own ;
Whose speaking nakedness itself commends,
And hufal *Fancies* to what's cover'd sends.

179.

Yea ev'n her quaint Attire all thin and light
With gorgeous hypocrisy doth lay
More open what it would deny the sight,
And whilst it stops, invites into the way.
About she swims ; and by a courtly Dance
Her other beauties' value doth enhance.

180.

All Eyes and Hearts trip after Her, as she
About the Hall her graceful motions measures :
No nimble Turn can in the Galiard be,
But *Herod's* brains turn too : who by these pleasures
Again seems *drunk*, and to his surfeit doth
Give ease by vomiting his *plotted Oath*.

181.

By heav'n and my own Majesty, he cries,
This Dance, sweet Daughter, must not want reward :
For never *Venus* travers'd the skies,
With a more Soul-commanding Galiard.
Let thy Demand be high ; for though it be
Half of my Realm, 'tis wholly due to Thee.

182.

A cunning Blush in her well-tutor'd face
This mighty Promise kindled : to the ground
Three times she bows, and with a modest grace
Minces her spruce retreat, that she might sound
Her *Mother's* counsels, in whose joyfull ear
She chirps the favor *Herod* offer'd her.

183.

The salvage *Queen*, whose thirst not all the Wines
At that great Feast could quench, unless they were

Brew'd with the richer blood of *John*, inclines
Her Daughter to request this boon for her.
I ne'r shall think, said she, that *Herod* is
Mine, or his *Kingdom's Head*, whilst *John* wears his.

184.

Thou knowst my Wrongs, and with what pain I wear
The Name of *Whore* his Preachment on me pinn'd :
Help then my righteous vengeance on, and tear
Away this Grief which knaws thy Mother's mind.
This was enough : back flies the *Damsel*, and
Thus sweetens o'r her barbarous Demand :

185.

As long as Heav'n's great *King*, may *Herod* reign ;
And bless'd be this undeserv'd Day
Wherein thine Handmaid doth such favor gain,
That half thy Kingdom shall not say me Nay ;
For real is thy royal Word : But why
Should a poor Maid's ambition tow'r so high ?

186.

That mighty Promise well became the *King*.
That like thy self thy Bounty might appear.
But Heav'n forbid that I so vile a Thing,
Thy Scepter's glories should in sunder tear,
And break mine arm with *Half* of that Command
Whose Total is too little for thy Hand.

187.

A slender Gift more equal Pay will be
To my Desert ; Grant me but my just will
Over one wretched *Worm* which knoweth thee
And thy whole *Stock* : So shall the King fulfil
His royal Word : I only crave *His Head*
Whose Tongue deflour'd your and my Mother's Bed.

188.

But at this impudently-meek Request
Strait, startled *Herod* from the Table flings ;
His locks and beard he tears, he beats his breast,
His teeth he gnashes and his hands he wrings ;
He stares, he sighs, he weeps, and now seems more
With sorrow drunken, than with Wine before.

189.

Alas, alas, he cries, what have I done !
O that my Kingdom might my Word recall !
How shall I help thee now, unhappy *John*,
Who in my *Promise* preach'd thy *Funeral* !
As thee thy careless *Tongue* a Pris'ner made,
So my rash *lips* have thee to death betray'd.

190.

O that to day my *Lords* had not been here
The solemn Witnesses of my great *Vow* !
Must *Death* intrude, and his black Warrant bear
Date, on my sadly-joyous *Birthday* ? How
Shall I unsnarle my Promise, and contrive
That both my *Honor* and the *Saint* may live !

191.

Both cannot live ; O that poor *Herod* were
Some *private Man*, that so he might be free
Of his *Repute* ! But *Prince's honors are*
The People's too ; and by Community
The guiltless *Body* would be perjur'd,
Should I my self forswear who am their *Head*.

192.

Let my sad shipwreck steer you to the bay
Of *cautious safety* : Ne'r let Mirth and Wine
Your Tongues unbridle, and such fetters lay
On your best freedom as are thrown on mine.
Enslav'd am I, though King, by one wild Word,
And my own Promise is my cruel Lord.

193.

A Lord which forces me to bath my sword
Deep in the veins of my most choice Delight :
What glimpse can all my Kingdom me afford
Of worthy joy, if my own *Sentence* fight
Against my heart's best Wish ; if I alone
Must murder what I honor, *holy John* ?

194.

And must *John* die ? bear witness all how loth
This fatal Word falls from my forcé lip,
To recompence the too too hasty Oath
Which from *Imprudence*, not from *Me* did slip.
Then take his *Head* : Yet never say that I
Issu'd this Warrant, but *Necessity*.

195.

Thus strove the Tyrant by a comely *Ly*
The visage of his hideous Hate to paint,
Least in the *Damself's* Dance his Policy
Might seem to have been mask'd against the *Saint*.
Thus dreads He his unlawful Vow to break,
But fears not *Lust* with *guiltless Blood* to back.

196.

'Twas plain, his finite though outrageous Vow
Did prostitute but *half his Realm* : and why
Must then the bloody Hypocrite bestow
More than the whole ? what Prodigality
Is this, mad *Herod* ? for *John's Head* alone
Is worth more than thy Kingdom, or thine own.

197.

Lo there the *last Dish* of great *Herod's Feast*,
The *Martyr's* fair *Head* in a Charger lay'd :
He smiles within, though clouds his face o'r-cast,
And feeds his Soul on it, but that proud *Maid*
Knowing her *Mother* by this Death would live,
In triumph takes the Dish, and takes her leave.

198.

The *royal Beldame* in suspense did wait
To reap her sprightly stratagem's event :

And seeing now the *bloody Present*, strait
Grown young with salvage joy, her high Content
She to her dancing Daughter signifies,
In her own tripping and lascivious guise.

199.

Then like a fell she-Bear, whose long-wish'd Prey
Is fall'n at last into her hungry paws :
She tears the sacred Lips and rends a way
Unto the reverend *Tongue* ; which out she draws,
And with most peevish Wounds and scornful Jest
Her *womanish Revenge* upon it feasts.

200.

But mark that Convoy of illustrious Light
Which makes from this low World such joyful haste :
The *better Part* of *John* there takes its flight
Unto a greater *King's* than *Herod's* feast,
Being from this Earth, that Goal, his Body,—three
Prisons to heav'nly Him,—at once set free.

201.

The *Prophets* and the *Patriarchs* gave way,
When they this greater *Saint* approaching saw ;
Who now at anchor lies in *Bliss's Bay*,
Far from those *storms* he grappled with below ;
And sweetlier rests in *Abraham's bosom*, than
In that adulterous *King's* the lustful *Queen*.

202.

This is the *Story* which the *Virgin-Mother*
Hath round about thy *Girdle* made to live :
Yet lives it not, compar'd with this other
Immortal *Jewel*, which thy *Spouse* did give
To crown the rest, and tie up all the story
In one divine *Epitome of Glory*.

203.

Observe it well : but never let thy Tongue
Presume that any Eloquence's Dress
Can suit its beauties ; which no *Seraph's* song
With due and equal sweetness can express.
The *Angel* here, his stately Lecture done,
Expected *Psyche's* approbation.

204.

She, 'twixt Amusement and Delight divided,
Perused all the strange *Imbroidery* ;
But when to that last *Gem* her eye she guided,
Excessive Joys so swell'd her soul, that she
Runs over with delicious tears, and cries,
Come *Phylax*, come, *gird me with Paradise*.

205.

Content, said He, but then be sure to shrink
Your *proper self* alone within your self :
Severely strait's the *Girdle* ; never think
That any supernumerary Pelf
Can find a room in this rich mansion, where
The outward Walls of solid Jewels are.

206.

This said ; before her self was well aware,
He nimbly buckling it about her heart,
Press'd forth this shrill Complaint : O *Phylax* spare
My squees'd Soul, least from her self she start.
Loose, loose the Buckle ! if the time be come
That I must die, at least afford me room.

207.

Must I be girt to death, and not have space
To fetch one parting sigh before I die ?
O me ! whose sins have made my *Spouse* imbrace
Me with *embroyder'd tortures* ; so that I
The Riddle of unhappy *Maidens*, go
In travel with more than a Mother's Woe.

208.

And so she did indeed : Such matchless Throws
And Pangs did sting her in her straitned heart ;
At length her Grief she bringeth forth, and shows
Her wondering self the reason of her smart,
Whilst from her labouring breast she breaking sees
A shapeless Lump of foul Deformities.

209.

Abortive *Embryos*, unform'd *Lust*,
Pinfeather'd *Fancies*, and half-shap'd *Desires*,
Dim dawns of *fondness*, doubtful seeds of *Rust*,
Glimmering embers of *corruptive Fires*,
Scarce *something*, and yet *more than nothing* was
That mystic *Chaos*, that dead-living *Mass*.

210.

O how tormenting is the Parturition
Of tender souls, when they unload themselves
Of their blind night-conceiv'd brats of Perdition !
O how the peevish and reluctant elves
(Mad with their own birth,) viperously contend
The worried bowels of the heart to rend !

211.

This makes *faint, foolish, Mortals* oft prefer
The sad Reversion of eternal Pain,
Before this Conflict's pangs : So they may here
A quiet truce with their *soft sins* maintain ;
They are content, though Hell must with their Grave
Set ope its mouth, and them as sure receive.

212.

O bitter pleasantness of *present Ease*,
Which in thy bait Death's sharpest hook dost hide :
The most prodigious fatal Witcheries
Are harmless Joys to thee, who from the wide
Expansions of eternal Bliss canst Man
Seduce by rotten Joy's short flattering Span !

213.

Psyche deliver'd of that monstrous Birth,
Finds her strict *Girdle* fit and easy grown,

Affording room for all the Train of *Mirth*
With which her bosom now was overflown :
She view'd the *Newborn Heap*, and viewing smil'd
Not out of love, but hate unto the *Child*.

214.

As one from blind *Cimmeria* newly come,
Beyond his own ambition, into
Arabia's bless'd fields, and meeting room
Both for his eyes and joys ; doth wondering go
Through those spice-breathing paths, and thinks that
he
Doth now no less begin to *Live* than *See* :

215.

So overjoyed *she* admir'd now
The glorious Day new-risen in her breast,
Where *carnal Clouds* before would not allow
A constant beam to dwell ; but overcast
Her soul's face with so gross a mist, that she
Nor Heav'n, nor what way led to it could see.

216.

Her heart clear'd up, far fairer than the face
Of fresh *Aurora* wash'd in eastern streams :
Unspotted Thoughts flock'd in to take their place
In her pure bosom, which a garden seems
Of Lilies planted on warm beds of Snow,
Through which *God's Spirit* doth gales of odours
blow.

217.

All *sublunary sweets* she has forgot,
Nor thinks this *bitter World* can breed such things.
All *Beauties* to her eye are but one *Blot* :
All *Bes* to her are nothing else but *stings* :
All *Loves* are *Hate* : all *Dalliance*, *Vexation* :
All *Blandishments*, but *Poison* in the fashion.

218.

For by this Girdle she His Pris'ner is
In whose alone the Name of Love she reads,
Whilst in the Languishments of softest Bliss
On dainty Torments her Delights she feeds ;
Crying with mighty sighs, O *Jesus* when
Shall I have liv'd this Death, and Life begin !

219.

What further business have I here below
In this vain World, whose joys I relish not !
Who is the Conqueror of my heart, but Thou ?
And since thy Love this victory hath got,
Why must thy Captive not permitted be
To wait on thy triumphant Coach and Thee ?

220.

Though of thy *Royal Scorn* I worthy be,
Yet why wilt Thou thine own choice disallow ?
If I had still neglected been by Thee,
This Body had not seem'd my Dungeon now :
But why's this *Tast of Heav'n* unto me deign'd,
If still to *wretched Hell* I must be chain'd ?

221.

To wretched *Hell*; for such is *Earth* to me;
And so would *Heav'n* be too, wer't Thou not there.
But to the gloomy Realm of Misery
Shouldst Thou remove thy Throne, I ne'r should dare
To any higher Paradise aspire,
Than what is planted in th' infernal fire.

222.

O that some courteous Turtle me would lend
Her feather'd Oars, that I my soul might row
Up to the *Port* of my Desires, and blend
It with the *Tide* of bliss which there doth flow!
I never thought that Earth so low did ly,
Or that the *Heav'n* till now was half so high.

223.

O why art Thou so lovely, if poor I
Must still live Exile from thy dearest Eyes!
This *Token*, *Jesus*, makes me louder cry
For *Thee* thy self, the far more pretious Prize.
O what will thy *Supreme* Embraces be
If this small *Cincture* thus have ravish'd me!

224.

I ravish'd am, and from *Lust's* swarthy flame
For ever by this blessed Rape set free;

And yet by stronger Ardor spurred am
To be reveng'd on thy dear Love and Thee:
If I may be but thy domestic slave,
I of my Conqueror my Revenge shall have.

225.

I yield, I yield, great *Lord*: Why must thy Dart
Be always killing Me, yet never slay
My ever-dying still-surviving Heart?
Why must thy furnace with my Torment play,
And burn, but not consume? O why, why must
I be no *Mortal* who am fragile *Dust*?

226.

O cruel *Absence*! ne'r was *present Hell*
So true as thou unto its dismal Name!
O torturing *Hope*, which only dost reveal
A tempting glimpse of Light, but hid'st the flame
That so the sweetly-cheated Eye may be
Assur'd by that short sight, *she doth not see*.

227.

Intolerable Joys, why smart you so?
What means this barbarous Rack of sweet *Desires*?
What makes my *Tears* so kindly-salvage now
As not to quench, but feed and mock my *Fires*?
Dear *Girdle* help! should'st heav'nly Thou be slack,
Soon would my overstretched heart-strings crack.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Stanza 5, l. 6, '*broach'd*' = pierced or tapped, and made to flow out—as wine from a cask. St. 6, l. 6, '*belking*' = belching. St. 10, l. 5, '*Tire*' = head-dress. St. 11, l. 3, '*dint*' = stroke. St. 12, l. 6, '*Mother-shells*' = mother-of-pearl. St. 20, l. 6, '*sprightful*' = spright-full or sprite-full, i.e. spirit-full? Cf. st. 198, l. 2. St. 28, l. 1, '*Twist*' = cord: l. 2, '*sportful*' = sport-full, full-of-sport. St. 29, l. 6, '*expire*' = opposite to '*inspire*'—from *ex* and *spiro*, to breathe. St. 34, l. 1, '*course*' = coarse. St. 36, l. 3, '*intention*' = stretching toward, i.e. earnest gaze: l. 4, '*Dint*'. See on st. 11, l. 3. St. 40, l. 1, '*trac'd*'—an early sporting term. St. 42, l. 2, '*ceiled*' = ceiled: l. 6, '*Firmitude*' = firmness, strength. St. 43, l. 5, '*reverberated*' = reflected. St. 44, ll. 5-6. See Memorial-Introduction for parallels from Crashaw. St. 45, l. 1, '*Table*' = tablet. St. 51, l. 6, '*outraged*' = out-stained? See Glossarial Index, s.v. St. 62, l. 2, '*extemporal*' = extempore or without premeditation: l. 5, '*snarle*' = entangle, i.e. quarrel. St. 63, l. 1, '*admir'd*' = wondered. St. 65, l. 5, '*One-different*'. See Glossarial Index on this and kindred compounds. St. 71, l. 4, '*approval*' = approval. St. 75, l. 1, '*coursur*' = coarser: l. 3, '*Begay*' = make gay. St. 79, l. 3, '*complement*' = compliment. St. 86, l. 1, '*A Name of high Ingredients, God, and Grace*', i.e. John, *Iodavms* = grace, gift, of the Lord. Hebrew, *Johanan*: l. 6, '*Nomenclator*' = Name-giver. St. 93, l. 4, '*sear*' = sear. St. 98, l. 1, '*stiptic*' = astringent: l. 3, '*Censurs*' = judgment. St. 101, l. 3, '*Hypocrite*'. See Glossarial Index s.v. on this. St. 112, l. 2, '*Trump*' = trumpet. See our Authorized Version of the English Bible, 1 Cor. xv. 52 and 1 Thess. iv. 16. St. 117, l. 1, '*Ermyne*' = ermine: l. 6, '*Woods*' =

dress. St. 119, l. 6, '*Phæbe's*' = moon's. St. 124, l. 4, '*sincerest*' = unmixed. St. 125, l. 2, '*painful*' = painstaking? *ib.* '*Presses*' = crowds: l. 3, '*crow'd*' = crowd: l. 4, '*too-too*'. See Glossarial Index s.v. St. 133, ll. 5-6. See Memorial-Introduction for parallel from Comus. St. 134, l. 4, '*convinc'd*' = persuaded, convicted. Cf. Acts xviii. 28: Titus 1.9: 1 Cor. xiv. 24. St. 135, l. 3, '*Jurie's*' = Jury or Jewry, i.e. Judea's or Jewish. St. 142, ll. 4-5. See Memorial-Introduction for parallel from Crashaw. St. 143, l. 4, '*ejaculations*' = up-dartings or scintillations. St. 155, l. 2, '*imposthumes*' = purulent matter. St. 156, l. 1, '*Heav'n-embroider'd*' = Heaven enriched and adorned. St. 164, l. 2, '*Goal*' = jail—and so *frequent*. See st. 167, l. 2: st. 200, l. 5, &c. &c. St. 172, l. 2, '*Cater*' = caterer? St. 180, l. 3, '*Galliard*'—lively dance. St. 182, l. 4, '*Mimes*' = to walk with diminished steps: *ib.* '*spruce*' = brisk, quick. St. 183, l. 1, '*salvage*' = savage. So st. 198, l. 4. St. 184, l. 2, '*pin'd*' = fastened as with a pin—as legal notices, bills, &c., were wont to be in public places. St. 188, l. 2, '*flings*' = flounces, starts up. St. 189, l. 6, '*lips*'—printed 'lip's, not apostrophe but to mark elided 'p' or 'pe'. St. 190, l. 5, '*unsnarle*' = disentangle, release or relieve myself of. St. 198, l. 1, '*Beldame*' = old woman, witch-like. See Glossarial Index s.v. for illustration of the gradual deterioration of the word: l. 2, '*sprightful*' = spiteful, as of an evil sprite or spirit: *ib.* '*events*' = out-come. St. 199, l. 5, '*peevish*' = irritable. So st. 210, l. 4. St. 208, l. 1, '*Throes*' = throes. St. 222, l. 2, '*feather'd Oars*' = wings. St. 227, l. 3, '*kindly-salvage*'. See st. 183, l. 1.—G.



CANTO IV.

The Rebellion.

The ARGUMENT.

*Gall'd by severe Devotion's constant Reins,
The Senses and the Passions rebels prove :
Pride's voted General, who a while disdains
The Office his Ambition most did love.
Reason's surpris'd, and into Prison thrown :
The Will revolts, and Psyche's left alone.*

1.

Prosperity, how false art thou unto
Thy blessed Name, who with a comly Cheat
Unwary Hearts so potently dost woo,
That thine unstable Bottom they forget ;
And think thy foot sure on a Rock doth stand,
Whilst thy foundation is the faithless Sand.

2.

The Day which smil'd so briskly in the Morn,
And left no frown in all the face of Heav'n,
E'r Ev'ning hath been made the Prey and Scorn
Of sullen Clouds, so furiously driven ;
That *Phæbus'* stoutest help was all in vain,
When he the gaudy sky strove to maintain.

3.

The Sea in winning looks demurely dress'd,
Hath often bid the Mariner been bold ;
When strait an unsuspected storm bath press'd
Through the lamenting air, and having roll'd
Into a foaming mount the vex'd Deep,
In brine intomb'd the presumptuous ship.

4.

When all the glorious Realm of pure Delight,
Illustrious *Paradise*, waited on the feet
Of jolly Eve ; she little thought that *Spight*
And envious *Treason* lurk'd in those sweet
Love-breathing Beds : yet there she met the fell
Serpent, and found in Heav'n the worst of Hell.

5.

Eternal *Change* wheels all the Stars about :
What Patent then can seal *Stability*

To things below ? How doth proud *Fortune* flout
The gayest Confidence which foolish We
Are not afraid to build ; but vainly trust
Our Hopes are firm, whilst we our selves are dust !

6.

Weak Dust, on which the least Wind domineers
Which through this mortal Life's faint climate blows ;
A Life, which if not fenc'd by prudent Fears
And Jelaousies, its own self overthrows :
A Life so treacherous in its friendliest hue,
That Saints themselves have found its falseness true.

7.

So true, that did not Heav'n's authentic Law ;
And, what more sweetly binds, that Copy which
Heav'n's humble *Son* on his high self did draw,
The matchless worth of glorious *Patience* teach ;
Not all the Joys the World and Life can give
Could charm their souls to be content to live.

8.

For whilst all-ravish'd *Psyche*, feasts her heart
With amorous sighs and pains, and day by day
Riots and surfeits in delicious smart,
Which relish sweeter to her Soul than they
Who their too-tender studies fondly spent
To cherish Her with *natural Content* :

9.

A knot of friends with Her together born,
And brought up under one soft roof of skin,
Began to stomach that imagin'd Scorn,
She heap'd on them ; who thought their only Sin
Was too much Love to Her ; a Crime which might
More Pardon challenge than Revenge invite.

10.

'Tis true, said they, We now her Servants be :
And yet as truly are her Sisters too :
Nay were our native Seniority
Due privilege allow'd, we all should go
Before, and she, the youngling, come behind :
Sure she should not have found Us so unkind.

11.

But now Sh' has chanc'd the upper hand to gain,
 She makes Us feel it in her tyrannous Law.
 So upstart Princes in their furious reign
 Their weakness by their too much power show :
 So paltry Currents, when swoll'n highest, pour
 More rage than sober streams about the shore.

12.

Our natural freedom We must not enjoy,
 But when she lists ; and O how seldom 's that !
 Great business she pretends both night and day,
 Imploy'd about nor We nor she knows what.

It tickles Her, but hard on Us doth grate :
 She calls it *Love*, but all we find it *Hate*.

13.

Yet be it what it will, what's that to Us,
 Who are not bound Her humors to fulfil
 With our own Ruin ? since her carriage thus
 Is wild and rampant, why should we sit still
 With desp'rate Patience, till we be undone ?
 What need we fear her ? We are *Five* to *One*.

14.

The worst that can befall us, is *Destruction* ;
 And that already gapes upon us heer :
 But should *kind Fortune's* wings display Protection
 Over our just Adventure, we shall sterr,
 To *Safetie's* Port ; which way soe'r we Sail,
 We can but Perish, and we may Prevail.

15.

As when th' imprison'd wind in Earth below,
 Vex'd with those straits, begins to rage and swell ;
 Its dungeon first it shakes, then forth doth blow
 Its full-mouth'd indignation, and fill
 The world with tumult, tearing down the trees,
 Dismounting mountains, plowing up the seas :

16.

So did their sullen murmur gather strength,
 Unhappy strength, by mutinous degrees,
 Boiling to such impatience, that at length
 By flat rebellion they resolve to ease
 Their overcharged stomachs ; being met
 At council to contrive the venturous feat.

17.

'Twas in an upper chamber dark and close,
 Arch'd with thin Ivory : for their common seat
 A white and soft and living couch they choose,
 And then with fawning earnestness intreat
 The *Master*¹ of the house, that he would please
 In *Equitie's* fair scales to weigh their case.

18.

Grave He, whom vast experience had made
 A Judge most competent in their esteem,

Smiling and nodding his assenting head,
 Added this needless spur to headlong them :
 Content, he cry'd, come let me hear your Plea :
 'Tis just I to my friends should friendly be.

19.

The pomp of my late Plenty I did ow
 To your unwearied pains, which joy'd to bring
 Crowds of all choice varieties which grow
 In heav'n, or earth, or Sea : the wealthiest King
 Could not outvy that furniture which you
 To crown my Table daily did allow.

20.

But now alas, I see my tribute's thin :
 Some lazy sullen melancholic Things,
 Guilty of their vile selves, come sneaking in :
 But all your brisk and chearly Offerings
 Are intercepted ; and 'tis well that you
 Begin, else I had been the Plaintiff now.

21.

Glad were they all their reverend *Censor* spake
 In their own discontented Dialect :
 But strait their fond ambitions did awake
 A strife who first should plead : In high neglect
 Of all her Sisters, *Opis*¹ knit her brows,
 And shot Scorn's arrows from those full-bent bows.

22.

Who is your Queen, but I, who sit, said she,
 High in the glories of my double throne,
 Whilst all your motions regulated be
 By my imperial direction :
 Blind fools, what could you do, were't not for Me
 In setting on our brave Conspiracy ?

23.

That proud Word from her mouth no sooner flew,
 But *Ophresis*² in high scorn snuff'd it up.
 Coy *Geusis*³ bit her lips, which tumid grew
 With boiling wrath, and scarce had pow'r to stop
 Her tongue from railing vengeance : *Acos*⁴
 Prick'd up her ears, and look'd as big as she.

24.

But ireful *Haphe*⁵ least could rule her pride :
 Imperious Dame, cry'd she, how durst poor thou,
 Who in two little tender Cells are ty'd,
 Such saucy scorn on all thy Sisters throw ?
 See not those eyes of thine my Empire spread
 Through all the Body, ev'n from foot to head ?

25.

Who domineers but I, in and about
 Thy total self ? would not this single Nail

¹ The common Sense.

¹ The sense of Seeing. ² The sense of Smelling.
³ Of Tasting. ⁴ Of Hearing. ⁵ Of Touching.

Be Arms enough to tear your Queen-ship out
From both your vain thrones? Nay should I assail
Thee with two wretched Motes, they would suffice
To damp that day in which thou prid'st thine eyes.

26.

Thus mad *Rebellion*'s always quarrelsome
Ev'n with itself. Had not their *Judges* made haste
To stifle their Contention in the womb,
Flat War had been brought forth: But in He cast
His peremptory Sentence: Hold, said He,
Your duty in my house, is to *Agree*.

27.

This is the Main, how small soe'er it seems,
Whither all your several winding Courses tend:
Here do you pour in your concurrent streams,
And in this *Sea of Sense* your Rivers blend.
A *Sea* where never Tempest yet wag'd war;
Far be it then that Friends its Calm should tear.

28.

The wrath of your impatient Spirits I
Applaud, as useful for bold *Discontent*:
But should the Nerves of your brave fury by
The frenzy of intestine War be rent;
More with your selves than with your Foe you'll fight,
And make her keep you slaves by your own might.

29.

Highly I love you all, and could it be,
Would wish that every One might be Supreme.
'Tis true, what noble *Haphe* says, and she,
Most like my self, doth *Universal* seem:
Yet is she of a courser mixture, and
As well as highest, do's the lowest stand.

30.

But gallant *Opis* sprightly is and bright,
The glass of Heav'n above, an Heav'n below:
Her seat's completely highest; and the right
Of her Precedency her Beams do show.
She's all your Candle, and the way must lead;
Ev'n your own Interest for her doth plead.

31.

Condemn'd *Haphe*, to this sentence paid
Scornful obedience; vowing not to speak
At all, or speak the last. But strait array'd
In joyous aspect, *Opis* strove to wake
Her richest sweets, and let her sisters see
What cause she had to slight their poverty.

32.

Yet what means joy to smile in these mine Eyes,
Said she, whilst cruel *Psyche* domineers,
And makes them worse than Blind? Could it suffice
Her now and then to set abroad my Tears,
I ne'r would for my Weeping mourn; but I,
Alas, in Grief's sink always steeping lie.

33.

The Ocean with less constancy doth throw
Its tide of Salt upon th' afflicted shore,
Than from my springs the stream are forc'd to flow
And down my scalded cheeks their billows pour.
O why must here be everlasting brine,
Whilst all Tides else do know an Ebb but mine!

34.

Yet were these Torrents needful to make clean
Mine Eyes and Me, I would not count them dear:
But what crime stains us? Is't that We drink in
All Beauties round about the Hemisphere?
What were we made for else? Alas that We
For our Creation's end must guilty be.

35.

More justly *Psyche* might that *God* impeach,
Whom false and fauning she doth magnify.
Is not His sacred *Law* our *Pass*, by which
We travel through all Visibility?
Bold Hypocrite, who her own faults doth thus
Revenge upon her *God* by tort'ring Us.

36.

Are not the Eyes those universal Glasses
In which the world doth fairest copied lie?
Man for a *Microcosme* by favor passes,
But in a blind and dusky mystery:
Mine are the only faithful Mirrors, where
All things in their true colors painted are.

37.

Heaven's not so high, nor glares the Sun so wide,
But I can force Him in these Orbs of mine
From morn to ev'n to roll his vastest pride:
The bashful jealous Stars which coyly shine,
Can by their busy twinkling no way spy
From these of mine to snatch their wariest Eye.

38.

Nay *Psyche* too, though her brisk mixture be
Pure and spiritual, knows not how to hide
Her subtle self from my discovery:
She by these Windows eas'ly is descry'd,
Whether she hopes or fears, or rests or moves,
Whether she sighs or smiles, or hates or loves.

39.

Would sullen she but deign to mark how I
Am fram'd and seated, she could not despise
The manifest and secret Majesty,
Which doth both compass and compose mine Eyes.
But she is angry, and doth plainly prove
That *Hate* is also Blind, as well as *Love*.

40.

Hence 'tis she pays no wonder to this *Brow*,
The princely Arch which roofs my habitation

In which as resolute *Disdain* doth grow
As she can dart at it : This fabric's fashion
Makes fair the World above, whose radiant *Eye*
The upper Orbs have arch'd with Majesty.

41.

These double Doors, whose hinges are my will,
From all their sprightly motions banish Noise ;
Else could they not catch tender *Sleep*, which still
Is shy and fearful, and flies every Voice.
These make my East and West ; my Day by these
Doth rise and set as often as I please.

42.

Nor do they vainly wantonise when they
Suddenly twinkle ; but with needful speed
Sweep all th' incroachments of bold Dust away.
Which on my Glasses' face had flown, and spread
Their unctuous kindness gently to supply
What thirsty Air steals from my open Eye.

43.

Two files of Pikes at either avenue
With prest attendance stand both night and day,
Which free admission to all friends allow,
But to injurious Guests shut up the way.
Right trusty *Hairs* ; whose faithful fear to me
Breeds no dishonor, but security.

44.

Full is my house of nimble servants, who
Their ready selves in all my bus'ness stretch ;
Whither my wish, yea or my Thought doth go,
With sweet activity they thither reach.
No Prince's Steeds can with such speed or ease
Devour their way, as I am roll'd by these.

45.

Six courtly Curtains close embrace my Bed,
Where I inshrined lie in dainty rest.
The *Admate Tunicle* is outmost spread,
Which with protection doth the *five* invest,
And in her bosom shroud both them and Me
From *hasty motion's* importunity.

46.

The next a *Corneous Veil*, both firm and bright :
My natural Lanthorn, whose diaphanous side
Can both transmit, and safely keep the *Light*
By which the Body and myself I guide.
No time can spend this Lamp, no boistrous storm
Can puff it out, or breath it any harm.

47.

The third, of *Grapes'* soft polish'd coat is made,
Yet lin'd with roughness delicately fine ;
Through which all kinds and tribes of Colors trade,
And traffic with the inner *Crystalline* :
The doubtful skin of *Polypus* did ne'r
Slide through such various Looks as sport it here.

48.

This opes a casement to the *Pupil*, which
My gaudy *Iris* clothe in a dress
Of *perfect beauties*, shaming all those rich
Streaks of that heav'n above, which can express
Only the semi-glories of a Bow ;
For mine a fair and total Circle show.

49.

The fourth's that tender *Membrane* which doth kiss
And hng the tender Pupil : when the Light
Looks on the Eye with full tide court'sy, this
Opes wide to meet and drink it in : when Night
Her sable curtains draweth over heav'n,
This shrinks the Pupil too into its ev'n.

50.

The fifth of *Crystal* is, soft, warm, and thin,
Found no where but in my rich Treasury
This the pure Region is of Life, wherein
Things living live again ; and things which lie
Dead every where beside, enlivened be,
And trip about with brisk activity.

51.

The sixth's a Texture of so fine a thread,
That neat *Arachne* might the Spinster seem,
Whose matchless art is so distinctly read
In every line, that thence it takes its name :
We call't *Aranea*, a Net whereby
I catch the purest winged Beams that fly.

52.

Besides, such precious *Humors* I contain
As furnish me with richer Purity,
Than do's the boundless jewel-paved Main
Its Empress *Thetis* : She in all her Sea
Is but of *one* salt-royl'd Liquor, Queen,
But I of *three*, all limpid and serene.

53.

That which do's outmost smile, is *Watery*.
The spotless cover of a purer thing ;
For under it doth liquid *Crystal* lie,
Couch'd fairly on a Bed as ravishing
As its illustrious self, a molten Bed
Of gentle *Glass*, upon the bottom spread.

54.

And in the Mirror of this triple Spring
All sprightly forms have ample room to play :
The mystic shapes of every kind of thing
Close-moulded in a soft and unseen ray
On *Instant's* posting wings do hither fly,
And dive into these Deepes of Purity.

55.

Not in their glittering Crowns and Sceptres, but
In *Prince's Eye* their Majesty doth reign :

Eyes, Eyes those Champions are, whose conflict yet
No Soldier's hand or heart could e'r sustain :
Ev'n *manly Troy* prov'd a burnt sacrifice
To the more flaming Might of *female Eyes*.

56.

Love's conquering *Monarch* borrows from the Eye
His ammunition,—quiver, bow, and darts ;
And wins by that soft fierce Artillery,
His mighty *Principality of Hearts*.
Eyes of his *own* had *He*, what might He not
Atchieve, who has such power by others got !

57.

And this is my Domestic beauties' Store :
Lo now my outward equal Magazine :
She beckned here ; when at an unseen door
With splendid haste a silver Globe roll'd in,
Whose sparkling Eyes shew'd it the way to turn
And wheel from Ev'n through all the Night to Morn.

58.

This done : a dusky Veil she threw aside,
And through a roscel East let ope the *Day* :
Up *Titan* sprung, and, as the Globe did glide,
SPEEDED into the West his golden way ;
Where, red and hot with his long journey, He
Plummed the cool bath of th' *Atlantic Sea*.

59.

Then bluster'd in the *Winds*, on whose broad back
Rode laboring Clouds ; of which some crumbled Snow,
Some spit forth Lightnings through a thundering Crack,
Some with more peaceful show'rs of Rain did flow,
Some pour'd down monstrous vermin, some a flood
Of not desired Corn, some squeez'd out Blood.

60.

That Storm blown o'r ; the *Spring* march'd forth array'd
With fragrant Green, whose sweet Embroidery
In blooms and buds of virgin smiles display'd
A scene of living Joys, all echoed by
Ten thousand Birds, which, perch'd on every Tree,
Tun'd their soft pipes to Nature's harmony.

61.

Yet underneath, in higher gallantry
The *Peacock* strutted, whose enamel'd train
Of the *celestial Model's* bravery
Brandish'd her stout and gorgeous disdain ;
For that *Bowl's* winking eyes could not express
So full a proof of heav'n as flam'd in these.

62.

Summer came next, with her own riches crown'd,
A wreath of flow'rs upon her goodly head ;
Large sheaves of ripened gold did her surround,
And all her way with wholesom Plenty spread ;
Where as she went, no Tree but reach'd his Arm
(For it was hot) to shade her head from harm.

63.

Then follow'd *Autumn*, with her bosom full
Of every fruit which either tempts the Eye
Or charms the Taste ; here *Wantonness* might cull
And weary grow : here wide-mouth'd *Luxury*
Might her own boulimy devour with more
Facility, than spend this teeming store.

64.

At last came drooping *Winter* slowly on,
For frost hung heavy on his heels ; the *year*
Languish'd in Him, and looked old and wan :
He quak'd and shiver'd through his triple fur :
Which way soe'er he works, and strives to creep,
He's to the knees in Snow at every step.

65.

For *Snow* was all things how ; and in this *White*
The wanton *World*, which made such jolly sport
In *Autumn's*, *Summer's*, and in *Spring's* Delight,
Must (girded up by Ice,) do penance for't :
This cold, chaste, strait-lac'd garb will best repel
The faults those loose hot Seasons taught to swell.

66.

This graceful Pageant past : up leap'd upon
The stage, a City, whose ambitious head
Threatned the clouds with interruption :
What Art was here to Riches married !
How thick the marble Spires and Towers stood,
Shading the houses with a stony Wood !

67.

But like an awful Crown to all the rest
The Prince's Palace mounted fair and high,
Proclaimed by its double-gilded crest
Its own and its great Owner's majesty.
Yet was this outward Pomp a coarse poor skin
To those bright Rarities which shin'd within.

68.

Here was the Jewel-house, where naked lay
Such throngs of Gems as might enrich the Sea :
There in the Wardrobe, in well-wrought array
Their sparkling Brethren trained were to be :
The clothing of those *Clothes* Embroiderers had
To pride, the back of scornfull *Courtship* made.

69.

Here stood the Checquer, that great Temple where
The World's dear *Idol* lay in Sacred heaps :
The Optic Storehouse there, hung round with rare
Productions fish'd from *Art's* profoundest Deep ;
The School of Admiration, and the Shop
Of Miracles in Glasses treasur'd up.

70.

Here Men, and Beasts, and Birds were all of kin,
Being extracted from one common womb,

The noble *Proconnesian* Marble Mine :
And where the *Statuary* wanted room,
The *Painter's* livelier Lines entic'd the sight
To sport in his less cumbersome delight.

71.

But in the Presence-chamber's ocean met
All pompous Vanities' best Confluence :
A golden Throne on silver floor was set,
Which took new Lustre from the gorgeous Prince :
Who in his glittering Court inspher'd was
As *Phæbus* in the rays of his own face.

72.

The Queen both of his Kingdom and his heart,
Beautie's best triumph, show'd at his right hand :
And Deign'd her sweet exuberance to impart
Upon that *Maiden Circle* which did stand
To wait and gaze on Her, whose goodly Look
Was *Wonder's* fairer heav'n, and *Pleasure's* book.

73.

When *Opsis* by these spectacles had drew
Admiring smiles from her Spectators : I
With millions more, said she, could feast your view
Should I rip up my total Treasury,
Which reacheth from the Loftiest pinnacle
Of heav'n, down to the deepest sink of hell.

74.

And these are those Oblations mine Eyes
In loyal piety did day by day
On *Psyche's* only Altar sacrifice :
Yet proudly-cruel She throws them away
In fierce disdain, and needs will force me to
Learn a Religion which must me undo.

75.

To some sad blurr'd Prayerbook she ties
My cheerly Spotless sight ; or forsoeth me
To stare so long on th' unregarding skies,
That with dull seeing I forget to see.
She some pretence or other still will find
In mere devotion to make me blind.

76.

The other *Sun*, when he has look'd his day
Can go to bed and rest himself in night :
But I at Ev'n must still persist to pray,
And watch her candle till the morning light.
Some comfort 'twere if I might but obtain
By all those Pray'rs relief for my own pain.

77.

But since nor She, nor Heav'n, will pity take ;
What could oppress'd dying *Opsis* do,
But let her gasping sighs have leave to break
Into these just Complaints, great Sir, to you ?
To which may you be deaf, if *Equity*
Pleads not as loud for me as mine own Cry.

78.

She ending thus ; impatient *Acœs*,
Who thought her Sister's Speech by all too long,
Step'd back into their common Treasury
Kept by *Anamnesis*, (where lay the throng
Of their ideal wealth,) and bad her make
Ready her Train, whilst she its Prologue spake.

79.

Hear me, said she ; and be this my reward
For hearing all things else : though many a sound
Upon mine Ears hath most unkindly jarr'd,
Yet courteous entertainment still it found :
The like I crave ; nor must my Sisters grudge,
That next to *Opsis's* place, mine own I judge.

80.

My House is secret ; cautious winding ways
And privy galleries into it lead :
By which abstruse state I my glory raise
Higher than if my Palace star'd abroad.
Thus Jewels dwell close in the Cavity
Of Mother-Pearl, and thus dwells *Acœs*.

81.

The outward room's oblique, that violent *Sounds*
May manners learn, and not rush in too fast ;
And narrow, to protect my private bounds,
Which by no stealing Vermin must be past.
Yet if they venture, I have lime-twiggs there
To check their rashness, trusty Wax and Hair.

82.

And at this Chamber's end is plac'd my Drum
Made of a Parchment soft and thin and dry,
And ready-corded. But the second Room
Is of my active Tools the treasury :
My Hammer's and my Anvil's dwelling's there,
By which I forge all Sounds I please to hear.

83.

By them three small but wondrous busy Bones
Whene'r my Drum is beat, articulate
Th' imperfect features of all breeding Tones,
Just as the Teeth at prattling *Lingua's* gate.
Indeed she only would be thought to make
The shapes of Words ; but *Acœs* too can speak.

84.

For could I not, Dame *Lingua's* trade were vain ;
And all her Dialects too weak to make
One Language, did not I produce again
All her Productions : I to purpose speak,
And I alone ; Words are dead wind, till I
Enliven them with perfect energy.

¹ The Memory.

85.

Behind these two, a third is built, whose frame
So Tortuous is and dubious, and full
Of *Labyrinths*, that thence it takes its Name.
Six semi-circles there hook in and pull
The sound to every corner, that it may
Grow well acquainted e'r it pass away.

86.

Next unto that, my most reserved Cell
Wreaths up its pliant self in privacy ;
Just as the wary Periwinkle Shell
Hugging his own involved sides doth lie.
From which dark closet, by a private slit
To thee, grave *Censor*, I my News transmit.

87.

Should *Psyche's* pride observe no more than this,
Sure she might deign me some respect : yet I
Want not an ample Troop of Witnesses
To prove my Worth. With that she turn'd her eye,
When strait her Train in decent equipage
Answer'd her Look, and enter'd on the Stage.

88.

Up sprang a suddain Grove, where every Tree
Impeopled was with Birds of softest throats :
With Boughs' Quires multiply'd, and Melody
As various was, as were the Singers' Notes ;
Till *Philomel's* diviner Anthems sound
Them, in a deeper Sea of Music drown'd.

89.

Beneath a silver River stole, and by
Its gentle murmur did all ears invite :
In whose fair streams a Swan, content to dy,
And at that dear price buy them fresh delight,
Tun'd her long Pipe to such an height that she
Sung out her soul in her own Elegy.

90.

Then came two golden *Orators*, the one
From *Greece*, from *Rome* the other, to lament
Her dainty death : *Demosthenes* began,
And rap'd the Hearers with such full content,
That from the throat of the delicious *Swan*
His, which her praises tun'd, the honor wan.

91.

Yet *Cicero* disdain'd that the Fame
Of *Roman Eloquence* should buried be
In that Bird's grave : pour'd out so vast a stream
Of all encomiastic suavity,
That their deceased *Swan* in every strain
Of his Oration more than liv'd again.

92.

But *Jubal* then rush'd in ; and room, said he,
For my prerogative, who first could teach

Scholars both deaf and dumb such harmony,
As overtopp'd short-winded Nature's reach.
Rude things, the Hammer and the Anvil, I
Tutor'd to forge soul-charming Melody.

93.

Behind him flow'd in all pleasant throngs
Of Music's Utensils ; the Harp, the Lute,
The Organ (moderator of all Songs)
The Viol, Cymbal, Sackbut, Cornet, Flute,
The Harpsichord, Theorbo and Bandore,
The gallant Trumpet, and a thousand more.

94.

Yet this great show was dumb, till in there prest
A goodly Man, fram'd with Symmetrical grace ;
His Robe and Crown his royalty profest,
And his sweet Art betray'd what Prince he was ;
For snatching up the Harp, he made it wake,
And all its silent Brethern's language speak.

95.

As to the strings he whisper'd with his finger,
They all told tales, and by their matchless Noise
Acknowleg'd freely, *This is Israel's singer*.
Discover'd thus, He join'd with them his voice ;
And as he sung, again the heav'nly Boul
Which *Opis* thither brought, began to roll.

96.

But He leap'd into it, and in the spheres
Withdrew himself : For lo a surley Sea
Comes foaming in, and proudly overbears
That dainty Magazine of Harmony :
The *Senses* griev'd to see the Tempest's Roar
Devour those gentle Airs they heard before.

97.

Yet worrying among the waves they spy'd
A wrack'd Mortal, who with greedy hand
Caught up the Harp which floated by his side,
And hop'd by that weak Bark to get to land ;
As knowing well that *Music's* Powers might charm
Asleep the loudest wrath of any storm.

98.

No sooner borrow'd He the string's soft Cry,
But at the gentle Call a Dolphin came,
Lending his willing back to bear him high
Above the pride of that deluded stream.
Arion strait with all his fingers strove
To pay his fare, and quit the Fishes' love.

99.

The waves grew calm and smil'd in his face ;
The chearly *Nymphs* look'd up and joy'd to hear
Such courteous Accents in that churlish place,
Where only Tempests us'd to beat their ear.
The *Winds* came stealing close about him, and
Catch'd every Note that dropp'd from his hand.

100.

The pious Fish, who all this merry while
Did deeper swim in Joy than in the Sea,
And by the charming Harp's discourse beguile
His journey's tedious length, was sad to see
The period of his Voyage now at hand,
And wish'd that he might with *Arion* land.

101.

But on the shore a Singing Troop appear'd,
Where *Pindar* and his *Lute* their parts did play :
All ears were ravish'd which his Numbers heard ;
And had not *Flaccus* thrown his fear away,
And fir'd by envious bravery, stretch'd his skill,
Lyric's sole Sovereign *Pindar* had been still.

102.

(Yet neither of their Empires was so vast
But they left *Herbert* too, full room to reign ;
Who *Lyric's* pure and precious Metal cast
In holier moulds, and nobly durst maintain
Devotion in Verse, whilst by the spheres
He tunes his *Lute*, and plays to heav'nly ears.)

103.

High on's deserved Mountain *Homer* sate,
And sham'd a Trumpet by his stouter Laies ;
Which *Fame*, who thither flutter'd, having got,
Spread through the wondering World their only Praise :
Till princely *Mars* with an equal Strain
Embrac'd his voice, and echoed them again.

104.

(These at the second bound reflected be
By *Tasso's Muse*, but in a purer tune :
The *Muse* which taught her sober *Tuscany*
The *Greek* and *Roman Poetry* to prune,
And rescu'd *Godfrey* from Oblivion's bands,
As He had *Salem* freed from Pagan hands.

105.

Not far from whom, though in lower clime
Yet with a goodly Train doth *Colin* sweep :
Though manacled in thick and peevish Rhyme,
A decent pace his painful Verse doth keep :
Right fairly dress'd were his welfeatur'd *Queen*,
Did not her Mask too much her beauties screen.

106.

But O how low all these bow down before
Nasiansum's and the World's immortal *Glory* ;
Him, whose heav'n-fired Soul did sweetly soar
Up to the top of every stage and story
Of Poetry, transforming in his way
Each *Muse* into a true *Urania*.

107.

And by this heart-attracting Pattern *Thou*
My only worthy self, thy Songs didst frame :

Witness those polish'd *Temple Steps*, which now
Stand as the Ladder to thy mounting fame ;
And, spight of all thy Travels, make't appear
Th' art more in *England* than when Thou wert here.

108.

More unto others, but not so to me
Privy of old to all thy secret Worth :
What half-lost I endure for want of *Thee*,
The World will read in this mishapen *Birth*.
Fair had my *Psyche* been, had she at first
By thy judicious hand been drest and nurs'd.)

109.

Some distance thence, in flow'ry wanton groves
Luxurious *Amerus* sate, who by
The thrilling Key of Sports and Smiles and Loves
Effeminated their quaint Melody.
Nimble *Theocritus* and *Naso* were
The leading Lords of all that revel'd there.

110.

Whose Consort to complete, aforehand came
Marino's Genius, with a voice so high,
That all the World rang with *Adonis'* Name.
Unhappy *Man*, and *Chaise* ! O what would thy
Brave *Muse* have done in such a *Theme as Mine*,
Which makes *Profanness* almost seem *Divine* !

111.

But though Thou stoutly scorn'dst to be in debt
To any *Subject*, and would'st only ow
Thy *Works'* magnificence to thy vast Wit ;
Mean I, was glad my beauties' lines to draw
From well-stor'd *Psyche's* graceful Symmetry :
Thy subject Thou commend'st, my subject Me.

112.

The close of all was an affected Throng
Which chirp'd, pip'd, crackled, squeak'd, and buzz'd
about ;
Mushrooms of Verse : who yet as boldly sung
As *Homer's* self, and desperately thought
Their *Sonnet's crack* a noise as gallant made
As did the *Thunder* of an *Iliad*.

113.

These vain *Byblons of Poetry*, begot
Of *Confidence* and *Sack*, whose *rhyming Itch*
Was their sole *Fury*, *Acce* had not
Presumed here to venture to the touch.
Had she not been aware the Censure was
Not now by *Reason* but by *Sense* to pass.

114.

Those various Apparitions marching by ;
This vocal Honey, and much more than this
She cry'd, to court and solace *Psyche*, I
Would gladly drop : but she so sullen is
That what makes all Rocks move and Tempests rest,
In foul disdain she in my face doth cast.

115.

She talks indeed of glorious Melody,
Seraphic and Cherubic Anthems : yet
 What faith can flame with so much Charity
 As to believe the holy Hypocrite ;
 Or dream that she for heav'nly Music cares
 Who grates on me with none but hellish Jars ?

116.

In hideous sighs she smothers up my Ears,
 And diets me with big but hollow Groans :
 Liv'd I a Subject in the Realm of *fears*
 And *Shrieks* and raving *Desperations* ;
 I would not murmur that the Monsters there
 Did tender me with yelling Torments tear.

117.

But must proud *Psyche* here a *Fury* be
 In spite of all the sweetest sweets I spread
 Thick in her way ? must her fell Tyranny
 Choose on no footstool but *Desert* to tread ?
 Forbid it, righteous *Sir*, and lend some aid,
 Before to ruin we be all betray'd.

118.

Here *Ophresis* the next place claim'd as due
 To her right fairly eminent situation :
 Yet stepping up into more open view,
 She prefac'd by her Looks to her Oration ;
 Seeking for both, no other ornament
 But wrinkles of disdainful Discontent.

119.

My Wrongs, said she, although I third must speak,
 Too well deserv'd to have been told the first.
 My Court you fully know ; which, though it make
 No gaudy show indeed, yet at the worst,
 Dame *Acce*, its structure is as fair
 As your however young yet wrinkled Ear.

120.

For like an Alabaster Prop it bears
 The forehead's load, yet owes that firmness to
 No Basis but it self : Within appears
 A double Gallery, on whose walls there grow
 Quick watchful Hairs, which brush the entering Air
 To send it to my Presence clean and fair.

121.

In these an useful Backdoor lurks, whereby
 I breath cool gales to fan and cheer the Heart :
 But by the Mammillar Processions, I
 Embrace those pleasures which my *Sweets* impart ;
 And then through them the *Soul of Odours* strain,
 And with pure vigorous Spirits befriend the Brain.

122.

What kind of tribute I was wont to yield
 Coy *Psyche*, let *Anamnesis* confess :

No sooner had she spoken, but a field
 Sprung on the smiling stage, whose youthful Dress
 Did all that *Summer* represent, and more,
 Which *Opis* had displayed there before.

123.

Thick beds of Marjoram, of Thyme, of Myrrh,
 Of Violets, Primroses, Rosemary,
 Of Saffron, Marigolds, and Lavender,
 Of July-flowers, flower-gentle, Piony,
 Of Hysop, Balm, Sage, Roses, Pinks, and Lilies,
 Of Honyuckles and of Daffodillies.

124.

These shelter'd were with many a spicy Tree
 Sweetly embraced by the Eglantine,
 Who joying in their fragrant company
 Among their odors did his own entwine.
 And here the ravish'd *Senses* ask'd their eyes
 Whether this were *Araby* or *Paradise*.

125.

Their eyes in wonder looking up, espied
 Upon a Cedar what more wondrous shew'd,
 A *Phanix's* Tomb and Cradle, dignify'd
 With richer Odors than beneath were strew'd :
 The flames rose up to kill and to revive
 The Bird, which sweetly teacheth Death to live.

126.

Straight th' aromatic Cloud which roll'd there
 Breath'd them such sprightly powers of quickning joy.
 That now they marvel not a Bird should dare
 To die a death which could such life display.
 And if the smoke alone, say they, can stream
 With such Refreshment, O what may the flame !

127.

No wonder that wise *Deities* desire
 Their highest, holiest Altars should be fed
 With life-begetting spice ; or that such fire
 Should cool the wrath with maketh *Vengeance* red :
 No wonder Incense should have power to move
 To gentle Pity most incens'd *Yove*.

128.

This ecstasy of theirs pleas'd *Ophresis*
 More than the Sweets did them : And why, cry'd she,
 Must I who pay such dainty Rent as this
 By most ingrateful *Psyche* tortur'd be ?
 If she would slay me quite, there were an end ;
 But she delights my Murder to extend.

129.

For on the rack she holds me nights and days ;
 Tying me pris'ner to a dead Man's skull !
 On which whilst she her hands at prayers lays
 Vilest Corruption's fumes my Nostrils fill.
 Worse is my state than theirs who buried lie
 In death, and smell not their grave's Misery.

130.

If die we must, 'tis reason we by some
Sturdy Adventure first deserve our death.
Impartial *Sir*, what better can become
Your injur'd *Senses*, than by generous Wrath
To shew that they are *Sensible* no less
Of their deep Wrongs, than of their Happiness.

131.

Gensis, whose hasty mouth stood ready ope,
Rejoyc'd to hear her sister end her speech.
And now said she, my Tongue enjoy thy scope,
And in thy own defence thy powers stretch.
Psyche regards not what I say : but you
Grave *Judge* will just Apologies allow.

132.

Then since 'tis prov'd the fashion to display
The native beauties of our habitation ;
My words shall travel in this beaten way :
Although my House's ample commendation
By all th' admiring World asserted is,
In their ambition its door to kiss.

133.

For never with more reverential fear
And strong devotion did the panting hearts
Of zealous *Saints* aspire unto the dear
Gate of Heav'n's Bliss ; than those who by the darts
Of Beauty on are prick'd and fir'd to win
Love's Paradise, approach to this of mine.

134.

And this is of two leaves, two *Roses'* leaves,
Whose tenderness the inward Guard supplies ;
A strong and double Guard, which there receives
With sharp examination, and tries
The burliest Guests ; whom if it finds them rude,
It sends into my Mill to be subdu'd.

135.

There are they press'd and ground and gentle made,
And so upon my ruby table set ;
Where, with a Canopy of Purple spread
Over my head, Prince-like alone I eat ;
And dining with the Cream of all the feast,
To my Attendants freely leave the rest.

136.

They in the Kitchen meeting at the fire
Sit down and pick what pieces like them best :
Where each one stuffing full his own desire,
Grows fat and merry ; then the scraps they cast
Into the sink, which by a private spout
Behind the House is duly emptied out.

137.

To me all *Sapors* willing homage pay,
Knowing their credit on my Tongue depends :

What I distaste the whole World spits away,
And what I justify, as much commends.
Admired Honey ne'r was known to be
Her sweet self, till she pleas'd and flatter'd me.

138.

Nor has *Anamnesis* a thinner show
Of Rarities, which to my realm belong,
Than those my sister's pride display'd to you :
Consult your eyes on that delicious Throng
She ushers in : if any thing there want.
Say then the world's supplies, not mine are scant.

139.

Straitway a golden Table glided in,
Pale as its burden, a far richer Feast ;
A Feast whose Powers might *Vitellius* win
To loath his Empire's board, and here be guest.
A Feast whose strange variety and store
Dar'd call great *Solomon's* Provision poor.

140.

The vanguard ranked by a skilful hand
Was fruitful *Summer* fairly dish'd and dress'd ;
For Plumbs, Pears, Apples, Figs, Dates, Quinces, and
Choise Apricots advanc'd before the rest :
And then Grapes, Citrons, Oranges, and Cherries,
Pomgranats, Almonds, Straw, Rasp, Mistle-berries.

141.

Besides, smart Flowers, and daring Herbs, to trim
The wanton Board with Sallad's pageantry,
And send a challenge to the stomach from
Those stouter Troops which now were marching nigh :
This was the second ranged Squadron, whither
All Nations of the Air seem'd flock'd together.

142.

The Pheasant, Patridge, Plover, Bustard, Quail,
The Woodcock, Capon, Cygnet, Chicken, Dove,
The Snipe, Lark, Godwit, Turkey, Peacock, Teal,
With thousand wing'd Dainties, which might move
The best-skill'd *Luxury*, the *Deities*
Now plain and course *Ambrosia* to despise.

143.

Next these, a large Brigade was marshall'd,
For whose forlorn, first march'd the hardy Boar ;
And then the Bull, the Veal, the Goat, the Kid,
The Sheep, Lamb, Cony, Hart, with reeking store
Of every fair and wholesome thing that feeds
Upon the hills, the vallies, or the meads.

144.

But from the Sea and Rivers in the rear
Another stately Ocean flowing came ;
The Smelt, the Perch, the Ruff, the Roch, the Dare,
The Carp, Pike, Tench, Lump, Guernet, Herring,
Bream,
The Mullet, Trout, Dorce, Cod, Eel, Whiting, Mole,
Plaise, Salmon, Lamprey, Sturgeon, Pilchard, Sole,

145.

The Turbet, Cuttle, Flounder, Mackerel,
Yea Lobsters, Oysters, and all kind of Fishes
Which Lust's soft fuel treasure in their shell ;
Had left their troubled Deepes to swim in dishes :
Of which no Land knew such variety
But when the *Deluge* made the Earth a Sea.

146.

But all this while the sparkling Boulds were crown'd
With living Nectar round about the Table :
Amazement ne'r such precious Liquor found
Dropping from Poet's brain ; a Liquor able
To make th' *Egyptian Queen* disdain her Cup,
Though courting with a liquid Gem her lip.

147.

Then for *Reserves*, ten Ladies' dainty hands,
Th' ambitious Caters of their own delight,
Had curiously rais'd antic Bands
Of banquet Powers ; in which the wanton might
Of *Confactory Art* endeavor'd how
To charm all Tasts to their sweet overthrow.

148.

Thus having feasted her Spectator's eyes,
Genis but nods, and all was ta'n away.
And is this homage to be scorn'd, she cries,
Which copious I alone to *Psyche* pay ?
Must her dry *Supper* of the simple *Lamb*,
Of which she prates so much, these *Dainties* shame ?

149.

These *Dainties*, whose soft but victorious *Bait*
Hath many a sturdy *Stoic* captive led :
And with whose precious-relishing Deceit
The liquorish World aspireth to be fed ;
Tho' crude Distempers, Surfeits, Sickness, Pain,
And immature Death make its dreadful Train.

150.

These *Dainties*, which are fairer far, I trow,
Than that poor green raw *Apple*, which could win
A wiser *She* than *Psyche* is, to throw
All other Bliss away : yet curs'd *Sin*
Attended on that fatal *Bit* ; but here
On all my Board is no *Forbidden Cheer*.

151.

No ; bounteous Heav'n's free Patent seals to Me
Complete authority o'r all these Pleasures.
And must our holy *Tyrant's* Piety
Cancel her own *God's* Act ; and square the measures
Of my Enjoyments by what her fond Sense
Is pleas'd to judge Religious Abstinence ?

152.

Must I be fed with *Hope* ? or, what is more
Jejune than that, vile Roots and coarse dry Bread ?

Must I be ravish'd from my sparkling store
Of virgin Wines, and forc'd to drink the dead
Deflow'r'd cold water, or that Brine which she
Boils in her eyes to scald my Mouth and Me ?

153.

Must I neglect my woful *Bellie's* Cry,
And basely to self-murder yield ; whilst She
Delights her peevish self to mortify
Without the least remorse of killing Me ?
Still must I sit till my lank skin become
A mere white sheet to shroud me for my tomb ?

154.

Though *Justice*, righteous *Sir*, might you persuade
To aid our necessary mutiny ;
Yet *Pity* too on *Genis's* part doth plead
For present succour's alms before I dy.
O had these Teeth on *Psyche's* heart their will
Their wrongs how deeply would they make her feel ?

155.

She closing here, and champing her fell lips,
Ev'n in her silence still spake spite and rage :
Which *Haphe* echoing, forth right coily trips
And shews her sullen face upon the Stage.
With mute Disdain she her stern preface makes,
And having look'd Contempt, Contempt she speaks :

156.

'Tis well you'll deign me leave to be the last ;
Yet goodly Sisters, when, I pray, would you
Have *felt* those Wrongs of yours, had I not past
Through all your Lodgings, and inform'd you how ?
'Tis by my *Touch* alone that you resent
What object yields Delight, what Discontent.

157.

You to your proper Cells confin'd are,
Which also stand in my Dominions,
Whose limits are extended far and near
Through flesh and blood and skin : indeed some Bones
Are obstinate ; but to thy teeth I tell
Thee *Genis*, they sometimes my power feel.

158.

What haste, *Anamnesis* ? yet I'm contented,
Come bless their eyes : At this proud-yielding word
She on the scene her *Tactile sweets* presented :
With curious Ermin's stately mantles furr'd,
Illustrious robes of Satin and of silk,
And wanton Lawns, more soft and white than milk.

159.

Delicious Beds of cygnet's purest Down,
Cushions of Roses, Lillies, Violets ;
Bathes of perfum'd oiles, footpaths thick strown
With budding Summer's undeflow'r'd sweets ;
Stoves which could Autumn of cold Winter make,
Fountains in Autumn to bring Winter back.

160.

Soft Ticklings, Courtings, Kisses, Dalliance,
Embraces which no modest Muse must tell ;
For all the Company at their first glance
Started and turn'd from that bold spectacle.

Which *Haphe* marking, insolently cries,
Out, out on these demure Hypocrisies.

161.

What mean you your vain heads to turn aside
When still your itching hearts are hankering here !
Fools ! what your eyes pretend not to abide
Your hungry Thoughts esteem their choicest cheer :

Talk not of shame ; I to your selves appeal
Is 't shame to see what all desire to feel ?

162.

Yet though this solemn and substantial joy
I offer *Psyche*, most ingrateful She
Starts more than you, and barbarously coy
Makes war upon my solid Courtesy :

Just as the clownish Rocks in pieces dash
The streams, which gently come their sides to wash.

163.

Faint on the ground's cold bed she makes me lie,
There to corrupt my flesh and suck diseases,
And measure out my grave before I die :
Some cloth of hemp, or hair, or what she pleases,
Must those furs' place usurp : poor *Haphe*, who
Ne'r peeps abroad, must like a Pilgrim go.

164.

With churlish strokes on this soft tender breast,
As of some Anvil, 'tis her trade to beat
With an unnat'ral Hammer, mine own fist.
She scorns, grave *Sir*, the service of my feet,
And dwelling always on my weary Knee
Relentless Tyrant lames her self and me.

165.

Although my livid soreness be now spread
About me round, she still regardless goes,
And will go on, till force her spight forbid.
This has confederated me with those
My injur'd sisters, all resolv'd to try
The strength of *Right* against her *Tyranny*.

166.

The Plaintiffs thus their several Cases spread
Open before their common *Censor* : He
Shaking with serious Look his thoughtful head,
Some pause allowed to his Gravity ;
At length he cry'd, The matter's foul, I see,
And doth include with yours, my Injury.

167.

Your Resolution 's just and noble too :
But still I must advise you to Agree,

Least you by factious jealousy undo
The joints which knit up your Conspiracy.
A mutinous Army only hastes to lose
The field, before it to the battle goes.

168.

But more Confederates were not amiss
The easier to dispatch your great Design :
That discontented Troop which scatter'd is
About the Heart, will in your Plot combine :
And lo my faithful Sister *Fancy* there,
Whom you may trust your embassy to bear.

169.

She all this while behind them sate, and as
Their several Pageants and Complaints came out,
Straight caught them pris'ners in her crystal glass,
And then their figures in her Sampler wrought.
She needed no Instructions what to say,
But being ask'd to go she flies away.

170.

For launching on the nimble wings of Thought
Forthwith to her designed port she sails ;
Where, in the Lodgings scatter'd round about
The Court of *Psyche*, she her face unvaila.
The *Passions* flock'd to kiss her, and to know
What welcome News she from abroad could show.

171.

The News is this, said she ; and instantly
Taught her, fine airy figures, to present
All that was spoke, or shew'd, or plotted by
The angry *Senses* ; adding what intent
Had spurr'd her thither. They a while amaz'd,
Upon the guileful Apparition gaz'd.

172.

Then taking fire, and being too stout their own
Wraths' flames to bridle, thus they belch'd them out :
Surely, said they our *Queen* flat foe is grown,
To her most trusty friends. 'Twas not for nought
That we our selves complain'd ; 'tis certain she
Means now to rage and open Tyrant be.

173.

If their great distance cannot Them remove
From her injustice, then no wonder we
Who live more in her reach, so often prove
The prey whereon she feasts her Cruelty.
We in their Plot against our common foe
Think it most just to join ; and tell them so.

174.

Though theirs the honor be to have begun
This righteous insurrection ; yet they
Shall find that we will lead our forces on
With such resolv'd might, that our Delay
Shall more than be excus'd, when our Rage
Shall once appear upon the Battel's stage.

175.

Let them be sure to watch their Ports without,
And leave the bus'ness here within for us ;
Who are not now to learn how to be stout
And stomachful and rude and mutinous.
That Word rais'd *Fancy's* smile, right glad to see
Success so quickly crown her Embassy.

176.

Whose Issue when she to the *Senses* told,
They all would in devotion needs blaspheme ;
Thrusting loud thanks on *God*, as if their bold
Sedition had been patronis'd by Him ;
And now with traiterous expectation swell'd,
They wait to see the *Passions* take the field.

177.

But *Hope*, *Love*, *Hatred*, *Anger*, and the rest
Of that impatient crew had forthwith been
In open arms, had cautious *Fear* not prest
For some demur, and to his party won
Deep-thinking *Jealousy* : 'Tis best, said he,
We of some valiant Leader first agree.

178.

Psyche is strong and sober : if we fight
Without due Discipline, that Rashness will
But hurry our own Pow'rs to speedier flight :
But if we make some expert *General's* skill
Our own by following it, the Victory
Will grow ambitious on our side to be.

179.

That Word a new Confusion broach'd, for all
Reach'd at the *General's* lofty Place, but *Fear*
And *Jealousy* ; yet these abhorr'd to fall
Under the absolute power of any there,
And equally in doubt and dread did stand,
Both of subjection, and of Command.

180.

Long their Ambitions jostled one another,
(For who is best where all alike are bad
By common Treason?) and yet loth to smother
Their traiterous Wrath in their own Strife, they made
A Vote at last, to step abroad and see
Who skill'd best feats of Activity.

181.

When lo (so well Hell's plots were lay'd) they met
A goodly Person, to whose cedar head
All theirs like shrubs appear'd : *Disdain* did sit
High on his brows, his awful limbs were spread
To such extent of gallantry, that there
Seem'd ample room for every thing but fear.

182.

At his first glimpse their wishes all concenter
On portly Him : *Love* forthwith is design'd

To break to this brave Knight their bold Adventure,
And with her wiley sweetness sift his mind.
She hastens to her Task ; and bowing low,
From her mouth's fount lets this enchantment flow.

183.

Might's goodly Mirror, whosoe'r you be
Whom blessed fortune shews us here alone ;
Surely such fair commanding Majesty
Deserves by thousands to be waited on :
And, if such honor you this Troop will deign,
We shall have found a *Lord*, and you a *Train*.

184.

An high Design hath fir'd us now, which may
Your Might and Soverain Command become :
Upon a War with *Psyche* we to day
Resolved have : but kind fate kept us from
Choosing our *General* ; and we hope our stay
Was but for you, whom Heav'n puts in our way.

185.

This League was knit by strong *Necessity*,
To break that Yoke which else our necks would break :
Would *Psyche* suffer us ourselves to be,
No mutiny of ours her throne should shake ;
But we, though *Passions*, calm and tame must lie
Whilst she proves passionate ev'n to Tyranny.

186.

We must not Hope, nor Fear, nor Love, nor Hate,
Nor do the things for which we all were born :
If fouler slavery e'r did violate
Free-Subjects' birthright ; our sad sufferings scorn :
If not ; O may the just *Relief* be ours,
Great *Sir*, by your stout hand ; the *Glory* yours.

187.

Agenor's glad such punctual ready Bliss
Did on his own Design itself obtrude ;
Swell'd his vast Looks to bigger stateliness :
Three turns he stalk'd, three times he proudly view'd
The Company, three times he snuff'd, and then
Opening his mouth at leisure thus began :

188.

Now by my glorious Power, all you I know,
But silly Brats I see you know not me,
Whom to so vile a piece of Work you woo
As bridling wretched *Psyche's* Tyranny.
Must I, whom Lyons, Tigres, Dragons fear,
Debase my Strength, and stoop to conquer Her?

189.

If of the great *Kind* she a Monster were,
Or e'r had made distressed Countries fly
To Shrines and Oracles on wings of fear,
To summon to their help a *Deity* ;

¹ The Spirit of Pride.

If she could prove a *Thirteenth Task* for Him
Who *Twelve* achiev'd, the Work would me beseech,

190.

But to unsheath my Valour at a fly,
And pitch the field against a simple Worm;
To mount my Sinews' great Artillery
A female despicable Fort to storm;
More honor on the Captive's head would heap
Than on my Hand which did that Conquest reap.

191.

Yet since so deep I your Oppression see,
I'll win thus much on my high-practic'd Might
To make it bow to your delivery.
But never say *Agenor* came to fight:
I scorn the match; this finger will be strong
Enough to prove my *Pity* of your Wrong.

192.

This said, He march'd in more than warlike state
Up to the House where thoughtful *Psyche* lay:
And thund'ring imperiously at the gate,
Unto the Rebel's rage burst ope the way.
Loud rung the Ruin, and with boistrous fear
Strait revel'd in the Queen's amazed ear.

193.

As when the Winds let loose upon the Sea,
Tear up the Deepes and fling them at the Stars;
Chasing away unarm'd *Serenity*
With bold alarms of unsuspected wars;
The startled *Nymphs* their fearful heads shrink in,
And down into the world's dark bottom run:

194.

So *Psyche*, trembling at the furious Cry,
Retreated to her inmost Fort; a place
Profound and strong, from whence her jealous Eye
Might safely view the Rebels: Time it was
To call her *Counsellor*; whom to the Rout
With these Instructions she dispatcheth out:

195.

Run *Logos*,¹ run, and learn what mad mistake
Hurls those my Subjects into tumult: Try,
(For well thou skill'st that gentle Might) to break
Their furie's torrent by the lenity
Of wise Persuasion; *Pardon*, of all charms
The best, proclaim to all who lay down arms.

196.

He at this odd News shakes his head; but yet
Right sagely-pleasant to the Traitors goes.
And Friends, said he, If you be in a fit
Of fighting, then in God's name seek your foes.
This is your peaceful Home; O be it far
From you to ruin your own Rest by War.

¹ Reason.

197.

Did any Reason prompt you to rebel;
How could it 'scape from being known to Me?
Your *Queen* what would it boot you to expel,
Who needs must in her ruins buried be?
What gains the mad-man, who through jealous fears
Pulls his own house, and death, about his ears?

198.

What means sweet *Love* to rob herself of all
Herself, in playing peevish *Discord*'s part?
Must th' universal Glue, which binds the Ball
Of this fair world so close, in pieces start?
Shall thy dear Bands serve only now to ty
Destruction fast to your *Conspiracy*?

199.

Stern *Hatred*, could the copious world afford
No other Prey whereon to feast thy spight;
But thou against thyself must draw thy sword
In venturing against thy *Queen* to fight?
O hate what hateful is, but hate not her,
Whose love gives thee thy life and dwelling here.

200.

What strange Enchantments lur'd Thee, fond *Hope*,
To this design of self-destruction? Who
Abus'd thy credulous soul, and puff'd thee up
With mad supposal that the Ladder to
Exalt thee, must be Ruin? Thus art Thou
Of *Hope* become plain *Desperation* now.

201.

Unhappy *Fear*, and what makes thee afraid
To dwell in thine own Happiness's Fort?
What monstrous Witchery hath now betray'd
To this bold Mutiny thy trembling Heart?
What hardneth thee, who quak'st at every frown
Of other Princes, to despise thine own?

202.

Brave *Anger*, shall the scoffing world at last
Have cause to mock thy Valour, whilst it makes
Such earnest haste unto so wild a Jest
As waging war against its own mistakes?
What pity 'tis to see thou art so fair
And well appointed when no Danger's near?

203.

And you my Fellow-subjects all, whom I
Have often heard our gracious *Sovereign* praise
For humble Duty and fidelity;
O why must groundless Rashness now erase
That noble Character, and in its stead
Print foul Rebellion's blot on your fair head?

204.

By your Allegiance and ingenerate worth,
By your own Lives, and dearer Loyalty,

By *Psyche's* royal Head, by Heav'n and Earth,
By every thing, I you conjure to be
True to yourselves: The *Queen* desires but this,
Who by your Peace and weal counts her own bliss.

205.

Suspect not that this Paroxysm, which hath
Your honesty abus'd; or the Art
Of that bold *Stranger* who applies your wrath
To his own Envy's end, can spur her heart
To such revenge, that she cannot forgive
Those in whose Happiness her life doth live.

206.

No; she is readier to forget, than you
Can be your hasty Error to lay down:
She on your necks by me her arms doth throw,
And by my Tongue she calls you still her own:
Behold the Pledge of her Embraces here,
A *General Pardon* all your Doubts to clear.

207.

As when soft Oil on raging fire you throw,
Forthwith the fretful flames incens'd by
Its gentleness, more fierce and rampant grow:
So here the unrelenting mutinous fry
Storm'd at persuasive *Logos*, and to new
Impatience at his sweet Oration grew.

208.

He's an Enchanter, *Anger* cry'd, and by
These blandishments hath oft bewitch'd Us:
But our mature and just Conspiracy
Scorns to be fooled and confuted thus.

'Tis time to act our Resolutions now,
That *Reason's* may no longer us undo.

209.

Then clapping her right paw full on his throat,
And stopping with her left his mouth, she drew
Him to *Agenor*, crying, Now w' have got
Our subtlest Foe, Sir, let him have his due.
We never shall our warlike bus'ness do,
If to the *Tyrant* back in peace he go.

210.

The other *Passions* strait rebounded that
Rebellious word; whose *General* glad to see
Their madness compass what his pride could not,
Gave order *Logos* should close Pris'ner be.

They hollowing all for joy, made desperate haste
Two chains upon his neck and mouth to cast.

211.

And here I challenge any heart to read
This storie's riddles, and forbear to sigh;
Seeing servile feet tread down the noble Head,
And common *Slaves* with tyrannous Licence fly
Upon their *Lord*: O who secure can be,
When *Reason* must be bound, and *Passion* free!

212.

What woful Consequents must make the train
Of those false-named Subjects Insolence,
Who blush not with contempt to entertain
The Messages of their most yielding Prince:
Who have no power because they strong are grown
Or Loyalty or Modesty to own.

213.

Psyche, whom all this while suspicion had
Held watching at the window of her Tower,
When she descri'd from thence how fiercely mad
And confident of their outrageous Power
The *Rebels* were; and that in foul disdain
Her Messenger they did in Bonds detain:

214.

She fetch'd a mighty sigh; and though with Him
Herself and all her Honor, Pris'ners were;
Between Despairs and Hopes she long did swim,
Yet could her course into no harbor steer.
For her own fancies to such tumults rose,
As copied out her loud tempestuous foes.

215.

Thus by that Noise without, and this within,
She Summon'd was unto the top of fear.
Her trusty *Phylax* now would not be seen,
Nor can she any News of *Charis* hear.
No friend was left but *Thelema*¹; and she
Was thought but wavering in fidelity.

216.

But as the shipwreck'd Man toss'd up and down
Between high deaths and low, amongst the Waves;
Claps fast on any glimpse of help, and grown
Bold by despair, nor hold nor comfort leaves
As long's his poor plank floats: So *Psyche* now
On *Thelema* her sinking arms did throw.

217.

And O, she cry'd, my only Refuge, I
Conjure thee well to mark thy Hap and m
The Tempest of my Woes is swoll'n so high,
That now all bridles it disdains but thine:
And 'tis thy Privilege, that I to thee
Must ow my life, for thy sake dear to me.

218.

At any price would'st Thou some way have bought
Which might so deep engage thy Queen to thee:
Yet monstrous hadst thou been, if thou hadst sought
This sad unnatural opportunity.
But now their Disobedience ope's the way
For thy Desert if thou wilt me obey.

¹ *The Will.*

219.

Legs had prov'd himself both wise and strong,
Had obstinate Spight not dammed up their ears :
But all his Powers fighting from his tongue,
Their deaf Rebellion his Assaults outdares.
His Arguments confuted are with Chains,
And I fear, in prison He remains.

220.

But thy brave Valour reigneth in thy Hands,
O most incomparable *Amazon* ;
Whose noble stroke no Adamant withstands,
No Subtilty eludes : Thy Nod alone
Points out thy Victories ; fresh laurel groves
Court thy subduing foot where'r it moves.

221.

By softness fain I would have conquer'd Them,
No blast of whose Rebellion could blow out
My royal Love, which towards them did flame :
But now their Madness challengeth a stout
And corsive Cure ; thy Hand must do the Deed,
And through their Wounds not fear my blood to shed.

222.

O how my Soul at that sad Word recoils,
And at the thought of Blood aforehand bleeds !
What gains a Prince but loss, by winning Spoils
From his fond Subjects ! Yet since fate will needs
Thus cruel make my Safety ; be it so :
Though tender I start back, Thou on shalt go.

223.

Go then my faithful Champion, and may
Blessed *Success* march in thy company.
I'll from this window wait upon thy way
By my observing and well-wishing Eye ;
Which shall the witness of thy valor be,
And what Reward it shall deserve from me.

224.

But fall not to revenge the proud intrusion
Of yon ignoble *Stranger*, who may be
Perhaps the firebrand of this wild Confusion
Which threatens to burn up both Thee and Me :
And if his blood will serve to quench this fire,
Spare all the rest ; they will no more Conspire.

225.

Stout *Thelema* with this Commission went,
And by imperious Looks built up her brow.
The *Passions* struck by that commanding Dint
Down all their eyes and arms and courage threw :
Only *Agenor's* stomach rose to see
Himself out-look'd in high-swol'n Majesty.

226.

But knowing his own Weakness, and her Might,
And seeing all the *Passions* turn'd to fear ;

He judg'd it safest now to change the fight
Of Arms to that of Wit : for in *Love's* ear
He whisper'd his device ; and straitway she
At *Thelema* let fly this Fallacy.

227.

Illustrious Lady, you to-day might spare
Those ireful Looks, with which *Mistake* hath plow'd
Your awful face : How can you think we dare
So far forget our nothing, as with proud
Madness to whet our Sword and bend our Bow
To make war with *Omnipotence*, and you ?

228.

But as your strength is great, so is your love,
Whom we our noble Friend have always found :
How often has your courteous Goodness strove
To ease that Yoke whose weight our Patience ground ?
O had our *Sovereign* been as mild as you,
Despair had not been all our Comfort now.

229.

But though our loyal service day by day
Strain'd all its strength Her favor to obtain ;
Still her remorseless Cruelty doth lay
Upon our bruised necks a heavier chain ;
And hating *Love's* and *Pity's* thoughts, she still
With lingering Death delighteth us to kill.

230.

Arms, Arms, are our sole (forso'd) Refuge ; for
Though your all-brawny Might knows how to bear
What wrongs see'r her spight on you can pour,
Our shoulders of a feebler temper are :
Nor can you judge it guilt in us, if we
Shrink more than you from her broad Tyranny.

231.

Hearing what constant slavery she heap'd
On our poor backs, who yet were all free-born,
This noble *Stranger* mercifully weep'd,
And thought it Honor's duty not to scorn
Our sad estate : Then far far be it you
Our ancient *friend* should more than *Stranger* grow.

232.

Yet perish if we must, our Miseries
Beg but this woful Courtesy of you :
Return us not to *Psyche*, who denies
Us Brevity of torments : Lo we throw
Ourselves before your gentle feet, and pray
Our lives and griefs may see no other day.

233.

Nay doubt not, Die we dare ; but dare not think
Of living in our former Death again.
If from the fatal blow our necks but shrink,
Then say, We truly wish'd not to be slain.
Here take our willing swords ; which in your hand
Though not in ours, our servitude may end.

234.

As when the cunning Reeds relent and bow
In low submission to the boistrous Wind;
And with their whining pipe their sorrows blow
To every Blast, compassion's alms to find:
Way to their charm the generous *Tempest* gives,
And passing forward, them their Pardon leaves.

235.

So portly *Thelema* allay'd by
Their fauning homage, bid them all arise.
They, strait unveiling ready *Atemory*,
In fraudulent thanks presented to her eyes
The stately Pageant *Fancy* thither brought,
With their own Treasures amplier furnish'd out.

236.

She look'd, and wonder'd, and let through her eye
The soft *Deceit* get stealing to her heart.
She never yet did at one view descry
So huge an Army of Delight, such Art
Of sweetness, such Magnificence of Pleasure,
Such equipage of Smiles and Joys and Leisure.

237.

Election, who stood musing at her hand,
Was ne'r at such a dainty loss as here:
Her thoughts ten thousand sweets examin'd, and
Hover'd in gazing doubt which to prefer.
So in the flowry Mead fond Children loose
Their eyes, before they can resolve to choose.

238.

The *Rebels* seeing now their crafty Bait
Went down without suspicion of the Hook;
Bid *Love* drive home the plot: She melting strait
Down on her bended knee, with flattering Look
And pliant words, endeavor'd thus to teach
Sturdy *Rebellion* meek *Submission's* speech:

239.

Since this our full apparent Magazine,
Which thy just Eyes are pleas'd not to disdain,
No more respect can from fell *Psyche's* win,
Than froward glances of contempt; again
We beg, that we may never live to see
Such sweets betray'd to further slavery.

240.

The bounteous heav'n, and Earth, and Air, and Sea
Have made our Treasury their own by this
Their royal Contribution: Yet must we
Our own possessions no more possess,
Nor reap the fruit of what the World's consent
In this rich Mass heaps up for our content.

241.

O no! it is in vain that we are by
The generous universe thus favor'd,

Whilst *Psyche's* envious Barbarity,
And not our Mouths are by its bounty fed.
What patrons for this fierceness can she find,
When all the world besides to us are kind?

242.

To us, and to our fellow-sufferers, who
Her faithful factors are in Senses trade.
A most unhappy faithfulness, which no
Acceptance finds! they all together plead
With woful us, desirous all our last
Anchor of hope on righteous Thee to cast.

243.

Now by thy mighty Goodness we implore
Relief for our loud-crying Injuries.
So to thy service this exuberant store
We sacrifice; no despicable Price
Of thy Compassion, if the total gains
Of *Nature's* wealth be worth thy smallest pains.

244.

So thy sole Beck shall be the Law whereby
Oblig'd we our lives will regulate:
So great *Agenor* will unite in thy
Acquaintance, and this morning consecrate
To peaceful smiles, whose ominous Dawn was red
With flashes of fierce War and streaks of Blood.

245.

As when the shepherd loitering by the side
Of some soft-murmuring Current, lets his ears
Drink that complaining story of the Tide;
The purling Dialect soon domineers
O'r his enchanted spirits, and down he lies
Both to the noise and sleep, an easy prize:

246.

So *Thelema*, who linger'd all this while
In idle audience of *Love's* blandishments,
Was now subdued by her glozing guile,
And to the Rebel's fair-tongu'd Plot consents.
Her hankering arms she with their treasures fills,
Her foolish heart with joy, her face with smiles.

247.

And well I see, she cries, how righteous is
Your Cause and Quarrel: Heav'n forbid that I
To such deep undeserv'd miseries
The justice of Compassion should deny.
Yet Pity is not all that I can show:
You know this Hand hath greater might than so.

248.

Alas not *Psyche's* self, although she be
My granted Sovereign, can make me bend:
Oft do I rush and range abroad, when she
Would lock me up; and oft when she would send
Me forth, except my pleasure be to stir,
I stay in spight of all her strength and Her.

249.

And, well aware of this, prudential she
Wav'd all her state, and su'd to me for aid
In meek pathetic flattery, when ye
Had bravely learn'd her how to be afraid.
I heard her fauning prayers: and I could
Have stayed; but I came, *Because I would.*

250.

'Twas I first taught your Pris'ner *Logos* how
To bear a chain; else you had strove in vain.
Long, long have I accusom'd Him to bow
To my least finger his strong-reaching Brain:
And though sometimes I let him wrangle, yet
Reason has no more power than I permit.

251.

The universal strength of all you see
Throughout the wide-spread world look big and high,
Ne'r yet made combination which could be
Valid enough to bind my Potency.
Hence 'tis that stoutest Champions from their knee
Fight by Petitions, when they deal with me.

252.

They talk of *Samson*.—one, I must confess
Fame hath not quite bely'd; and yet we see
A Wenche's sheers clipt off his Mightiness,
And trimm'd him fit for his captivity.
Alas, poor Giant, all his strength hung loose
About his ears; mine in my heart lies close.

253.

Nay *Heav'n* (without a brag I speak 't) does know
My might so thoroughly, that it ne'r would try
By rightdown force of Arms my neck to bow,
But by allurements strives to mollify
My hardy Heart. And well it is that ye
Have took that gentle only course with me.

254.

As for your choice of this illustrious *Knight*
To head your Party, I dispute it not.
His worth forestals exception: though in right
My vote should first have been expected, but
You by my pardon of that haste may know
What serious Pity I your Case allow.

255.

This said, *Agenor* by the hand she takes,
And bids him welcome with a courtly Kiss.
He, soldier-like, right proud repaiement makes
In arrogant high-languag'd Promises;
And swears, by all his Conquests, she shall find
That with a Man indeed sh' had now combin'd.

256.

Then to his fair Pavilion ushering Her,
His Soldiers he to Council summons: They
As proud's their haughty *General*, thither tear
With rampant Acclamations their way;
And there contrive by joint deliberation
The rest of their Adventure how to fashion.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

STANZA 28, l. 4, '*frenzy*' = frenzy. St. 29, l. 5, '*courser*' = coarser. St. 32, l. 4, '*abroach*' = a-flowing; but see Glossarial Index *s.v.* for examples. St. 33, l. 3:—

'Than from my springs the stream are forc'd to flow.'

Probably this has got altered by printer's error from:—

'Than from my stream the springs are forc'd to flow,'

or 'stream' should be 'streams.' St. 36, l. 3, '*Microcosme*' = little world. St. 43, l. 2, '*prest*' = ready. St. 50, l. 2, put: after 'Treasury.' St. 51, l. 2, '*Arachne*' = the Spider according to the familiar myth. St. 52, l. 5, '*salt-royled*' = salt-rolled? St. 58, l. 2, '*rosal*': see Glossarial Index *s.v.* for other examples: l. 6, '*Plummed*' = sounded or fathomed with the plummet. St. 59, l. 2, '*crumbled*'—a vivid word. St. 61, l. 5, '*Bowl's*' = bowl's. St. 62, l. 5, '*Where as*' = Where, as, &c. St. 63, l. 5, '*boulimy*' = bouillie; but see Glossarial Index *s.v.* St. 70, l. 3, '*Proconnerian Marble Mine*': see Glossarial Index, *s.n.* St. 90, l. 4, '*rapt'd*' = rapt or enraptured. St. 93, l. 5, '*Theorbo*' = kind of lute: *ib.* '*Bandore*' = guitar-like instrument. St. 94, l. 2, '*Symmetrical*' = symmetrical. St. 95, l. 5, '*Bowl*' = bowl or globe. St. 100, l. 5, '*period*' = end. St. 105, l. 2, '*Colin*' = Spenser—misprinted 'Colon': see Glossarial Index, *s.n.* St. 107, l. 3, '*Temple Steps*' viz., of Richard Crashaw—see Memorial-Introduction

and Glossarial Index, *s.n.* St. 110, l. 1, '*Consort*'—see for other examples Glossarial Index, *s.v.* St. 113, l. 1, '*Byblows*' = bastards. St. 123, l. 4, '*flower-gentle*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* St. 131, l. 6, '*Apologies*' = defences. St. 140, l. 6, '*Straw*' = straw-berries: *ib.* '*Rasp*' = raspberries. St. 142, l. 3, '*Godwit*'—see Glossarial Index *s.v.* for full explanation and parallels: l. 6, '*course*' = coarse. St. 143, l. 3, '*Veal*' = calf—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* St. 144, l. 3, '*Ruff*'—'*Dare*': l. 4, '*Sump*'—'*Guernot*': l. 5, '*Dorce*'—'*Mole*'—see Glossarial Index for full explanations and parallels. St. 146, l. 5, '*Egyptian Queen*' = Cleopatra. St. 147, l. 2, '*Caters*' = caterers: l. 3, '*antic*' = odd, grotesque: l. 5, '*Confectory*' = confectionary. St. 179, l. 1, '*broach'd*' = opened—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* St. 180, l. 1, '*jostled*' = jostled. St. 182, l. 2, '*portly*' = noble-ported or noble-bearing. St. 189, l. 6, '*Twelve*' = Hercules. St. 192, l. 6, '*revel'd*' = revell'd—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* St. 204, l. 1, '*ingenerate*' = innate. St. 221, l. 5, '*corrive*' = corrosive. St. 222, l. 4, '*fond*' = foolish. St. 234, l. 1, '*relent*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* St. 239, l. 3, '*fell*' = fierce, terrible. St. 242, l. 2, '*factors*' = agents. St. 244, l. 1, '*Beck*' = beckoning, or intimation of will. St. 245, l. 4, '*parling*'—see Glossarial Index *s.v.* for a full note and parallels. St. 246, l. 5, '*hankering*', *ibid.* St. 252, l. 4, '*trimm'd*' = adorned. St. 256, l. 4, '*rampant*' = exuberant.—G.



CANTO V.

The Pacification.

The ARGUMENT.

*Love on the Rebel's part with Psyche treats,
Whom fair Tale Thelema and Agenor back :
And she deluded by their fawning cheats
Makes league with them, and hugs her own mistake.
Then muffing up Syneidesis at home,
In wanton pride she joys abroad to rove.*

I.

What boots it Man, that *Nature's* Courtesy
Lifting his awful Looks high towards Heav'n,
Hath built his Temples up with Majesty,
And into 's Hand imperial Power given ?
What royal Nonsense is a Diadem
Abroad, for One who's not at home supreme ?

2.

How do's this wide world mock him, when it lays
Its universal Homage at his feet ;
Whom whilst the Air, the Earth, the Sea obeys,
A saucy pack of *Passions* dare to meet
With plain defiance ; and presume to hope
His Empire shall go down, their Pleasure up.

3.

How miserably fond 's the Vaunt, that He
On every Monstrous Thing his Conquests builds ;
That Tigres, Lions, Dragons, forc'd be
By Him to learn submission ; That he wields
Art's moving Mountains, and through widest Seas
Commands his Ships to reach what World he please :

4.

If his own Vessel's helm unruly grow,
And fling him into fatal Tempest's jaws ;
If his domestic Slaves disdain to bow
Their worthless necks to his most equal Laws ;
And fill his Court with more outrageous Beasts
Than are the Salvage Desert's wildest guests :

5.

Alas poor Prince, whose feeble Royalty
Becomes the game and Scoff of vilest Things !
How much are Worms, who of themselves can be
Intire Commanders, more substantial Kings !
Intestine Rebels never trouble Worms,
But *Psyche's* toss'd and torn with civil Storms.

6.

So toss'd, so torn ; that sadly now at last
She finds the most unreasonable Dress,
Which can a reasonable Soul invest,
To be the light loose garb of Carelessness ;
Whose gently-looking beauties only do
Inamour Ruin, and Destruction wo.

7.

She from her Palace-window saw her Grief
Muster'd in terrible battalia :
In vain within she hunted for relief
Where only empty Desolation lay :
Logos and *Thelema* were absent, He
To violence Pris'ner, to Enchantment she.

8.

At home indeed *Syneidesis* stay'd still,
But by her stay made Tortures do so too ;
For she the guilt of this Rebellion full
In wounded *Psyche's* face fear'd not to throw.
Blame not the *Passions*, said she, if they
Revolt ; You to their Treason op'd the way.

9.

Had you been careful how your Might to wield,
And in due time approv'd your self a Queen ;
Your royal Chariot's reins strait had you held,
And resolutely driv'n ; your Beasts had been
Themselves, as loyal still to you and mild,
As now they traiterous are become and wild.

10.

When in a stealing preface to the flood
The first Streams silly creep ; with ease may we
Reduce the Straglers to their proper road :
But if we slight what seems so weak to be,
They grow upon us strait ; disdaining more
Our strength, than we their weakness did before.

11.

Your Greatness scorn'd those breeding Garboils ; you
Forsooth on *Safety's* wings sate mounted high.
And what 's that silly Rivulet come to now ?
What wants it of a Sea's immensity ?
A Sea it is ; which though perhaps it may
Not cleanse your Crime, can wash your Life away.

12.

How many a foul Repulse did I Digest,
And still with faithful constancy pursue
My Dutie's part ! how often have I prest
For timely Justice on that mutinous Crew !
But in my Counsels I was too severe :
Yes, doubtless ; witness all those Rebels there.

13.

And where is *Charis*, where is *Phylax* now ?
O you were too secure their aid to need ;
And well could spare them for poor Heav'n, since you
In your own Realm a Sovereign are indeed.
The case is plain ; See how your Subjects stand
With ready duty waiting your Command.

14.

Unhappy *Psyche* stung by these reproaches,
Profoundly feels the wound dive in her heart ;
Which with her blood her lamentations broaches,
And thus she streameth out her double smart :
Nay then I pardon *them* without, if Thou
Upon my heavy Grievs more load dost throw.

15.

Cruel *Syneidesis*, why stay'd'st thou here,
To grinde my dying Soul with nearer rage ?
More mannerly 's Their Crime who vex me there
At distance : Must my bosom be the stage
Of thy more dangerous undermining Wrath,
Which from my very heart digs out my Death ?

16.

Are these thy thanks to me ; whose favour kept
Thee next myself, and hugg'd thee in my breast ?
How little dream'd I that a Viper slept
In this my nearest and my dearest Nest !
Yet be assur'd, by knowing thy out way,
That thou thyself no less than me shalt slay.

17.

The Privilege of other Vipers Thou,
More barbarous far, in vain expect'st ; for they
To their fell Dames that decent Vengeance ow
Which by sage *Nature's* righteous Law they pay.
But surely Thou art of a kinder breed ;
Thy Matricide all pardon must exceed.

18.

Yet what gain I by seeing Thee undone,
Or those thy fellow-Elves who there rebel ?
Unfortunate me, who cannot die alone,
But in my single Death all yours must feel !
Thus *Miserie's* prodigious Riddle, I
Am now betray'd oft at once to die.

19.

But this is all the pity Princes find
When Rebels once are grown as strong as bold :

All faults and all miscarriages are joyn'd
Into one cruel odious Mass, and roll'd
Upon their Sovereigns' Backs ; although their sin
Hath nothing but their *too much* Goodness been.

20.

Here stern *Syneidesis*, who knew full well
She on irrefragable Truth did lay
The ground of all her actions, 'gan to swell
With confident Scorn ; and yet a while gave way,
Since she her sharp but loyal part had done
To see what *Psyche* meant : who thus went on :

21.

O *Charis* ! would'st not thou bid me adieu,
But by discourteous parting, leave my heart
Unarm'd, because unarm'd ? Grant it true
That thou no reason read'st in my desert
To stay thee here ; my misery at least
Might woo thy Charity to be my Guest.

22.

Wilt thou abandon me, o *Phylax* too,
Who hast so oft 'twixt me and danger spread
Thy Wing's impenetrable Shield ? That *Foe*
On whom thy Conquest in the Grove did tread,
Was but a single fiend : why then shall thy
Brave Hand not reap this fairer victory ?

23.

How shall I grapple with this arm'd crew
Confederate against my desolate head,
Whom one smug Cheater did so soon subdue ?
What reason then soever wing'd thy speed
To my Relief, is multiplied here :
What lames thy pity now, what deafs thine ear ?

24.

O *Prince* of this my consecrated breast,
O thou whose Majesty did not disdain
A suit to worthless me, but oft profest
By thy Ambassador thy amorous pain
And sweet-tormenting longings for my Love :
What makes thy tender Heart forgetful prove ?

25.

Hadst thou for ever not remembered me,
I had not mock'd been with Tasts of Bliss.
Why did not *Aphrodisius's* Treachery
Prevent the worse extremity of this ?
That soft and single death why dy'd not I,
But am reserv'd a thousand times to die ?

26.

Some happiness of misery it were,
Might I be murder'd by my barbarous foes :
But must my homebred Powers the Standard rear
Against my Life ? Must I be slain by those
Who by my influence live, and who must die
Unless I 'scape their mad Conspiracy.

27.

What gain accrues to my Soul's Treasury
That I so long did Fast, so often Pray?
What brake that Bottle wont of old to be
The Store-house of Devotion's tears? what Pay
Have all my faithful amorous groans and sighs,
If I must prove mine own slave's sacrifice?

28.

What meant this *Taken*, which did gird my heart
So close to thee, who casts me now away!
Was this the farewell thou didst me impart
When thou some other Love hadst chose, which may
Monopolize thy constant favors, and
In banish'd *Psyche's* place for ever stand?

29.

No wonder if my *Passions* mutinous prove,
Breaking that yoke which bound their Faith to me;
If blessed *Jesus* can unty his Love
Knit in this spousal-knot of Chastity.
How can I longer be displeas'd with them,
Unless I could and dar'd fall out with Him?

30.

Am I unworthy? so I was before:
Yet he vouchsaf'd my Nothing to accept.
Sure then, I now am sunk beneath the poor
Region of vilest nothing, and have kept
But what is worse than nullity, a mere
Capacity, Calamities to bear.

31.

O all my *Jays*, take *Psyche's* long adieu,
And find some dwelling where you may have room:
My tumid Griefs have left no place for you,
But made my whole usurp'd heart their home;
And more than so; far must you get you hence
To 'scape my *Sorrows'* vast circumference.

32.

And you, poor *Hopes*, your time no longer loose
In hankering here in my despairing breast:
Away, away unhappy things, and choose
In any place but this a fortunate Nest.
Be confident your choice can never err,
For all *Misfortunes* are collected here.

33.

But rage, rage on, o my *Disconsolations*,
For I resign myself your total Prey:
Some ease 'tis to defy *Woe's* Insultations,
When still to look, and look in vain, for Joy,
Doubles self-torment: why should I alone,
When all things hate me else, my self be moan?

34.

Whilst thus she fries in desolate vexations,
The *Rebels* at their Council busy were:

Where tir'd with hard and knotty Consultations
Which way their traitorous design to steer;
Up rose *Suspicion*, and first looking over
Each shoulder, thus her judgment did discover:

35.

Princely *Agenor*, in Truth's sober scale
Weighty and great 's the work we have in hand;
Let not our caution then be light or small:
Haste may be good, when once we understand
The way is clear; if otherwise, to run,
Is only with more speed to be undone.

36.

Hope's Arguments are plausible; but yet
She, flitting *She*, alone is their foundation:
I doubt our Enterprise's base will not
Stand sure on any thing but Demonstration.
I should be loth to fight, but where I may
Do something more than *hope* to win the day.

37.

Anger's Advice is sound, if *Psyche* were
So weak a Prince as her opinion makes her:
But on what Rocks shall we our Vessel steer,
By this untried Card, if she mistakes her?
Fear, would she speak, could shew you such a List
Of *Psyche's* Powers, as soon would cool our haste.

38.

Alas, how can we force her hold, if *She*
Deny to yield when we our Battery make?
Are not those Walls and Gates apparently
Of pure immortal Metal? We may break
Our Engins and our plots and fury too,
And sooner our own selves than her undo.

39.

A lingering Leaguer, what can that effect,
Unless we dream at length to starve her out?
But she long since to throw secure neglect
On all the Dainties of the world was taught,
Her Prayers and her Heaven her diet were,
And now she's strait besieg'd, she best doth fare.

40.

But as for us who at the siege must lie,
We, fed with hope of Victory, must starve
Before we get it: for with what supply,
Or whence shall we provided be to serve
So many mouths; which *Psyche* fill'd till now;
And if she up be shut, they must be too.

41.

The *Senses* true and trusty are; but these
Can lend us no assistance here, so narrow
And difficult are all the passages
Which hither lead: Besides, could they march thorough,
They by our hands must fight, not by their own,
And do no more than we may act alone.

L

42.

I could be confident, were but the *Queen*
 Divorc'd from all her friends : but well I know
 That she her *Tell-truth* keepeth still within,
 And by her Oracle perhaps may grow
 Too wise for us ; for sage *Synceidesis*,
 In all her Councils deep and sober is.

43.

Nay who can tell but some of her Allies
Phylax or *Charis*, or some other friend
 May rush upon our backs, and by surprise
 Both our Design and us in pieces rend ?
 Fresh is the Lesson in the Grove we read ;
 Can you forget how *Aphrodisius* sped ?

44.

Besides, y' have heard of *Heaven's* immortal *Son*
 Whose sovereign hand holds *fate's* and *power's* rein :
 That hand which when great *Lucifer* begun
 To let his eyes but glimmer with disdain ;
 Tumbled him headlong into Death and Hell :
 I tell you friends, that *Christ* loves *Psyche* well.

45.

Since then apparent hazards close attend
 Our rightdown force ; I cannot find how we
 Shall answer Wisdom's scruples, if we bend
 Against her castle our Artillery.
 Should we at first be worsted, what Recruit
 Can heal our Army, or our crack'd Repute ?

46.

Fear not that we should prove too wary ; I
 For my part judge the safest way the best :
 And this is by a present Embassy
 With humble Lies and Oaths and Glorings drest ;
 To cheat her from her strength, and wisely gain
 Our ends, yet seem to 'scape Rebellion's stain.

47.

But let a vow of Perseverance first
 Seal us all sure to our Conspiracy ;
 That they beforehand may be self-accurs'd
 Whoe'r shall faint or false Apostates be.
 If one should basely fail, why may not two ?
 If two, why may the sum not higher grow ?

48.

This said : An eye of learing Doubt she cast
 Upon *Agenor*, to observe how He
 Relish'd her words : But soon she saw their taste
 In 's palate welcome found ; for instantly,
 I like her Council best he cries, and you
 Shall strengthen your Adventure by a vow.

49.

Thus shall my might avoid, what most I fear'd,
 The vile encountre with a Woman ; and

No less to you my Pity be declar'd,
 Whilst in your front my Majesty doth stand ;
 And strike such terror, ev'n without a blow,
 As to your Plot shall make your Empress bow.

50.

Then calling for a Bason and a Pin,
 He pricks his annular finger, and lets fall
 Three drops of blood : strait, what he thus begun
 As solemnly reacted was by all
 The Company ; which done, again he takes
 The Bason, and three elevations makes.

51.

And may the total streams of blood behind
 Be forc'd to follow these three drops, he cry'd ;
 If ever I unbend my resolute Mind,
 Or from this War's stout prosecution slide.
 May this my present poison be (and here
 He dipp'd his tongue) if I be not sincere.

52.

Then sprinkling on the back of his right hand
 Another drop : this martial mark, said he,
 Shall for a badge and memorandum stand
 Of our resolv'd and sacred Unity.
 You see our Covenant's Rites : Now every One
 Do what your willing General has done.

53.

No jolly Health more chearly walk'd its round
 When lusty Wine and Mirth the bowl had fill'd ;
 Than did this bloody barbarous Bason, crown'd
 With Rage and madness. Their Rebellion seal'd
 Thus by this desperate Ceremony, they
 To *Psyche*, speed the Messenger away.

54.

And this was *Love*, on whose quaint tongue although
 There dwelt perpetual fallacies and sleights ;
 Yet with industrious Deceptions now
 And study'd flatteries her mouth she baits :
 She knew the *Queen* was wise and strong and would
 With common known Delusions not be fool'd.

55.

Thus to the gate demurely come, she try'd
 It with a modest knock, and paus'd a while :
 Then dropping a more timorous stroke, she hid
 In this soft Preface her meek-insolent guile.
 The gentle Knocks had *Psyche* courage take
 To come and see what they would further speak.

56.

No sooner had she op'd a wicket, and
 Reach'd out her doubtful Eye the News to know ;
 But she beheld the Maiden trembling stand
 With weeping eyes, and with dejected brow.
 She lik'd the posture ; yet demanded why
 She thither came, a false and fauning Spy ?

57.

Love by that word alarm'd, to skrew her art,
 Fell on her knees, and smote her bow'd breast ;
 And, Wo is me, she cry'd, whose loyal heart
 By my most dear, though ireful *Sovereign's* thrust
 Quite thro' and thro' ! What strange mischance doth
 throw
 This wrong on Me, and that mistake on You ?

58.

If thus to visit you in humblest guise
 Who here immur'd dwell in Desolation ;
 If to discover where the Error lies
 Whose secret Venom breeds this Perturbation
 Of your whole Realm, deserve the name of *Spy* ;
 I well can bear this glorious Infamy.

59.

But if Suspicion so deludes your eyes,
 That, looking with a jealous glance on me,
 They in my Count'nance read an Enemy's ;
 Just leave I crave to tell your Majesty
 (For it concerns my easence,) you forget
 Your Creature, and take *Love* itself for *Hate*.

60.

Yet your mistake shall force no change in me ;
 Use your vast pow'r wherever else you please.
 I still am *Love*, and so resolve to be,
 Not fearing that false envious witnesses
 Can swear me from myself : Heav'n cannot frame
 What I had rather be than what I am.

61.

Sure I with that right genuine *Love* which you
 Hug next your soul, have some affinity ;
 Adulterate can that virgin *Passion* grow,
 And stain its spotless self with Treachery ?
 Can Odours stinking, Honey bitter be,
 Silk harsh, Down hard, that thus you judge of me ?

62.

Can hatred-hating Lambs employ'd be
 The message of blood-thirsty wolves to bear ;
 And that, (with self-destroying villany)
 To their own best-deserving Shepherd's ear ?
 Can mildest Doves upon an errand from
 Rapacious Kites, and salvage Vultures come ?

63.

O no, misdeeming *Sovereign* ; I am sent
 The soft Ambassador of Peace to you :
 Nor of my Office must it me repent
 What wrath soe'r stands bent in your stern brow :
 And though I know not what will hence ensue,
 I to my native sweetness must be true.

64.

I see you fear'd your *Members* there had bent
 Some trait'rous force against their royal *Head* :

And is 't not likely they would all consent
 Their own heart-blood and life in yours to shed ?
 Madam, believe 't, *Self's* not a dearer Name
 To noble You, than to the worst of Them.

65.

Might I be bold to judge, (and may I speak
 Under your favor's shelter,) I should swear
 Your Highness now is only pleas'd to take
 Suspicion's mask, and try how they will bear
 A forg'd imaginary guilt ; since in
 Their faithful breasts, you find no real sin.

66.

'Tis true, a piece of Discontent has put
 Them in that posture of Defence : but by
 Heav'n, and more heav'nly You, they brew no plot
 But what becomes *true Subjects'* modesty.
 Were mischief their Design, what Power's charms
 Now dead their hands and damp their glittering arms ?

67.

If *strong-embattel'd injur'd Patience* be
 A sign of Treason ; they are Traytors all :
 But surely this self-bridling Treachery
 Doth more for thanks and praise, than anger call.
 O never be it said, that you alone
 Could in *arm'd weakness* read *Rebellion*.

68.

Though Heav'n's Angelic Army rang'd stand
 In fair array, their martial order does
 Not tempt their *Sovereign's* wise thoughts to brand
 Them with the odious character of Foes.
 Let then, that Copy, justify their fact,
 Who arm'd are to Bear, and not to Act.

69.

Else their full Torrent hither flow'd had,
 And made a Deluge of what 's now a Drop.
 What shift could your craft's or strength's banks have
 made
 So fierce a Tide of Violence to stop ?
 But now their Faith and Truth their Power aw,
 And only Duty is their martial Law.

70.

For they by me their Homage send, and pray
 Your Highness would with it their Sult embrace ;
 Changing their tedious Nights into their Day,
 Their only Day which riseth from your face ;
 And deigning to go forth and see how they
 Their panting souls, before your feet will lay.

71.

Here breaking off in deep deceitful sighs,
 With cunning tears she all her face bedew'd.
 But toss'd and rack'd in ambiguities,
 Ten thousand several thoughts poor *Psyche* chew'd :
 Weeping at length, O that those Tears of thine,
 She cry'd, were as sincere and true as mine !

72.

If those Dissemblers now would Suters be,
 What mean proud Arms and warlike Preparation?
 Petitions sure should from the bended knee,
 Not from the Bow be shot: this sullen fashion
 Stout Rogues brought up, who begging with one hand,
 A stone bear in the other to command.

73.

In front why is that burly *Stranger* set
 As *General* against your *Sovereign*?
 He whose heav'n-daring Looks proclaim him fit
 Not to request and sue, but to disdain.
 If I were longer to be trusted, why
 Chose you his Banner for security?

74.

Yet that the Progress of your Treason may
 Want all pretence, as its Commencement did;
 I'll condescend to hear you say your say,
 Provided you yourselves in quiet spread
 Before my window: I must parley there;
 You know how you have us'd my messenger.

75.

Love stung by that last Word, and with fresh tears
 Dissembling their true cause, took humble leave.
 Then to her Complices the News she bears,
 Who it with doubtful countenance receive;
 And boulding every Circumstance, conclude
 That still the same Device must be pursu'd.

76.

Agenor strait vouchaf'd himself to shew
 In all his pomp, and more than was his own;
 That *Psyche* might those vast Temptations view
 Which only swell'd so high to throw Her down.
 But none of all the *Passions* knew from whence
 He beck'ned, in his strange Magnificence.

77.

The glorious furniture's full flowing Stream
 Follow'd his nod with like facility;
 As in a dreaming brain light figures swim
 Into a Sudden Masque of Bravery.
 The Sight the *Passions* struck with joyful fear,
 And made ev'n *Thelma* with reverence stare.

78.

Yet crafty He, though glad and proud to read
 Their admiration of his gorgeous Ly;
 Told them they wrong'd his Honor, if they did
 Count this poor flash, his total Majesty.
 Which said, his Train he to the Castle drew,
 And there prepar'd for the Interview.

79.

At length six golden Trumpets' mouths affirm'd
 Their Master's Highness was at hand to treat.

To her balcony *Psyche* thus alarm'd,
 Started; and found the Noise was not so great
 As strange the Sight: She never, though a Queen,
 Such prodigality of State had seen.

80.

An half-ope Tent appear'd, whose Covering was
 Sumptuously rugged with Embroidery
 Of Pearls and Jewels; in which various Glass,
Titan, who needs would peep, had lost his Eye:
 But yet ten thousand He receiv'd for one;
 For every Gem return'd him back a Sun.

81.

A fearful Texture of fierce Tapestry
 Paved the awful Floor with costly pride;
 Where slaughter'd Lyons, Boars, and Bears did lie;
 Confessing by whose martial Hand they dy'd:
 For every one had great *Agenor's* dart
 Deep sticking in his head, or in his heart.

82.

The Walls hung thick with War; the noblest stories
 Whose valiant Actors e'r had honor'd Bays;
 Were glistening there, not in unworthy glories:
 What Gold, and richer Stones could do to raise
 Them to their life again, being freely tried;
 Whilst Art as liberally her wealth supplied.

83.

Th' obedient Sun rein'd in his posting Hours
 On heav'n's steep side, at *Joshua's* strict Command;
 Where to attend and to admire his Powers,
 This glorious Witness with fix'd Eye did stand.
 The Moon pull'd in her horns, nor dar'd they
 Push forth the Night, till He had got the Day.

84.

Close by, five Kings all prostrate gnaw'd the ground,
 Feeling his Captain's feet upon their necks:
 And in a stately-miserable Round
 Were ranged other Princes, twenty six;
 Whose Crowns lay all before his Helmet broke;
 Whose lopp'd Sceptres ru'd his faulchion's stroke.

85.

There bolstrous *Samson* with his Asse's Jaw,
 (A wretched weapon could his Sinews not
 Mend his weak Tool by his most potent Blow,
 A thousand Enemies devour'd: But
 With statelier Might, his brawny shoulders here
 Did *Gaza's* gates up *Hebron* mountain wear.

86.

And yet his last Exploit crown'd all the rest,
 When to the *Prince's* fatal Sport he shew'd;
 Turning their Banquet to their funeral Feast,
 When with their Wine their blood and brains he brew'd.
 As down he tears the mighty Theatre,
 The Hangings full of their own ruins were.

87.

Next him, a young and ruddy Champion flings
 Into *Goliath's* brow a shameful Death.
 There Terror's train vast *Ishbithenob* brings
 Upon the Scene, shaking with monstrous wrath
 His barbarous spear; till *Abishai's* brave Steel
 Hew'd down this Mount,—whose fall forc'd *Gath* to
 reel.

88.

There *Sibbechai* on *Sapph's* enormous Pride
 Stout vengeance takes. There mighty *Elhanan*
 Drowns storming *Lahmi* in his own blood's tide.
 And there th' undaunted Blade of *Jonathan*
 Prunes the sixfinger'd *Gyant*; and requites
 The bold defiance he on *Israel* spites.

89.

An army to himself, *Adino* there
 Musters his Powers against eight hundred foes:
 Glad this great harvest he alone may share,
 About his daring work the Champion goes;
 Nor stops his conquest till he quite has mown
 This total field of matchless Honor down.

90.

There *Dodo's Son*; there *Shammah* keep their ground,
 Nor yield one inch to all *Philistia's* host:
 The more shame spurr'd them on, the more they found
 They ventur'd only to their deadly cost;
 For obstinate Victory attended here
 On *Shammah's* Sword, on *Eleanor's* there.

91.

Benaiah from th' *Egyptian Heroes* here
 Tears both his Spear and Life: He there divides
 Destruction twixt a Lyon-faced Pair
 Of *Moabites*: His faulchion here he guides
 Into a real Lyon's heart, whose cave
 Where him he found, he left to be his grave.

92.

To *Bethlehem* there the danger-scorning *Thru*
 Through all *Philistia's* guards slash open their way;
 Fir'd with a stronger thirst of Victory,
 Then was their *King's* of Water: Of their Prey
 They scorn'd to fall, although they through a flood,
 —Advancing and retreating,—wade of blood.

93.

The other Work, the vaunting stories wore
 Of what He pleas'd about himself to lie:
 How many *Gyants* gasping in their gore
 Yielded *Agenor*, strange-form'd Victory!
 How many Palms and Bays about him threw
 Themselves, ambitious of his Hand and Brow.

94.

What throngs of meek Ambassadors were there
 From every quarter of the awed Earth,

Begging the favor of his royal ear
 Upon their Sutes for Peace; and pouring forth
 The richest Gifts their Countries could afford
 In earnest of their homage to their Lord!

95.

Above his Scutcheon hung, In *Azure* field
 A Lyon Or, with lightning in his paw;
 The crest was *Fame*, with cheeks and trumpet swell'd
 And wings display'd. His throne of Pearl below
 With sparkling earnestness strove to exceed
 The beams of those six Steps which to it led.

96.

The first was *Plutus*, of substantial price;
 The next *Eugenia*, in fancy high;
Callos the third, the ravisher of eyes;
 The fourth *Andria*, swell'd with majesty;
 The fifth *Padia*, quainter than the rest;
Eusebia the sixth, of all the best.

97.

There sate the *Gallant*: one whole Diamond made
 His radiant Helmet; and in wanton pride
 A gorgeous flood of Plumes about it play'd,
 Yet scorn'd the kiss of any Wind; aside
 They wav'd their heads and coyly seem'd to say,
 To every Blast: Your breath offends; away.

98.

A stately Mantle's large expansion reach'd
 Down from his wide-spread shoulders to his feet;
 And cloth'd him with all splendors that are fetch'd,
 From eastern shores, the western Pearls to meet;
 And by a rich conspiracy of beams
 Epitomize the World's estate of Gems.

99.

His Sword look'd lightning through its crystal sheath,
 Whose round Hilt crown'd its victorious Blade:
 His mighty Sceptre, circled with a Wreath
 Of bloody Bays, right dreadfully he sway'd.
 The Ball in 's hand was swell'd to that degree
 As if it meant indeed the World to be.

100.

At 's right hand stood *Disdain*: turn'd was her Head
 Over her shoulder; with contemptuous Eye
 Through gloomy frowns, her sullen mind she spread,
 And seeing, scorn'd to see, the Company:
 Nor did she mend or mollify her brow,
 But when her Master's growing rough, she saw.

101.

At 's left stood spruce and gaudy *Philauty*,
 Whose thoughts dwelt on a crystal book she held
 Eternally, to her admiring Eye;
 In which her foolish self she read, and smil'd
 On her fair Lesson; though the brittle Glass
 Admonish'd her how vain her Beauty was.

102.

Before Him, on a golden pillar,—at
Whose massy foot a Palm and Laurel grew,—
Upon the back of *Triumph*, *Glory* sate ;
From whose full robes more dazling Lustre flew
Than breaks from *Phæbus'* furniture, when he
Through *Cancer* rides, in *June's* high gallantry.

103.

About him round his whole Retinue was
Dispos'd in royal equipage : His own
Attendants had the credit of the place
Which glitter'd nearest his illustrious throne ;
Then with their cheated Leader *Thalema*
Stood all the *Passions* in battalia.

104.

Crafty *Agenor* having paus'd a while
To give respect to his own state, and let
Psyche have time to swallow down the guile
Which with such winning baits he had beset ;
By soft and proud degrees vouchsaf'd to stir,
And being risen, thus accosted Her.

105.

Did *Pity's* generous and Sovereign Law
All specious points of Honor not forbid ;
Agenor must not have descended now
To stand at *Psyche's* gate ; but I am led
Below myself by *Virtue*, that my Might
May help these wrong'd *Passions* to their Right.

106.

'Tis *Fortune's* pleasure that thus casts me, on
These merciful Designs, and I 'm content ;
Fame, fame's my Trade : this noble Pay alone
My Pains expect : Indeed the common Rent
By which my most renown'd self I keep
Are those Revenues, I from Glory reap.

107.

And since these silly *Souls* mistook my Worth,
And deem'd me but some single errant Knight ;
I let this glimpse of what I am break forth,
To teach their Error my authentic might
Needs no supplies from them : This Part of my
Ne'er-conquer'd Train dares Heav'n and Earth defy.

108.

How easily this Sword's devouring flame
Might Sacrifice you to my Wrath ! but you
Being a Female Thing, I hold it shame
To make my Conquest's Honor stoop so low :
I 'm loth the World should say, *Agenor* drew
His Sword, and, like a Man, a Woman slew.

109.

In Woman's blood my Weapon never yet
Blush'd for its base Exploit ; nor will it now

By sordid Victory discredit get
Unless inforc'd by *fortune, fate*, and *you*.
And then I hope the justice of the Fight
Will cover that dishonor of my Might.

110.

But I through Courtesy myself forget
In lavishing thus far my royal breath :
Precious are Princes' Words ; nor is it fit
Their Tongue should flow, whose nod or finger hath
More decent Eloquence. Thus having spoken,
He took his throne, and nodded *Love* her token.

111.

She knew her cue, and stepping gently forth
Thus 'gan her Tale : Great Queen, since I must be
My suppliant Sister's mouth ; o may this Earth
Ope her's to close up mine, if falsity
Break from my lips, or any fraud conceal
What they, and truth, and justice bid me tell.

112.

What Heav'n has made us, 'tis our bliss to be,
And that's *your Subjects* : though cross Error now
A confident blot throws on our Loyalty ;
The least of treacherous thoughts we disavow.
What should the fond *debauch's* gain, should they
combine
Their desperate arms their root to undermine ?

113.

Yet your wise Majesty full well doth know
That as yourself a free Prince are, so we
Are freeborn Subjects : Nature's Laws allow
In our sweet Commonwealth no Tyranny :
She knew this mutual Liberty would bless
Both Prince and People, with joint happiness.

114.

When did a Realm of slaves unto their Prince
The trusty sweetness of Love's homage pay ?
When did a Tyrant with safe confidence
Rely upon his Vassals ? None but they
Can fairly Rule, and fairly Rul'd be,
Whom freedom's bonds ty up in Monarchy.

115.

But what broad Innovations of late
Rush'd in, and jostled out our Liberty,
O that we could not feel ! Had it been *fate*
Which thrust on us this boistrous Misery,
We had been silent : but we know what Hands
Have stol'n our freedom, and by whose commands.

116.

Nor I, nor any of my *Sisters* were
Suffer'd ourselves in quiet to possess :
We might not Love, nor Hate, nor Hope, nor Fear,
We might not taste Revenge or Joyfulness,
Or any thing which pleas'd not them who had
A Prey of all our Privileges made.

117.

Surely we all had legal Title to
 What ours by reverend *Nature's* bounty was ;
 Yet snatch'd from thence, poor we were press'd to go
 And serve abroad we knew not where, alas !
 Nor e'r shall know ; for how should we comprise
 Mysterious Things and Matters of the Skies !

118.

Nor is this sad case only Ours, who are
 Inlanders here : Your Subjects too abroad,
 Who at your Cinque-ports with perpetual care
 In-gathering your royal customs stood,
 Are gall'd with like Oppressions : and they
 Pray'd us, with ours, their Grievance to display.

119.

They have not leave, (poor leave) to hear, or see,
 Or smell, or taste, or feel, what is their own ;
 But chain'd in deep unnatural slavery
 Of their starv'd lives and selves are weary grown :
 Yet more than all this Grief their hearts doth break,
 That *Pity* itself must prove their Rack.

120.

They must a new Devotion learn, and be
 Tortur'd with Watchings, Prayers and Prostrations ;
 With Ceremonies of pale sanctity,
 With Fastings and severe Mortifications :
 Or if this superstition they refuse
 Some mulct, the poor Confessors' backs must bruise.

121.

Had they been temper'd to the purity
 Of brisk and active Angels, they might all
 Manage spiritual Tasks, and wean'd be
 From every gross Material Breast : but shall
 Matter's own off-spring be Delinquents made,
 Because in their own native sphere they trade ?

122.

And by what Law must honest They or We
 Under this Arbitrary power lie ?
 Where is your freeborn Subjects' Liberty
 Who have no freedom left, unless to die ?
 And surely Death a greater blessing were
 Than such a Life as we all die in here.

123.

Mistake not, gracious Sovereign, what I speak,
 As if I charg'd the guilt of this our Wrong
 On your just Soul : No ; let my heartstrings crack
 With their own torments' load, before my Tongue
 Grow black with such a slander : you, alas !
 Involved, a sufferer are in our sad case.

124.

A sufferer in that which nearest lies
 And dearest unto every *Prince's* heart :

Your royal *Honor* in our Miseries
 Is rack'd and tortur'd, and torn part from part.
 Ask not, by whom ? 'tis too notorious what
 Bold Charmers in your Court command had got.

125.

Logos, that wiley fox, screw'd all his skill
 Daily to make both you and us his prey :
 Some handsome Tale or other he would tell
 Which fairly might to your mistake betray
 Your unheard Subjects : from your highness thus
 He stole your ear, our Liberty from us.

126.

His *Majors*, *Minors*, *Maxims*, *Demonstrations*,
 With most profound deceit he gravely drest ;
 And by these sage and reverend Conjurations
 Pour'd Cruelty into your clement breast.
 His mischief-hatching Plots seem'd sober Reason,
 Which in the *Passions* must have gone for Treason.

127.

Hence issu'd those Commands which day by day
 Illegal Burdens on our backs did throw ;
 And to this sad necessity betray
 Our loth loth Souls, observing Gall to flow
 From Honey's hive : for though all warrants came
 From his fell hand, they were your gentle Name.

128.

Some woful comfort it had been if we
 Had to that single Tyranny been damn'd :
 But we at *home* in forein slavery
 Were yolk'd ; A Grievance we would not have nam'd
 In reverence to your Credit, could the thing
 Have easy grown by our long suffering.

129.

For what 's that *Charis* unto us, that She
 In our Free State such arrogant sway must bear ?
 Or what, and why are royal you, if we
 Must be commanded by a Foreigner ?
 We grant she 's brave and princely ; yet we know
 We owe allegiance to no *Queen* but you.

130.

She came from heav'n, if we her word may take ;
 But what should woo her from so fair a place
 To dwell in this ignoble World, and make
 Her high self stoop to such profound Disgrace ?
 I would be loth to wrong her ; yet I fear
 There 's something in't, why Heav'n gat rid of Her.

131.

And was 't a heav'nly trade which here she drove
 In plotting how to barbarize your breast
 With strange Austerity ; and to remove
 Us from your love, with which we once were blest ?
 Your smiles she all monopoliz'd, and left
 Us quite of all things but your Hate bereft.

132.

Surely our Patience was our Crime, and she
Only because we were content to bear,
Increas'd the burden of our Misery :
And then, to seal our Torture with a Jear,
She prais'd our Woes' deep hell, as if by it
In heav'n's high-way we had been fairly set.

133.

If this Devotion be, and heav'nly Zeal,
What, what is Savageness ! Alas that we
None but destructive Piety must feel,
And by Religion consum'd be !
Alas that Heav'n and Godliness must thus
Be mock'd and wrested and abus'd with us !

134.

Nor has proud *Phylax* us'd less dangerous art
To cozen you into this Tyranny :
Soft are his Wings, but cruel is his heart ;
Sweets in his Looks, stings in his bosom lie ;
Fair do's he speak you, for that Bait 's the cheapest ;
His Streams run smoothest where the Chanel 's deepest.

135.

Were you a youngling, and devoid of Friends
Whose riper arms might help your tender hand
To sway the Sceptre's load ; what he pretends,
With tolerable sense perhaps might stand :
But must your Nonage know no bounds, and He
For evermore the *Lord Protector* be ?

136.

Now by your Honor, mighty *Queen*, 'tis time
For you no more to think yourself a Child.
Know, know your own authentic Power, and Him
Who has your Love and it too long begull'd :
'Tis no discredit for a Prince to throw
Away an Error, and with it a Foe.

137.

Your Confidence in Him, which flames so high,
Was kindled by his service in the Grove.
Yet what if that were but a Mystery
Of envious fraud, and no Exploit of Love ?
If *Phylax*, and not *Aphrodisius* were
In all that scene of Charms the Conjuror ?

138.

Who but the noble *Aphrodisius* there
His own dear life right generously forgot,
And from fierce Death wide-gaping in the Boar
Rescu'd your helpless soul ? And O, from what
Did *Phylax* snatch you, but from his Embrace
Who your Deliverer and Lover was.

139.

And then inrag'd with shameless spight to see
You to another your protection owe,

He on the courteous stranger's Piety
Blush'd not the dregs of magic Power to throw :
How much more Monster was your *Phylax* there,
Who made the goodly Knight so foul appear.

140.

Long since we could have told you this ; but we
Dar'd not ev'n necessary Truth profess
Till Arms had sheltred us ; least cruel he
Should both our tongues and lives by force suppress :
For well he knows, he must no more be known
Where once he 's into open knowledge grown.

141.

Yet we could brook it, would he only try
His charms on *Aphrodisius*, and forbear
To exercise on us his Witchery :
But we alas so metamorphos'd are
With that rough-cast of shapes he on us cleaves,
That you in your own Subjects he deceives.

142.

We too like Fiends (for Rebels sure are so)
Presented are to your abused eye :
Although ev'n *Phylax* in his heart doth know
Our Lives are not so dear as Loyalty
To honest-meaning us : And whose was this
Desp'rate Enchantment, if it were not His ?

143.

'Tis true, he talks of Love ; and needs will be
The *Paranymphus* of the heavenly Spouse :
But surely I should ken as well as he
All Mysteries of Love : your Highness knows
That my Creation only aims at this :
And is my natural Art less mine than His ?

144.

That Love's own glorious Prince makes love to you,
As to the dearest she that treads his earth ;
I dare not question, since so well I know
Your Majestie's incomparable worth.
But heav'n forbid that I should Him esteem
So strange a Spouse as *Phylax* makes of Him.

145.

Sure he is *King of Sweetness and Delight*,
And with more zeal abhors all Tyranny
Than *Phylax* loves it : Sure His gentle Might
Desires a correspondent victory.
Not all the world shall make me think that He
Will ever woo his Spouse by Cruelty.

146.

Lents, Embers, Vigils, Groans, Humicubations ;
Tears, Pensiveness, disconsolate Privacy ;
Sad silence, Sourness, and self-abnegations ;
Are not conditions required by
An earthly suiter ; and can heav'nly He
Imbitter thus his suit's dear suavity ?

147.

Can he expect his tender Spouse should prove
Her loyalty to pant with pure affection,
By nothing but Self-hatred? Can his Love
Find no security but your destruction?

Pardon my fear, *great Queen*, you love not him
Whom such a *spightful Lover* you can deem.

148.

But far be such black omens hence : Had I,
Or this wide world, one Glass, which could present
Your total Self to your considering eye ;
The gallant sight would make your heart repent
This dangerous heresy, that *Heav'n's gentle King*
Would use so harshly such a *lovely Thing*.

149.

What was there of Serene, of Bright, of Sweet,
Of Soft, of Beauteous, in this world below,
Or that above ; which did escape the great
Creator's studious fingers, when on you
Himself he wrote, and bad your Person be
The Universe's rich Epitome?

150.

But *Phylax* brews this cruel-flattering Plot,
Because it is his rack, and hell, to see
Fortune or Fate so rare a Bride allot
To any Spouse but him : Hence, hence is he
So subtly active in his secret Art
How he may you and your great *Switer* part.

151.

Part you he will, if he can thus intice
Your thoughts and judgment to be Traytors, and
Charm you your *Lord's* affections to despise
By scorning Us ; who, had not his dear Hand
Bestow'd Us on you, had not now liv'd here
This Mass of cruel Injuries to bear.

152.

O then, O, first for your own royal sake,
And next for ours, wrapp'd up in you, beware
Of his Designs in time : Just courage take,
In what deserves your speediest, stoutest care.
Nor you nor we can be secure, till he
Both from your Court and Favor banish'd be.

153.

Nor can your Palace be a dwelling-place
For *Safety*, whilst pragmatic *Legos*, or
Sly *Charis* revel in your Princely Grace.
One Edict may dispatch them all, and far
From this their stage of holy treachery
Pack their incurable Hypocrisy.

154.

So shall your Sovereign Self securely dwell,
And your impartial undeceived Hand

Sway its own Sceptre : So shall we dispel
By low obedience to your high Command
That groundless Error, which hath stamp'd thus
Rebellion's ugly brand on faithful Us.

155.

So shall our rescu'd Liberties appear
In their own looks, when We by love shall do
More of your Will than disingenuous fear
And lawless Tyranny e'r hal'd us to.
So you for Rigor shall not dreaded be,
But reign acknowledg'd *Queen of Clemency*.

156.

So shall your sweetned Countenance proclaim
That Love's dear trade sincerely you profess :
So shall your eyes court with their answering flame
Your *Spouse's* beams ; so shall His tenderness
Meet due capacity in your soft heart
Of his destroying, yet enlivening Dart.

157.

Here, with a kiss upon the ground, her stop
The crafty Pleader made. But thousand Doubts
Hurry'd and toss'd uncertain *Psyche* up
From one side to another of her thoughts.
Three times she op'd her mouth ; but jealous fears
Would suffer her to speak by nought but tears.

158.

'Tis true, *Syneideris* had prick'd her on
With faithful importunity ; yet still
She found her feeble self too much alone ;
For though she had *Desires*, she had no *Will*.
O no ! her *Will* was with the *Rebels*, and
She now in arms against her self did stand.

159.

Which when *Agenor* spy'd, he with his eye
Gave *Thelema* commission to succeed.
She, marching forth in portly policy,
Spun out the rest of *Love's* deceitful thread :
And, Well I know, great *Queen*, said she, that you
Much wonder I should come a Treater now.

160.

I grant you sent me with express Command
To force your seeming *Rebels* back again,
And make them feel that your illustrious Hand
Is moderatrix of the regal Rein :
And I believ'd them for *Rebels* too ;
So much your Error on my faith could do.

161.

But when I found their Loyalty as clear
As blurr'd it seem'd, in Misconstruction's glass ;
I, who was but th' intrusted Officer
Of *Right* and *Justice*, had no power to pass
My strict Commission ; and what need I prove
What was so solidly confirm'd by *Love* ?

M

162.

I must confess, when well I mark'd that store
Of honest bravery of which poor They
Were, with the *Senses* robb'd, I could no more
To their provok'd Impatience Treason lay,
Than to the *Earth's*, when her chink'd mouth she opes
At *Sirius*, who burns up her flowry hopes.

163.

Yet wronged They were generous, and to Me
The choice of all their choicest Wealth did proffer,
That by my hand it might commended be
To wait on you ; and here their Gift I offer.
If it and them you scorn, yet must not I
Be guilty of such proud Discourtesy.

164.

Forthwith she op'd the Scene, whence stream'd out
The Confluence of that gorgeous fallacy.
Which on her heedless soul before had wrought.
Strait, as the sweetly-rolling Tide grew high,
The stream bore *Psyche* down ; as sudden Light
Seizeth, by too much day, the eyes with night.

165.

Agenor, glad to see her dazell'd by
The flash of those varieties, arose ;
And, while she rubb'd and question'd her eye,
Seald that Imposture with this specious Close :
Wonder not Madam, but repent, that you
Your Subject's goodly Homage scorn'd till now.

166.

To gratify the Weakness of your sex,
Let that be your excuse ; I am content
If now you ease your gall'd Subjects' necks
And crown their just Demands with your Assent.
That Pity to their Wrongs you see me lend,
To your repented Error shall extend.

167.

The love which to mine own Queen glues my heart,
Makes it to every other Lady kind.
For her dear sake I will to you impart
Rich Testimonies of my tender mind.
I know she'll thank me when I come at home,
That in my mercy I have made you room.

168.

Behold my Mine of Wealth : from hence will I
This Peace with precious Tokens consecrate,
And your, howe'r unequal, Majesty
As my Confederate own : Though potent *fate*
Makes me a Martial Prince, I'd rather win
By sweetness, than by churlish Force, a Queen.

169.

Though *Heav'n* above sometimes by Thunder frights
And breaks its foes ; yet by mild Patience

And bounteous favors oftner it delights
The heart of *Opposition* to convince.
And, for this once, I hope 'twill not disgrace
My might, that I *Heav'n's* gentle Conquests trace.

170.

Ope then your Gates : Or, if my Kindness be
A price too mean to buy your Acceptation,
Tell me but so : I can more easily
Force than Intreat : This warlike Preparation
With greater pains wins on it self to make
This pause, than it will cost your Fort to take.

171.

What help for *Psyche* now, whom Power hurries,
And Charms allure into Destruction's pit !
With heart-misgiving Thoughts a while she worries
And struggles not to fear the one, nor yet
Embrace the other : but away at last
Her Resolution and her self she cast.

172.

Pull down thy foolish crest, vain Son of Dust,
And in this Glass thy feeble Wormship see.
What other pledge can to thy wavering trust
Committed be, when by self-treachery
Thou yieldest up thy wretched heart a prize
To them whose Pow'r in thy Concession lies.

173.

I like the Terms, right noble Sir, she cries,
And in my high esteem for ever must
Inshrine and reverence these Courtesies
Of your Magnificence. Which said, in haste
Her Safety she unbars, and to begin
Her thanks, flings ope her Gate and calls Him in.

174.

Agenor sheath'd his mighty Sword, and bid
The *Passions* put up theirs, and march before.
In modest order they thus enter'd :
He with his swelling Train approach'd the Door ;
But seem'd to cast a surly look aside,
Because it was not more sublime and wide.

175.

With princely slowness thus arriv'd ; Her
He sternly wills her royal Seal to put
To those Conditions which agreed were,
And in a gilded parchment ready writ.
She ran them over with a smiling eye,
And strait set Seal to her own Slavery.

176.

Which done ; To *Thalema* the Instrument
She gave, with full Commission close to shut
Her Ports, when *Charis*, or when *Phylax* bent
Their marches, or their projects thither. But
For *Logos*, she consented He should still
Remain a Pris'ner at the *Passions'* will.

177.

With that, *Agenor* cries, this friendly Kiss
 Shall be my Seal to this *Pacification*.
 The *Passions* then, though venturing not to press
 Her lips, salute her ears with Acclamation :
 And she, fond she, rejoyc'd their Noise to hear,
 Which did in pieces all her freedom tear.

178.

By name she kindly welcom'd them ; but on
Agenor dwelt her solemn Complement.
 And sure, said she, what you to day have done
 Proves you to be of that sublime Descent
 From which my *Spouse* was said alone to spring ;
 For now I see you too are *Peace's King*.

179.

Heav'n was too large and loose a Word, when you
 Profest to trace its gentle Conquests ; *He*
He only was your glorious Copy now,
 Who is the Master of my heart and me :
 He who deserveth to be follow'd by
 Such royal Scholars as your Majesty.

180.

His Hand's Power's highest throne ; the Armory
 Of heav'n, where thundering Ammunition lies
 In dreadful store, is His ; yet tender He
 By sweetness loves to gain his victories.
 And so do you, who for his sake, to me
 The noblest Prince and dearest are, but He.

181.

Agenor smil'd : and who I am, said He,
Virtue permits me not to let you know :
 More than by this blest Peace, and, what you see,
 That Token of my princely love to you :
 For, somewhere else the World may need, and I
 Must not by loitering here, my help deny.

182.

Yet if my Aid you should hereafter want,
 Send and enquire at any Prince's Court.
 Those are the Hosts and Inns to which I grant
 The favour of my always-begg'd Resort :
 Where, from my Coming and Departing they
 Reckon the Morn and Evening of their Joy.

183.

This said, and tending, in two Cabinets
 His present, from her lips he took his leave ;
 Through which he breath'd and kiss'd in new Deceits,
 Which her unwary heart did not perceive ;
 Sly *Spirits of Self-love*, and foolish *Pride*,
 And many mystic swelling things beside.

184.

With earnest Courtesy she woo'd his stay ;
 But now his deep Design was compass'd, He

With all his proud Retinue hastes away,
 And leaves her more a Pris'ner, than when she
 Was in her castle barr'd up by fear
 Of them, who now all play the Tyrants there.

185.

Each *Passion* takes her swindge, and makes appeal
 To *Thalema* when any Doubts arise ;
 Boldly provoking to the Scroll and Seal,
 Which did this publick Freedom authorize.
 Thus Noise and Tumult all the Palace fills,
 Which now with lawful lawless Revels swells.

186.

So when fond *Phæbus*, doting on his Son
 Resign'd his Reins into his childish hand ;
 Quite cross the road th' impatient Coursers ran,
 And neither kept their way, nor his Command,
 But in unbridled madness with their wheels
 Drew on the World's confusion at their heels.

187.

The *Senses* too, first Sticklers in the Treason,
 Reaped of its licentious fruit their share ;
 Perceiving quickly, that imprisonment'd *Reason*
 Must his stern Discipline malgre forbear :
 And proudly smiling, what tame fools were we,
 They cry'd, who did no sooner mutiny !

188.

What strange and hideous monsters Kingdoms grow,
 Where *Law* and *Sovereignty*, the life and health
 Of every heav'n-descended State must bow
 To vile plebeians' wills ! What Commonwealth
 Can justify its Name, where Subjects may
 Command, and Princes dare not but obey !

189.

Where *Freedom's* Name being thus deflowr'd, must
 Turn *Licence's* bold bawd, and make it free
 Only to be outrageous and unjust !
 Where *Desolation's* Dame, foul *Ataxy*,
 As beauteous Mother of establish'd Bliss
 And public Happiness, admir'd is.

190.

No *Hydra's* shape so shapeless is as this
 Which throws the world back to its breeding Heap ;
 The hideous Chaos of Preposterousness
 That tumbles all Things in one monstrous Deep,
 And, envying the fairly-form'd Creation
 Disjoints and scatters it quite out of fashion.

191.

Yet reitchless *Psyche* is content to see
 This horrid Solæcism in her own breast ;
 And thinks her Sceptre and her self more free
 Then when Obedience did her Subjects cast
 Low at the feet of all her Mandates, and
 Her Empire's helm knew none but her own hand.

192.

The silly Rose delighteth thus to be
 Drest in her fairest looks and best attire,
 When round about a churlish company
 Of Thorns against her tenderness conspire :
 That dangerous siege of pikes with smiles she greets,
 Ne'r dreaming they design to choke her sweets.

193.

Psyche's as jolly, as the *Passions* wild,
 And longs her joys with that rich Feast to feed
 With which *Agenor's* Cabinets were fill'd :
 Proud Expectation prompts her there to read
 The lines of Fate against her self, for she
 In opening them, broach'd her own Mysery.

194.

(With such unfortunate Curiosity
 The fair-fac'd *Box* rash *Epimetheus* op'd :
 The trembling Lid forewarn'd his hand to be
 Better advis'd ; yet still the Fondling hop'd
 For mighty Matters ; but the Prize he found,
 Himself, and all the world in sorrows drown'd.)

195.

The first was stuff'd with Bracelets, Networks, Tires,
 Rings, Ear-rings, Tablets, Wimples, Hoods, Vails,
 Laces,
 Lawns, Crispings-pins, Chains, Bonnets, golden Wires,
 Vermilion, Pencils, Smiles, Youth, blooming Faces,
 Gloves, Sandals, Girdles, Busks, Gowns, Mantles,
 Cloaks,
 New-fashions, Powders, Coronets, High-looks.

196.

Silks, Satins, Purples, Sables, Ermins : Gold
 And Silver, by the Loom and Needle taught,
 To wed and dwell with Silk, which feels no cold.
 The bottom too was sumptuously fraught
 With ready Coin, to pave and dress the floor
 Fit for the feet of that ambitious Store.

197.

A stately *Mirror's* all-enameld Case
 The second was ; No crystal ever yet
 Smil'd with such pureness : Never *Ladle's* Glass
 Its owner flatter'd with so smooth a cheat.
 Nor could *Narcissus'* fount with such delight
 Into his fair Destruction Him invite.

198.

For He in that, and Self-love, being drown'd,
Agenor from him pluck'd his doting Eyes ;
 And shuffled in her fragments ; having found
 Old *Jesabel's*, he stole the Dog's due prize.
Goliath's staring Bacins too he got,
 Which he with *Pharaoh's* all together put,

199.

But not content with these ; from *Phaeton*,
 From *Joab*, *Icarus*, *Nebuchadnezzar*,
 From *Philip* and his world-devouring Son,
 From *Scylla*, *Catiline*, *Tully*, *Pompey*, *Cesar*,
 From *Herod*, *Cleopatra*, and *Sejanus*,
 From *Agrippina* and *Domitianus*,

200.

And many surly *Stoics*, their's he pull'd ;
 Whose proudest *Humors*, having drained out,
 He blended in a large and polish'd mould ;
 Which up he fill'd, with what from heav'n he brought
 In Extract of those Looks of *Lucifer*
 In which against his *God* he breath'd war.

201.

Then to the North, that glassy Kingdom, where
 Establish'd Frost and Ice for ever reign ;
 He sped his course, and meeting *Boreas* there,
 Pray'd him this liquid mixture to restrain.
 When lo, as *Boreas* op'd his mouth, and blew
 For his Command, the *Stime* all solid grew.

202.

Thus was the *Mirror* forg'd, and contain'd
 The vigor of those self-adoring Eyes
Agenor's witchcraft into it had strain'd :
 A dangerous juncture of proud fallacies ;
 Whose fair looks so inamored Him, that He
 Thrice having kiss'd it, nam'd it *Philauty*.

203.

Inchanted *Psyche* ravish'd was to see
 The Glass her self upon her self reflect
 With trebled Majesty. The Sun when He
 Is by *Aurora's* roseal fingers deckt,
 Views not his repercuss'd self so fair
 Upon the Eastern Main, as she did here.

204.

New flames were kindled in her sprightly eye,
 New Roses on her smiling lips were strow'd,
 New Loves and Graces dainty Luxury
 Down with her golden streaming Tresses flow'd,
 New Lilies trim'd her hands' and fingers' feature,
 New Goodliness aggrandis'd her stature.

205.

Her cheated Soul sprung through her Eye, and dwelt
 So long upon the Glass, that it grew new :
 Such mighty thoughts till now she never felt
 As all about his highswol'n fancy flew ;
 Which breaking from her mouth, at length, she cries,
 How long have I been strange to mine own eyes !

206.

Am I that *Worm*, whom *Phylax* put in mind
 So oft of Dust and Vileness ! Could this face,

These Eyes, these Looks, these Hands, this Person find
No better Parallels? I see the case
Is plain how *Aphrodisius* came to be
So hideous : *Phylax* made the like of Me.

207.

Fool that I was to dream it could be true
Which proud He daily preach'd to my disgrace !
Who could believe I ne'r till now should view
The wonders of mine own accomplish'd face?
O most ingenuous Glass, which tells me more
Than *Phylax*, or than *Charis* did before !

208.

I see what cause there was to guard each Port
Whose key doth hither any way unlock,
That such ingrateful envious Guests' resort
No more may Me, and all my favors mock :
'Tis just that they should hence exiled be,
Whose spiteful Fraud did banish Me from Me.

209.

No marvel now if *Heav'n's* apparent *Heir*
Disdains all Beauties that he finds above,
And, doing right to what 's supremely fair,
By stooping down to me exalts his Love.
I little thought I could so much have shown
Why this my Head should fit an heav'nly Crown.

210.

O pardon me, bright Eyes, that ignorant I
With briny tears so oft have sully'd you :
Had not your Flames by their Divinity
Secured been, they had been quench'd e'r now.
And pardon me, sweet Cheeks ! I will no more
Blubber and scald your roses as before.

211.

And you, all-lovely Lips, no more shall kiss
The Dust, which foolish I took for your Mother ;
The tribe of oriental Rubies is
Your precious Kindred : nor must any other
Your soft and living Nectar hope to sip,
But my Dear *Spouse's* correspondent Lip.

212.

Nor shall rude usage rob thee of thy due,
My glorious Body : all hair-clothes farewell,
My liberal Tresses yield me hair enough ;
And by this *Girdle*, *Heav'n* did plainly tell
What other Furniture would sute me best,
When with this siege of Gems it girt my waste.

213.

And since thy Casket's Wardrobe challenges
My proudest choice, I wish thy self wert here,
Royal *Agenor*, to admire how these
Fair Limbs of mine would quit themselves, and wear
In worthy triumph thy best Jewels, which
Shall by my purer beams their own enrich.

214.

This said ; *Love*, who stood fawning by her side,
Her delicate Quaintness sets on work to dress
Her high-conceited Queen in equal pride.
A purple Mantle, fring'd with *Stateliness*,
Embroider'd with *Ambition*, lac'd round
With *Vanity*, she in the Casket found.

215.

About her this she plants : then for her neck
And wrists, three gaudy strings of Gems she chose ;
A sparkling Coronet her head to deck ;
To trim her feet a pair of silver shoes ;
A crisping Pin to multiply her hair ;
Spruce Lawn to make her breast, though cloth'd, bare.

216.

Whilst she with these, and other Rarities
Builds up her pomp ; the swelling Queen delights
To see by what rich steps her Beauties rise :
For to the Glass, whose multiplying sleights
Flatter'd her Error to so proud a pitch,
Her joyous folly still her eyes did reach.

217.

And, that Vermilion, you, said she, may spare,
Whose pretty Looks it pities me to see ;
Which though they Beantie's pure complexion wear,
Can add no commendation to Me.
They may relieve your needy Cheeks : but mine
Already any help of Art outshine.

218.

Then rising in slow state, as she before
Had mark'd *Agenor* moving from his throne ;
She travers'd, but scorn'd to see, the floor,
Or any of the *Passions* who look'd on.
Only she turn'd her vain-glorious Head
Back to the Glass her walking self to read.

219.

Which Lesson pleas'd her pride so well, that she
Gat it by heart, and yet must read again ;
Insatiably coveting to see
The Pomp in which her Looks and Clothes did reign :
And, tickled with her self, she wish'd that now
Her *Spouse* a Visit would on her bestow.

220.

The cunning *Passions* seeing her inance
Her gate and aspect, thought it fit to bow,
And at the feet of her new Arrogance
Themselves and their insidious homage throw :
Which though she lik'd, yet she sleighted too,
And taught *Acceptance* with *Disdain* to go.

221.

But judging now her Home too narrow to
Contain her Greatness, she abroad must ride,

That unto hers all Eyes might reverence do
Who now could prove her self *Heav'n's* worthy *Bride* ;
And justly might display her beams in this
Low world, as in the upper he did his.

222.

An open Chariot she calls for ; and
That with due state and speed her wheels might run,
Eight tall stout *Passions*, at her command
Bow'd down their necks, and put the harness on ;
Being prick'd with as strong an itch to be
Abroad, and trot about the world, as she.

223.

When lo *Synsidenis*, who all this while
Her *Queen* had in a silent corner watch'd,
Accosts her in an unexpected stile :
For, strict hold on her shoulder having catch'd,
What means this haste ? here is another Glass,
Said she, for you to view before you pass.

224.

Behold these Eyes of mine ; a Mirror where
Lurks no Deceit, nor Charm, nor flattery :
True *Psyche* you are here, and only here
In this Reflection of Verity.
I never yet abus'd You : and why
Must that false Glass be trusted, and not I ?

225.

With indignation *Psyche* turn'd her head,
And left scorn for *Synsidenis* ; but she
Who knew not to be daunted, follow'd
Her eye with loyal importunity,
And made her see, in spite of her Disdain,
That *Conscience* never shews her face in vain.

226.

The *Passions* wonder'd at her boldness : but
She is a Witch, impatient *Psyche* cries,
And all enchantment's powers and tricks are met
In those broad Mirrors of her monstrous eyes ;
Which so environ mine, that there's no gap
Where from their conjuring Circles I may scape.

227.

Behold how gross a Ly of Ugliness
They on my face have threap'd, to outface
The truth of all those beauteous lines which dress
My royal Looks with prince-becoming grace.
Surely myself I would upon myself
Revenge, were I indeed so foul an Elf.

228.

Was eye e'r frighted with so dire an heap
Of angry blisters as those Starers make
O'r all my skin ! I challenge any Deep
On whose wide face the Winds most freedom take,
To shew so many billows, as in me :
O no ! as in this lying shape, you see.

229.

Improvident Witch, why didst thou not as well
Enchant my Touch, as thou hast charm'd mine eyes ?
Why didst thou leave these fingers power to feel
The horrid Author of these forgeries ?
Their tumors are not yet so sore, but still
Thy witchery they can restrain, and will.

230.

Upon her throat forthwith her left hand flew,
With furious vengeance having arm'd her right ;
With which upon the Maiden's eyes she threw
The vehemence of her inflam'd spight.
Hoping to break her Glasses, that their crack
Might let those blisters out they seem'd to make.

231.

But stout *Synsidenis* compos'd was
Of Metal as secure and brave as she :
Her eyes, though cloth'd in the looks of Glass,
Yet borrow'd nothing but its Purity :
Had they been brittle too, they had been broke,
But now they bore, and smil'd at the stroke.

232.

This fetch'd a secret sigh from *Psyche*, who
Call'd for a veil as thick and black as night ;
And this at least, said she, the deed shall do,
And bury those bold Monsters from my sight.
Then on the Virgin's face she cast it, and
Fast ty'd it on with an hard-hearted hand.

233.

O miserable Privilege, that Man
Should able be to muffle up that light
Which shews him to himself, and only can
Through rocks and shelves point out his Course aright !
Unhappy strength ! what Weakness is so weak,
As those mad Powers which their own ruin seek !

234.

But thus the frantic crazy-brain'd Wight
Whom deep Distempers make his own Disease,
Preposterously tries his wretched might
Upon his Physic ; and although he sees
The Potion mix'd for his health, alas
Throws that, and this both in his Doctor's face.

235.

Proud of this self-confounding Conquest, to
Her chariot *Psyche* hasts ; whose Coursers from
Her scornful eyes their own inflam'd, and through
The air with haughty fervor flung their foam.
With bended necks and sparkling looks they ran,
Disdaining all the ground they trode upon.

236.

Thus swimming over hills, and dales, and plains,
She spy'd at length a simple *Ermite's* Cell ;

And plucking in her fierce Team's looser reins,
To see what Worm in that poor hole did dwell ;
An hoary homespun Man she there descry'd
Deeply about his Roots and Herbs employ'd.

237.

To whom she cries, Ah fondly-wretched Thing,
Is this a time for thee to cultivate?
What makes thy Winter in the work of Spring,
Who art already bowing to thy fate?
Ev'n delve no more for Roots ; that labor save ;
And for thy other foot go dig thy grave.

238.

The sober *Ermite* having wisely view'd
Her scornful Pity, thus reply'd : I
For your Commiseration would have su'd,
Had I these Pains accounted misery.
But I can spare you all your pomp and ease ;
Whom poverty and labor better please.

239.

A Coach (my moving House, my Home abroad)
Once waited on my Idleness ; but now
I am content with Nature's comelier mode :
That stately Shift (which vainly tickles you)
Of borrowing legs of Beasts, to me is grown
Needless, who have far nobler of mine own.

240.

These Vanities, and all the rest, which are
Superfluous Wealth's care-breeding Train, I threw
Away with it ; and that in time, for fear
'Twould so have serv'd me ; for well I knew
That Riches were but glorious vexations ;
Sin's catching fuel, Plunder's Invitations.

241.

Then took I sanctuary in that Cell,
Which has more room to spare for *Heav'n* and *God*,
Than my vast Palace ; which was throng'd full
With secular burly Things. In this abode
I find my *Heav'n*, where undisturb'd I
Far from the World's loud storms at anchor lie.

242.

This spot of ground, the Scoff of your high eyes,
By pleasant Pains I make restore to me
What heedless Sloth had lost,—sweet *Paradise*.
No Bait smiles here on a forbidden Tree ;
Nor in these Herbs doth any Serpent Sneak,
Them to invenom, or my Safety check.

243.

My serious Labor, and my rigid fare,
Fright hence those tender Sons of *Luxury*
Distempers and *Diseases* ; guests which are
Fed at the board of *Superfluity*.
In health and vigor I can night and day
Trade with my *Maker*, and both watch and pray.

244.

He, though no wanton Bathes have soften'd
My careless skin (which tann'd and rough you see,)
Though all my weeds be of a rural thread
Spun by *neglect*, and by *Simplicity* ;
Esteems not me nor my Condition poor,
Who build my Hopes upon His only store.

245.

His royal store, which (since this World below
Could not contain't,) fills *Heav'n's* vast Treasury :
And till Dust's Sons by Humbleness can grow
As high as that, in vain they strive to be
True Riches' heirs. But there's a way by which
We Dwarfs, to that sublimity may reach.

246.

A strange cross Way, which by *Descension's* wings
Learns us to soar : For *Grace* such strength as this
Into the field no less than *Nature* brings,
With opposite Cures encountering Maladies.
Pride threw us down when we were perch'd too high ;
Our ladder to get up's *Humility*.

247.

Humility, that Art ennobled by
His own profession whom the *Heav'ns* adore.
Himself he made the *Lowest of Most High*,
And of the Richest, most despis'dly Poor :
By his own Pattern teaching us that we
Shall surest by Rebound exalted be.

248.

With Coach and Horses never any yet
But great *Elias* unto *heav'n* was born ;
He, who on foot march'd through the lowest pit
Of Poverty, of Peril, and of Scorn ;
And they who to this honor would aspire
Must be such Heroes as can ride in fire.

249.

Psyche with great contention deign'd to hear
Him hitherto ; but could endure no more.
What pity 'tis, said she, that though thy bear
Thus long hath waited for thee at thy door,
Th'art grown no wiser yet ! this sign doth shew
Thy Dotage is past help : poor Wretch, adieu,

250.

Then with relax'd rein admonishing
Her smoking steeds ; they snatch'd her coach away,
With sparkling foaming fervor, copying
Her hasty Indignation ; till they
Drew near a goodly City : where their pace
They chang'd, and stalk'd in with princely grace.

251.

The gazing People stopp'd, as on she past,
And fill'd the street with Wonder; every Eye
Full in her way its foolish homage cast;
And by admiring, higher rais'd her high
And tumid Looks; who had the more to scorn,
The more Spectators did her way adorn.

252.

For whilst some prais'd the Coach, and some the steeds,
And all her Person who their worth inanc'd;
With careless looks Contempt about she spreads:
For though she lov'd whate'er her pomp advanc'd,
Yet lov'd she too in public to despise
What in her private thoughts was her best prise.

253.

So when a burly Tempest rolls his pride
About the world, though mighty Cedars bow,
Though Seas give way to his far vaster Tide,
Though Mountains lay their proudest heads full low
Before his feet; he counts that homage vain,
And rusheth on in blustering disdain,

254.

On many Palaces her eye she cast,
Which yet could not vouchsafe to view them long:
At last abhorring all she saw, she prest
With insolent fierceness through the staring Throng.
Crying: These Cottages can yield no room
For *Psyche's* entertainment; I must home.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

STANZA 3, l. 1, '*fond's*' = foolish. St. 4, l. 6, '*Savage*' = savage, and so st. 62, l. 6. St. 6, l. 6, '*wo*' = woo. St. 7, l. 2, '*battalia*' = battalions, and so st. 103, l. 6. St. 11, l. 1, '*Garboils*' = commotions. St. 14, l. 3, '*broaches*' = openeth, uttereth. St. 16, l. 5, '*gnawing*'—the old myth that the young vipers 'gnawed' their way to birth and thereby destroyed their mother. St. 23, l. 3, '*smug*' = well-trimmed? *ib.*, l. 6, '*deaf's*' = deafens. St. 27, l. 3, '*Bottle*.' Cf. Psalm lvi. 8, *et frequenter*: recently in Cyprus I obtained from the British Consul a number of very ancient tear-bottles that had just been discovered in ancient tombs there. St. 32, l. 2, '*hankering*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, as before. St. 33, l. 3, '*Insultations*' = triumphs, boastings. St. 34, l. 1, '*fries*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, on earlier and contemporary use of 'fry' and 'fries.' St. 37, l. 4, '*Card*' = chart, rather than compass-card? St. 39, l. 1, '*Leaguer*' = beleaguer? or ambassador? St. 42, l. 3, '*Tell-truth*'—'Tell-Troth' is an early personification. St. 48, l. 1, '*leering*' = leering. St. 50, l. 2, '*annular finger*' = ring finger. St. 66, l. 6, '*dead*' = deaden. St. 74, l. 5, '*parley*' = argue or make terms? St. 75, l. 3, '*Complices*' = accomplices: *ib.*, '*bulking*' = sifting. St. 95, l. 5, '*earnestness*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* St. 118, l. 3, '*Cinque-ports*' = five gates, *i.e.* the five senses, as Professor George Wilson names his charming little book 'The Five Gateways of Knowledge.'

St. 121, l. 2, '*brisk*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for other examples. St. 125, l. 3, '*handsome*,' *ibid.* St. 135, l. 1, '*youngling*' = little one, diminutive of 'youth.' St. 141, l. 1, '*break*' = bear or endure: *ib.*, '*rough-cast*' = rudimentary, roughly-formed. St. 146, l. 1, '*Humifications*' = lying on the ground. St. 160, l. 4, '*moderatrix*' = feminine of 'moderator.' St. 162, l. 5, '*chink'd*' = chapped or opened in 'chinks.' St. 169, l. 6, '*trace*' = follow—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for other examples. St. 178, l. 2, '*Complement*' = compliment. St. 185, l. 1, '*swindge*' = swing, sweep. St. 187, l. 4, '*malgre*' = mangre, spite of. St. 193, l. 6, '*broach'd*' = opened. St. 194, l. 4, '*Fondling*' = foolish thing—diminutive of 'Fool.' St. 195, l. 5, '*Bush's*' = stays—part for a whole of a private piece of feminine dress. St. 198, l. 4, '*he stole the Dog's due prize*.' See 2 Kings, c. ix. 10, 30-37: *ib.*, l. 5, '*Bacins*' = bason, *i.e.* bason-like (in size) eyes? Cf. ll. 2-3. St. 203, l. 5, '*repercuiss'd*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for parallels. St. 208, l. 1, '*Port*' = gate. St. 212, l. 6, '*siege*' = circle or surrounding? St. 226, ll. 4-6. On this truly magnificent portraiture of Syneides's face, especially her all-penetrative eyes, see our Memorial-Introduction. St. 241, l. 4, '*burly*' = boisterous: cf. st. 253, l. 1. St. 246, l. 1, '*Descension's*' = humility, or descending. St. 249, l. 1, '*contention*' = struggling or striving.—G.



CANTO VI.

The Humiliation.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Her heavenly Friends by Soul-subduing art
Recover Psyche from her shameful Glory :
And sure to seal upon her softened heart
Religious Meekness, Phylax tells the story
How Heav'n and Earth came Heav'n and Earth to be ;
And what vile Stain blur'd her Nativity.*

I.

BUT what is *Home* to most unhappy Her,
Whose only Castle is surrender'd to
A Pack of *Rebels*, who resolv'd are
To use the licence of their Conquest so,
That She shall in her own Dominion
Retain no power but to be Undone ?

2.

She might have safer call'd all Tempests in,
And to the loudest Winds flung ope her Gate ;
Or giv'n her key to Bears and Tigers, than
To those more dangerous Beasts, whose fair-tongu'd
hate
Works by this strange Prerogative, that they
By *Honey Poison*, by *Embraces* slay.

3.

Give me a Foe (if needs I one must have)
Who owns his Malice, and does fairly draw
In open field, not blushing to be brave
In his bold shame : One who's content to show
The worst he means, and dares Professor be
Of *Wickedness's Ingenuity*.

4.

Flat Enemies are honest courteous Things,
Because they tell us what we have to fear :
But *double-hearted Friends*, whose Blandishings
Tickle our ears, and sting our bosoms, are
Those dangerous *Sirens* whose smug maiden face
Is ugly mortal Treason's burnish'd Glass.

5.

These are the *Pits*, whose mouths with flowers spread
Sweetly invite our feet into a fall ;

46

The golden *Cups*, whose lips are sugar'd
To their dissembled Poison ours to call :
The crafty *Hooks*, which in a dainty Bait
To catch the liquorish Palate lie in wait.

6.

The flattering *Pipes*, whose sweetly-thrilling Tune
Inchants the silly Birds into the Net :
The fairly-treacherous *Beds* of fragrant *Yune*
With smiling *Roses* and with *Lilies* set :
Where, th' unsuspecting Gardener to surprize
By fatal sleight, perdue the Serpent lies.

7.

The dangerous *Dalilaks*, whose weeping eye,
Whose sighs, whose kisses, whose embraces be
The truer Withs, and Ropes, and Web, whereby
They bind the stoutest *Samsons* on their knee ;
Where, while they dream of Rest, they poll'd are
At once both of their Liberty and Hair.

8.

The politely-mild *Hyenas*, who
Make *Savageness* in human accents speak,
Whilst with such sweet hypocrisy they woo
The heedless Swain compassion to take ;
That to his Foe his door he openeth,
And in fond pity letteth in his death.

9.

The fair-tongu'd *Judas*, whose lips can drop
The honey of a friendly Salutation,
And with soft kisses seal the bargain up ;
Though in their hearts a spiteful conjuration
Rankles, and swells, and labors how it may
In looks and words of Love their *God* betray.

10.

And surely *Psyche* by this Treason had
Been cheated of her Life and Self, if He
Who in his *Judas*, tryal of it made ;
Had lent no Pity to her Misery :
Had *Yer's* tender Goodness not outrode
Her whose proud Coach now roll'd her from her *God*.

N

11.

Had He not found a way to make her see
The blindness of her own bewitch'd eyes;
To weigh how real was her Vanity;
To read the truth of all *Agnor's* Lys;
To learn in time, that War and Desolation
Lay breeding on her false *Pacification*.

12.

Charis and *Phylax* He a while withdrew,
That being left to her sole self she might
Of her own weakness take convincing view,
When bold *Temptations* challeng'd her to fight.
But now he sends them back to help her down
From that high *Ruin* where he saw her thrown.

13.

Make haste, said He, my Love and her Distress
Call for your speed: To you full power I give,
To ease her of her wretched Mightiness
Before it split her heart; to undeceive
Her blinded Soul, and shrink it till it be
Little enough to fit my *Heav'n* and Me.

14.

(And well, O well it was, that *gracious He*
Gave them such full Commission; else had they
In vain unsheath'd their best Activity
Her ugly-tumid bulk to cut away.
Those who *Pride's* stubborn Castle down would bring,
Must be impow'r'd by *Lowliness's King*.)

15.

They having thrice his foot-stool kiss'd, flew
On flaming *Zeal's* stout wings through every spear:
No *Lightning's* flash e'r made more haste to view
The East and West at once, than this swift *Pair*,
To reach their Errands but; or with more light
Did all Spectators' startled eyes affright.

16.

For when the *Passions* saw them darting near,
Immediate Terror on their Souls did seize;
Down fell their chang'd looks and necks; tho' *Fear*
Was left at home, she present seem'd in these.
The sudden stroke on *Psyche* too did beat,
And damp'd her *Chariots*, and her stomach's heat.

17.

But though the first assault of *Lightning* be
Pointed with Dread and Awe; the next are wont
To march in more abated Majesty,
And their bright Terror by degrees to blunt.
Custom, though young and breeding, yet can make
The dint and edge of any strangeness alake.

18.

Her daring Steeds adventur'd to recover;
Some sense and spirits of their boiling *Pride*

As soon 's that splendor's first Attempt was over:
But she her self by Confidence's tide
Stoutly presum'd to trust, that she might well
The torrent of those heav'nly Beams repel.

19.

This made her to her radiant *Friends* dispense
Her frowns and lowering-loathing looks, and by
That silent language of Impatience
Her chang'd mind and sullen thoughts descry:
But when she mark'd them still resolv'd, she cries,
I thought you would have understood mine eyes.

20.

If I must them interpret; Know, you are
As much mistaken now in *Psyche*, as
She was in you; I must, and therefore dare,
Tell you your own: your treacherous Counsel has
Too long bewitch'd my tender credulous heart:
Henceforth you may for evermore depart.

21.

The saucy *Courser's* ears all prick'd up high,
Caught that proud Answer as from Her it flew;
Which, neighing in tumultuous jollity
With broad defiance lustily they threw
Full in the faces of the *heav'nly Pair*;
And then they kick'd and flung and snuff'd the air.

22.

But *Phylax* pitching in her coach's way
Lift up his hand and wing and forc'd her back;
Crying much louder than her steeds could neigh:
Yet e'r you go, vouchsafe to hear me speak;
What tho' I be your Foe? you need not fear
Now you have learned that, my words to hear.

23.

Whate'r I say, I can no longer cheat you
Whose Jealousy against me keeps a guard:
But if with wholesome Counsel now I greet you,
My Salutation must not be debarr'd
Of civil entertainment: Foes may meet;
Nor always is't in vain that met they treat.

24.

This nettled *Thelma*, who Postillion was,
And had inflam'd the *Courser* all the way;
For shooting scorn from her bent brows, Alas
She cry'd, thinks *Phylax* I'll his rub obey,
Who ride where e'r I list, and never meet
With Mount, or World, which stops my horses' feet?

25.

Which said, she check'd her fiery *Courser*, (and
This *Anger* was, the most outrageous steed)
She with curvets strait answer'd her hand,
And aim'd to snatch her way o'r *Phylax* head.
Three times she leap'd, as often tumbling back;
Till with her bones she heard the *Chariot* crack.

26.

For *Phylax*' thether having reach'd a Ray
Of mystic pow'r, attact the Axel-tree ;
Which with a splitting shriek gave woful way,
And by the voice of its fragility
Admonish'd all the Coach, that *Rais* now
Meant there to ride, and *Psyche* out would throw.

27.

And true the warning was : the Wheels, the Team,
The Barrs, the Pillars, Seat, Sides, Back and Head
Shatter'd, and made *Confusion's* dismal game ;
Strait felt how sure the Axel prefaced
To their strange Tragedy, who now no more
Could own their several Names as heretofore.

28.

'Twas all but one rude Heap : upon whose back
Lay *Psyche* bruised with the boistrous fall ;
But wounded more to see who made that Crack,
And rais'd that Pile as for her Funeral.
She scorn'd to take Him for an equal Foe,
But swel'd and puff'd, and knew not what to do.

29.

He in her sullen eye observing well
Those troubled motions of her smoking heart,
Which she could neither utter nor conceal ;
Pitied the sadness of her wilful smart :
And, for compliance, her own course he took,
Speaking not by his mouth, but by his Look.

30.

This is the Dialect of strongest Love,
Which, when the fruitless Tongue hath said her Say,
With soul-commanding pow'r doth plead, and prove ;
That purest *Rhetoric* reigns in eyes ; that they
Who to the bottom of the heart would speak,
In *Looking Lines* must their Orations make.

31.

His serious Aspect upon Her was bent
Compos'd of gentle wrath and mild disdain.
Expressive were the Glances which he sent,
And every Word that darted forth was plain.
Some Rays grew hot, and stoutly chode, but others
With melting Pity mollify'd their brothers.

32.

O what a long long story ran he over
In this short ocular Discourse ! how fast
Did he her bosom and his own discover,
And what of old, and what of late had past ;
And what was dawning, if she still rush'd on
With obstinate confidence to be undone.

33.

But ireful She deign'd not to understand
This Language, since the Speaker she despis'd :

She proudly look'd, and coily wav'd her hand,
And told him by those signs she was advis'd
So well of what she did, that He might go
And somewhere else his scorn'd pain bestow.

34.

So when the faithful Tutor's tender eye
Reads his stern Lecture of Admonishment :
His stubborn Pupil ventures to defy
With disrespectful Looks the sweet Intent
Of those smart Memorandums, and by mute
Disdain kicks back what Words could not confute.

35.

Mean while as *Thelema*, tumbled from her Steed,
Lay biting both the ground and her own lip ;
Charis her sweetest Pow'rs had mustered
From her worse precipice to help her up :
And see, said she, when it was grown so tall
How suddenly your Pride has caught a fall.

36.

Yet this is not the bottom, but a step
To that sad Ruin whether you did ride,
O had you known how black and vast a Deep
Gapes in your journey's end, all Deaths beside
You would have woo'd and hugg'd, rather than
Have posted thus to plunge into that one.

37.

Here with her potent Wand she stroke the Earth :
Which knock when *Tellus* heard, she op'd, her door ;
When lo a Night of smoke came stinking forth,
And then a dusky day of fire : the Roar
Of that great Crack made surly *Thelema* start,
And terribly reach'd *Psyche's* vex'd heart.

38.

Yet though Dread shook their Souls, they deem'd it
Shame to confess their fear and run away :
Their adamant Stomachs would not let
Their lives be longer precious : still they stay,
Not out of curious Desire to see,
But to outface the hideous Prodigy.

39.

The monstrous Jaws of that wide-gaping Pit
With baneful soot were lined thick : from which
Incens'd Sulphure flashing rage did spit ;
And Clouds of Grones array'd in horrid pitch
Breath'd sad confession who below did dwell :
These proofs authentic were to speak it Hell.

40.

Plung'd in the gloomy Cavern's centre were
A wofull Rout chain'd up in fire and death ;
Abiram, *Corah*, *Dathan*, fri'd there,
With *Pealeth's* venturous Son, whose traiterous Wrath
Kindled that old Combustion, which now
Concluded is in their own flames below.

41.

Their howling Wives, and shrieking Children lay
Broiling about them ; and desir'd in vain
One drop of water, after dying, they
Had burnt so long in their still-living pain.

Thick flow'd their tears, but mock'd them the more,
And only scalt their cheeks which flam'd before.

42.

As *Thalema's* thoughts chew'd these Soul-piercing sights,
Behold this last Preferment,—*Charis* cry'd,—
To which *Ambition* desperate fools invites :

Say, is't not pity that thou didst not ride
Thy Journey out ; And am not I thy foe
Who down this fair Hill would not let thee go ?

43.

Behold how glorious a Realm of Bliss
It is, to which thou bend'st thy fierce carrier :
A Realm, wherein all bitterest Excess
Grief, Anguish, Howlings, Tortures reigning are :
Where every *Ejulation*, every *Pain*
Alas, is too too truly *Sovereign*.

44.

Seest thou that arrogant Brood of *Rebels*, who
Too lofty grown to stoop to *heav'nly Law* ;
Basely abus'd their Pride, and blush'd not to
Their vile and *earthly Passions* to bow.

Moses and *Aaron*, whom they kick'd at there,
Are but your *Phylax*, and your *Charis* here.

45.

Moses and *Aaron* there usurp'd too much,
And bare their tyrannizing heads too high :
And was not our Indictment only such
When *Love* impeach'd us ? Though we were not by
Yet *He* was present then, whose *Vengeance* now
Feeds on your proud *Agenor's* heart below.

46.

Observe that *Feind* who holds fell *Corak's* chain,
Himself bound in a greater : know'st thou why
He gathers up his Tail's ashamed train,
And steals it round about his scaly thigh ?

Ask but his Looks, and they will tell thee plain
What Spot it is whose guilt doth them ingrain.

47.

This high-swoll'n Mountain of Deformity,
Once vy'd with *Beautie's* self by borrow'd grace :
But now uncas'd in his curs'd sty,
His shape is correspondent to his place :

Here, here see what without a Ly is his ;
This Monster your admir'd *Agenor* is.

48.

Hearing this word the tumid *Spirit* split
His overcharg'd mouth, and tumbled out

A stream of brimstone, belching after it
More horrid Cries ; which bellowing about
His hallow Home, and finding it too narrow,
Into the Air let loose his thundering sorrow.

49.

Earth's bones all shak'd as through her sides it broke ;
And startled *Psyche* felt her fears beat high.
But *Thalema* disdain'd the Terrors' stroke,
Confuting it with her all-daring eye :

For well she knew her strength was Proof, and still
Resolv'd whate'r it cost to have her Will.

50.

Thus when a wilful Heir to age is come,
And in his own hand feels the golden rain
Of his long-wish'd Revenues ; if by some
Well-practis'd spend-thrift he be taught to drain
His over-flowing Bags ; in vain his friends
Shew him what Ebb of want that Tide attends.

51.

But trusty *Charis* still remembering what
Her *Master's* love commanded, ply'd her part
And since *Fear's* darts were thus repuls'd, shot
The shafts of *Love* into the Virgin's heart ;
Which in a diamond case from heav'n she brought,
With many other precious Powers fraught.

52.

Strong were the Blows, and op'd themselves the way
Down to the bottom of their Mark, but yet
Both sweet and silent. Thus the noble Ray
Discharg'd from *Titan's* eye doth never hit
The solid Crystal, but with dainty force
Quite through and through it takes its harmless course.

53.

On *Thalema's* Soul the gallant Arrows wrought
With bless'd wounds of heav'n-begotten joy :
Yet she with such perverse resistance fought,
That had kind *Charis*, known how to be coy,
Her scorn'd pains she had spar'd, and left the *Maid*
By her own stubborn Victory betray'd.

54.

But she as obstinate was in Patience,
And many a dear time shot and shot again :
Until th' importunate strokes awak'd a sense
Of both delightful and convincing pain ;
With which pierc'd through, now I must, I see,
Cry'd *Thalema*, by this Sweetness conquer'd be.

55.

I know I need not yield, except I will ;
But this Soul-plying violence which now
Severely sweet through all my wounds doth thrill,
Inforceth me to force myself to bow :
With that she louted low, and on her knee
Beg'd pardon for her pertinacity.

56.

O noble Virtue of Immortal *Grace* !
 How uncontrol'd is its mild mighty Art,
 Which can a Bosom of itself uncase
 And teach the Heart how to subdue the Heart ;
 Which gains unbloody Bays and triumphs thus
 In delicately conquering Us by Us !

57.

So when into the Swain's unwary foot
 The venomous earnest of a Swelling Death
 Is from the treacherous *Tarantula* shot ;
 Music's sweet Accents wisely temper'd, breath
 A mystic Antidote, which by delight
 Deceives the Poison, charming out its spight.

58.

Here *Psyche*, seeing *Thalema* relent,
 Knew her own stomach's power in vain would swell :
Necessity convinc'd her to recant
 And find how lost a thing she was : Her fell
 And useless *Arrogance* away she threw,
 And after it, three sighs sad farewell blew.

59.

That thus ejected ; *shame* and *Modesty*
 Of their ingenious Home took fresh possession,
 And in her purple cheek and gloomy eye
 Displaid a scene of penitent Confession :
 Then, as her pride above her self had toss'd her,
 No less beneath these on the ground did cast her.

60.

'Twas easier now for her to weep than speak :
 Yet striking stiffly on her guilty breast
 A passage to her stifeling grief she broke,
 And wrought out this sad cry : O turn at least
 From shameful *Psyche*, turn your spotless eye ;
 Leave me alone to perish where I lie.

61.

Leave me alone, or kick me down into
 That mouth of Torment gaping for me there ;
 That I may to my lov'd *Agnor* go
 Whose lies against your truths block'd up mine ear.
 Sure *Corah* and his damn'd Company
 Take not up all the room ; there's some for me.

62.

There must be some ; else *justice* is not just :
 For what have they deserv'd more than I !
 I would not thither go ; and yet I must,
 Because till now I would. I would not die,
 And yet I dare not live ; such deadly pain
 In this my life of shameful Guilt doth reign.

63.

'Twas more than death to me to view the face
 Of my too-late-believ'd *Synsidesis*,

When she presented in her trusty glass
 The faithful Copy of my Hideousness.
 What in your Lustre's dint then shall I do !
 No *vail* has night enough to smother you.

64.

Ay me ! that most calcining Purity
 Of your celestial Looks I cannot bear :
 Pride has so tainted my unhappy eye,
 That nothing more than purest sights I fear ;
 For they my Torments are, and burn me so
 That to a cooler Hell I fain would go.

65.

This woful out-cry grated *Charis'* heart
 Wont not to break but heal the brus'd reed :
 She knew what Lenitives would tame that smart,
 Yet gave no more than for the present need :
 Leaving the perfect cure a while ; for she
 Perceiv'd how wholesome longer Grief would be.

66.

Mean time the rampant *Passions* were stray'd
 And in wild madness rovd all about :
 But *Thalema*, before by them betray'd,
 Reveng'd that treachery, and by a stout
 Command unto their duties warn'd them back :
 The whole field at the awful Voice did quake.

67.

They started all, and strait of one another
 Ask'd mutual counsel with a doubting eye :
 But after that first Call out brake it's Brother,
 And thundered with Imperious Majesty.
 Forthwith they look'd, and spy'd their Mistress's hand
 High lifted up, which spake a third Command.

68.

They knew these Summons' did in earnest call,
 And always had disdain'd to be deny'd :
 This forc'd their stiff unwilling crests to fall,
 And into slavish quaking turn'd their Pride ;
 When angry *Thalema* snatching up the reins,
 Severely of their harness, made their chains.

69.

So when the Master shakes his dreadful rod
 High in the view of his licentious Boies,
 Who rambling were and truanting abroad ;
 Their loth adieu they bid to all their toils.
 And trembling into School expect when they
 The price of their Extravagance should pay.

70.

This done, she stoutly lash'd her shivering Teem
 Close to the lip of that dread mouth of Hell ;
 Where their late *General* she shew'd to them ;
 Tearing his Feindship he could not conceal :
 Which Sight them and their treacherous Itching parted,
 And through their Souls immortal Terror darted.

71.

Which Act perform'd ; the Scene they all remove
To *Psyche's* house ; who now profoundly drown'd
In her disconsolate self, no longer strove
Against her Friends. No matter 'tis what ground
Receives this wretched corps, said she, since I
Have pass'd the worst of Death's extremity.

72.

As thus She through the solitary field
With doleful pace return'd homeward, She
The lately-scorn'd *Ermitage* beheld
With reverent blushing : but when pious He,
Who reign'd King of himself and it, esp'd
This blessed Change, he sate him down and cry'd.

73.

He cry'd for joy, and answer'd *Psyche's* tears
Which multiply'd with every step she took ;
With noble *Charis* he had many years
Been well acquainted ; and in 's heavenly Look,
He read that *Phylax* was to him of kin,
Who his own *Guardian* from his birth had been.

74.

What *They* had done, his wisdom well could guess
When he the stubborn Queen thus melted saw ;
Her frowns, her taunts, her coach, her stateliness
Were vanish'd all, and she thrown down so low ;
That by *Agenor's* and *Heaven's* help she seems
In one day to have reach'd both Extremes.

75.

Full many a blessing did the good Man pour
On *Charis* and on *Phylax* as they went :
But panted out to his dear *Master* more
Who them to that Exploit of Mercy sent.
He threw good Wishes after *Psyche* too,
Tracing her steps as far's his eye could go.

76.

And when the Air's vast Sea had drown'd his eye,
He launch'd his Prayers for her happy weal :
Profoundly importuning *Heav'n* to tie
The Booty fast it thus had snatch'd from Hell :
To tie her fast to holy Meekness, that
No swelling Pride might burst the blessed knot.

77.

Heroic *Charity* how soon dost thou
Subdue all wrongs, Contempt can shoot at thee :
And freely bless all Patrons which bestow
Success's boon on thy proud Enemy !
Right noble is thy Valor, which alone
Can make thy Foes' good fortune be thine own.

78.

But they now to their journey's period come,
Psyche with stiff sighs open blew the gate ;

And sadly viewing her abus'd Home,
Thought every wall did chide for what of late
She trespass'd there ; and that at every groan
The Echo cry'd, She had herself undone.

79.

As loth she to her Chamber was to go
As Thief into the cell, where he has hid
His wicked goods : Yet they would have it so
Who from self-theft had her deliver'd.
But two deep Groans, as up the stairs they went
Summon'd their eyes to search whence they were sent.

80.

A sly Trapdoor they lurking there discover'd
Keeping its counsel with bar, lock, and seal :
Where whilst their wise consideration hover'd,
Two other Groans did to their aid appeal :
When *Thelema* convinc'd by shame and fear,
Broke ope the door, to shew them who were there.

81.

Deep was the Dungeon, and as dark as Night
When neither Moon nor Stars befriended the skies :
But *Charis* looking in, a morning light
Upon that gloominess rose from her eyes :
When lo, *Synsideris* and *Logos* tied
Fast in the bottom of the mire they spied.

82.

So fast, that nothing but their Lamentations
And sighs and tears had any room to stir :
Yea these, alas, through long ingeminations ;
In languid weariness inchain'd were.
Yet now this Spectacle's free Looks could cry,
They strait found audience in *Pity's* eye.

83.

Down *Phylax* flies, and hovering over them
(For no dirt may deflower his virgin wings,)
Unties their cords ; and by their mantles' hem
Up to the dungeon's mouth the Pris'ners brings.
Full thick about them stuck the mire and clay,
Yet *Psyche* thought herself more foul than they.

84.

And falling on them with a shower of tears,
These soon may wash your filth away, said she ;
But my deep-grain'd Pollution out-dares
The utmost purging power of Oceans : Ye
Besmeared are with none but others' spots ;
I blur'd all over am with mine own blots.

85.

O add no stings to my deep Anguish, by
Denying pardon of my mad Offence !
Saw you but half the flames in which I fry,
The sight would thaw your breasts, and kindle sense
Of my sufficient woe—— But here between
Her and her further Cries step'd *Charis* in :

86.

Who hastned her into her Chamber : where
 No sooner entred, they the *Mirror Spy*,
 Which strait grew pale, and quak'd for guilty fear
 At that bright dawn of *genuine Purity*.
 Away thus Night's false Fires and Phantoms sneak
 When through the East the gallant Day doth break.

87.

As *Phylax* to the *Glass* drew *Psyche* nigh,
 She quak'd more than that, and started back :
 When lo, said He, this *Engine*, fram'd to ly,
 Now of itself shall true confession make ;
 Urge it but with the Touch of any Gem,
 Whose place is meanest in thy *Girdle's* hem.

88.

Abas'd she, afraid of further shame,
 Waver'd a while in anxious suspense ;
 Her jealous fond demurs still went and came,
 And fain she would have found Delay's pretence ;
 Yet judg'd it best at length, not to withstand
 Her *Guardian's* however strange Command.

89.

O glorious power of *heavenly Gifts* ! the *Glass*
 Remembred quickly its original eyes,
 And weep'd to see its stately-beautiful face
 Dissolv'd by one short Touch : Its fallacies
 Melted amain, and on th' amazed floor
 In floods of loathsome slime themselves did pour.

90.

A slime which smelt so rank of death, that had
 Not *Charis* stood 'twixt *Psyche* and the Harm,
 T'had chok'd her heart : but Heav'n's assistance made
 Her spirits chear and kept her courage warm.
 Secur'd thus ; take these drops more, she cry'd,
 And on the slime thrice spitting, turn'd aside.

91.

Then jealous of the other Cabinet,
 Look here dear Friends, said she, I needs must fear
 Some foul Enchantment hatcheth here its plot,
 And that these Treasures in false shapes appear :
 They are *Agenor's* gifts ; how can his Elf
 Be made of truer Beauties than himself ?

92.

You know your Touchstone, *Phylax* cry'd ; let
 Your *Girdle* question't and it will confess.
 That Item she obey'd no sooner ;, but
 Forthwith her Touch was answer'd by an Hiss :
 Their heads the starting Bracelets having reard
 No Nest of Jewels but of Snakes appear'd,

93.

Of younger Serpents an intangled fry
 Thick in the spruicer Networks twisted were ;

Who sham'd and vex'd by this discovery
 Whetted their peevish teeth, and try'd to tear
 Their textures' bands ; but when they felt the bite
 Their own backs dig, they angry poison spit.

94.

The Tires and Hoods shrunk into Horns ; the Rings
 Dilated into Fetters ; every Lace
 Like scorched Thongs, or singed shrivel'd strings,
 Shew'd in what burning shop it woven was :
 The gaudy Bonnets and the dainty Vails
 Were nothing now but brass or iron scales.

95.

The Crisping-pins return'd to Forks and Hooks,
 And Tongs, and Prongs ; the Lawns to Dragons
 Wings ;
 The golden Wires abjur'd their glorious looks,
 And prov'd red hot Nails, or Darts, or Stings ;
 The Busks, were Gags ; the Gloves were fiery Claws ;
 The Tablets, Boiles ; the Sandals, Tigers' Paws.

96.

The Pearls, were Coals ; the Coronets, wreaths of Fire ;
 The brisk Vermilion, was Gore or Ink ;
 The Pencils, Rods of ever-burning Wire ;
 The Powders, Brimstone ; the Perfumes, a Stink ;
 The smiles, dark frowns ; the youth and blooming
 Cheeks,
 Dread-darting wrinkles, and stern Vulturs' Beaks.

97.

The high-looks, deep dispairst and shames ; the fashions,
 Sundry Inventions of most learned Spight,
 And never-dying Torture's Variations ;
 The Silks and Satins, Coats of Aspes ; the bright
 Purple, a Lion's or a Panther's Hide
 In innocent blood of slaughter'd Infants dy'd.

98.

The Ermins and the Sables, were the Skins
 Which monstrous *Cerberus* casteth thrice a year ;
 The rich Embroideries, Ranks and Files of Pins
 Pointed with steely Torment and Dispair ;
 The Silver and the Gold that lay below,
 Old Rust and Cankers which themselves did know.

99.

As when a fond Child wantonizing on
 The flowry Pillows of the Garden, and
 Feasting his heedless eyes and hands upon
 Soft *Maia's* Delicates, espies a band
 Of ireful Snakes rang'd in that field of Joy,
 On horror's head-long wheels he posts away :

100.

So all these dreadful sights stroke *Psyche* through
 With full as many fears ; and back she ran :
 But *Phylax* stopping her, demanded how
 She dar'd those Trappings trust, herself had on ?

They too are of the same foul breed, said he ;
And will you still with Hell array'd be ?

101.

With that, he snatch'd off that Tire which Pride
On her abus'd body plant'd had :
Which as his Indignation threw aside,
The gaudy Ornaments confession made
Of their hypocrisy ; and laid their true
And native horrid shapes in open view.

102.

Poor *Psyche* seeing with what Monsters she
Had trim'd without and pleas'd been within ;
Cry'd out, O wilfully deluded Me
Who joy'd in my self-revenging sin !
Rise rise, O righteous Wrath ; help thou my fist
(And here she stroke,) to pierce this treacherous breast.

103.

A noble Stroke was this, and won its way,
Its happy way, quite through her broken heart.
Forthwith a coal-black stream, which swelling lay
And belking there, took warning to depart :
Out gush'd the Bane, and split the pois'n'd floor,
Hasting into its Hell to find a door.

104.

Deliver'd of this monstrous Guest, the Wound
Clos'd gently up, and further harm shut out.
But she her sides so lank and hollow found,
That for her self within her self she sought ;
And stood awhile amaz'd, as if the Stroke
Had only some Dream's brittle Wonders broke.

105.

Confounded then with pious shame, she to
Her former Weeds turn'd her most piteous eye ;
Whose decent honest Looks rebuk'd her so
That back again she stagger'd, stricken by
Remembrance how she them disdain'd, which now
Outshin'd all *Agenor's* cheating Show.

106.

At length, in Sorrow's penitential voice
Give leave, said she, my genuine Furniture
That once again I make my prudent choice,
Henceforth inalterably to indure.
Or, if again I scorn your poverty,
From Hell's foul Wardrobe may I cloth'd be.

107.

Come trusty Hairclothes, you did never yet
Undress me of myself by garish Pride :
Come hard, but honest Rope, thou ne'r would'st let
Ambition blister me, but gird'st my side
Close to my heart, and left'st no room between
For puffing strutting Thoughts to harbor in.

108.

So, now I'm dress'd indeed : how shamelessly
Have I uncloth'd wander'd up and down !
No Nakedness in Heav'n's all-searching eye
To that sin clothes us with ; thus overgrown
With Leprosy the Man more naked is
Than when bare nothing but his skin was his.

109.

No wonder that wise *Ermite* seeing me
Mounted in Vanitie's enchanted state,
So sadly pity'd my proud Bravery.
Good Man, he soberly perceiv'd what
Neither my Eyes nor Glass would tell me ; He
Ev'n by my Robes my want of clothes did see.

110.

Yet can it be, that jealous *Heav'n*, and you
O my provok'd *friends*, should not be just !
What Privilege shields rebellious me, that now
Vengeance should sheath its dar'd Lightning ? must
Your Patience from my Crime its copy write,
That both may equally be Infinite !

111.

It must, said *Charis* ; and be sure to pay
Thy *Spouse* due thanks for this Necessity.
Yet if his favours still thou kickst away,
Know, that this Soul is not so seal'd to Thee,
But He can find out some more faithful Breast
Which will not Love's dear Violence resist.

112.

She thus reform'd into her lowly Tire,
Their Convert, her celestial Friends embrace ;
Kissing into her Soul fresh joies of fire,
And printing gracious Looks upon her face.
Then sitting down, to what I now prepare
To tell, said *Phylax*, lend thy heedful ear.

113.

The story, *Psyche*, bends its aim at Thee ;
And fetch't I will from its deep bottom, that
Thou may'st the long and total prospect see
Of thine Extraction and original State.
That sight will teach thee that these simple Weeds
Are full as fine and gorgeous as needs.

114.

Nay more than so ; when I withal have shown
What peerless sovereign Powers flourish in
Thy *Spouse's* Hand and Word ; how far thine own
Condition flags below his Worth ; how mean
A Match thou art for *Him*, who nothing hast
In downy, but vile *Vanity* and *Dust*.

115.

ALL things at first was *God*, who dwelt alone
In his unbounded self : but bounteous He

Conceiv'd the form of this Creation
That other things by Him might Happy be.
A way to ease his streams his *Goodness* sought,
And at the last into a *World* burst out.

116.

Which *World* at first was but one single step
From simple *Nothing*; yet that step was wide :
No Power but His, or could, or yet can leap
Over to *Something's* bank from *Nothing's* side.
If you those Distances compare with this,
The East and West are one, the Poles will Kiss.

117.

This *Something*, Son of *Nothing*, in the gulf
Of its own monstrous Darkness wallowing lay.
And strangely lost in its confounded self
Knew neither where to go, nor where to stay,
Being hideously besieg'd on every side
With *Toku's* and with *Boku's* boundless Tide.

118.

The foulest Portents never frighted Day
With such unshapen Shapes as strugled here ;
Whilst all the *Heap*, as if resolv'd to slay
What scarce was born, broke into desperate War.
No *Hydra's* heads so snarl'd at one another,
As every Parcel rag'd against its brother.

119.

The *Deep* climb'd up and tumbled down the *Hight*,
And then again rush'd headlong after it.
Brisk busy *Lightness* wroth with lazy *Weight*,
Him from his sleepy groveling quarters beat.
The rude tempestuous *Winds* blew all together,
And fill'd the *World* at once with every Weather.

120.

Scuffling for place, the *Cold* projected how,
To frieze the *Heat* ; the *Heat* the *Cold* to fry.
The *Centres* foully scorn'd to sneak below,
And in *Heav'n's* face forc'd sluggish *Earth* to fly.
Winter took heat, and stoutly found a way,
To fling *December* through the heart of *May*.

121.

All *Qualities* ran wildly up and down,
Ne'r thinking of *Symbolic* amity.
All *Motions* were *transverse* ; as yet unknown
Were *Rest* and *Quiet* ; hideous *Ataxy*
Was every thing : and neither *Here* nor *There*
Keep'd their own homes, but *All were every where*.

122.

No shores the *Ocean* in this Tempest knew,
But swallow'd up the Sands ; and rushing out,
Whilst all things else were plung'd in quarrels, threw
His billowy arms the Universe about ;
Which in this civil Deluge drown'd had been,
Had not the kind *Creator's* help come in.

123.

Forth flew th' *Eternal Dove*, and tenderly
Over the flood's blind tumult hovering ;
The secret seeds of vital *Energy*
Wak'd by the virtue of his fostering Wing :
Much like the loving Hen, whose brooding care
Doth hatch her eggs and life's warm way prepare.

124.

When lo a *Voice* (that all-producing *Word*
Whose Majesty both Heav'n and Earth adore)
Broke from the *Father's* mouth, with joint accord
Of th' *Undivided Three* ; and deign'd to poure
Itself upon the *Deep*, commanding *Light*
To cheer that universal face of Night.

125.

As when the gloomy Cloud in sunder parts,
The nimble Lightning flasheth through the sky :
So from this Mass of Darkness, thousand Darts
Of orient beams shot their brisk selves, and by
Obedient Splendor answer'd that great *Call*
Which summon'd them to gild this groping Ball.

126.

The *Shades* affrighted at the looks of *Light*
To blind holes crept their sham'd heads to hide.
God pitied them, and hastning on their flight,
Safe lodging gave them in the *World's* back-side.
There slept dull *Night* : but *Day* was brave and bold,
And in the face of *God* display'd her gold.

127.

Before the *Sun* was born, the *Day* was *Day*,
Least his fair count'nance should the *World* entice
Unlawful homage to his Beams to pay.
Day's parentage is clear to pious eyes ;
Nor can she Daughter be to any other
But *Him*, who is of *Lights* the sovereign *Father*.

128.

The next *Command* call'd for the *firmament*
To part the *Waters* which unruly grew.
Strait in the midst of them a Bow was bent
Of solid substance and of crystal hue.
The purer streams had leave on Heav'n to flow,
The gross sunk down and roar'd here below.

129.

Which loud Impatience to restrain, their *Lord*
The *third day* thrust them into prison ; and
To check their pride and fury, set a guard
Of most invincible though feeble Sand :
For in those bounds his Law engrav'd is,
Which not the proudest Billow dares transgress.

130.

Thus from this flood of deep oppression fre'd
The joyful *Earth* made haste to wipe and dry

Her blubber'd face ; and raising up her head
Admir'd to see her own Security.

Then smiling at the welcome sight, her smiles
Distinguish'd her face with Vales and Hills.

131.

But being naked, and not knowing whence
To cloth her self, *God* her apparel made.
He spake ; and lo a floury Confluence
Her Plains and Dales with fragrant robes array'd.
Trim'd were the heads of all her Hills with Tresses
Of goodly Trees, and shrubby crisped Dresses.

132.

The *fourth Day's* work was spent on Heav'n ; which yet
Look'd like a virgin Scrol spread fair and wide ;
But with no characters of beauty writ
Till *God's* great *Word* engrav'd its radiant pride :
But *Titan* then came sweetly-flaming forth,
And all the World inamor'd at his birth.

133.

Light, which till now had flitted here and there,
Born on the back of an ignoble Cloud ;
No sooner spy'd his royal face appear,
But in his bosom she desir'd to shroud :
He courteous was, and to her wish'd throne
Receiv'd her glorious ambition.

134.

But being bounteous too, and marking how
The bashful *Sparks* to beg asham'd were ;
His lustre's flames abroad he freely threw.
The *Moon* strait reach'd her horns, and caught her share ;
So did the *Stars* : and now all Heav'n grew fine
Whilst He both in himself and them did shine.

135.

The *Hours* flock'd to his foot, and louting low
Sud'd for a room in his bright Family :
The like did cheerly *Day*, and made a vow
With him to wake and sleep, to live and die.
But conscious *Night* afraid of his pure look,
To spotted *Luna* her black self betook.

136.

Then gorgeous *Summer* came, and spread his way
With gales of gentle air and clouds of spice ;
Whilst jolly *Flora* in her best array
Was prodigal of her Varieties.
But plainer *Winter* reverent distance kept,
And far behind his burning chariot crept.

137.

The surly *Sea* the fift day awed by
Her *Lord's* express Command, reply'd with speed,
And in most dutiful fertility
Opened her mighty womb, whence issu'd
The *Winged Nations* all Pair by Pair,
The musical Inhabitants of Air.

138.

The other german *Breed*, whose moister wings
Abhor the drying Winds, she kept at home ;
Where through the Deeps they fly : born-unborn Things
Which, though brought forth, live in their Mother's womb :
A womb of Wonders, whose dimensions can
Afford full flight to vast *Leviathan*.

139.

Leviathan, whose smoking Nostrils blow
Those seas of fire which from his stomach break :
Whose dreadful sneezings by their flashes show
The brazen scales which seal his sturdy back :
Whose Beacon's flames out-face the Morning's eyes ;
Whose Heart in hardness with the Millstone vies.

140.

Leviathan, who laughs at him that shakes
The bugbear spear, and slings the idle stone :
Who steely darts for wretched stubble takes ;
Firm Iron, for hollow feeble straw ; who on
The boiling Ocean wreaks his hotter wrath ;
Who where he goes, plows up his hoary path.

141.

Who on his Neck no other collar wears
But never-daunted *Strength* ; who fain'd by
His diet of perpetual Triumphs, dares
The challenges of all *Dismays* defy ;
And by his sprightly Looks commands the face
Of frowning *Grief* to turn *Joy's* smiling Glass.

142.

He at whose dismal generation *Fear*
Fled far away, and nothing left behind
But *Scorn* and *Boldness* ; which compounded were
Into the metal of the monster's Mind.
Who mounted in his thoughts, doubts not to ride
As Sovereign Prince of all the *Sons of Pride*.

143.

But now the *Sixt Day* dawn'd : and *Tellus* is
Commanded to bring forth her People too :
She heard the Voice, and with strange activeness
Made *Beasts* and *Reptiles* with her answer go ;
For startling up whilst yet their Mother's ear
Rung with the sound, they cry'd Lo we are here.

144.

Hast thou not seen the Princely *Horse* ; whose eye
With living Lightning's fed ; whose portly neck
Is cloth'd with mighty Thunder's Majesty ;
Whose glorious nostrils Terror's language speak ;
Who never would believe the Trumpet's sound,
But with proud fierceness swallows up the ground ;

145.

Who with impatient heat the Vallies paws ;
When he hath smelt the battel from afar ;

Who mocks the sword, and brave defiance throws
Upon the Quiver and the glittering spear ;
Who both the Trumpet's and the Soldier's shout
With his more martial *Ha ha* doth flout.

146.

Hast not *Behemoth* seen, that moving Mount
Of flesh and bone, that *Earth's Leviathan* ;
Whose monstrous thirst, though many a living fount
And River it hath slain, still trusts it can
Down through the deeper chanel of his throat
All *Jordan* (ev'n in time of harvest) shoot :

147.

Whose Navel's *Power's* Knot ; whose strong-built Loins
The garrison of *Might* ; whose massy Bones,
Which grisselly steel fast to their sockets joins,
Are brass, the less, the greater, iron ones ;
Who mounts his awful Tail so high, that he
Seems like the Hill, that, like the Cedar tree.

148.

These goodly Sons, with many thousands more,
Were they which teeming *Tellus* then brought forth :
But who shall now reign Sovereign Monarch o'r
This and the *Ocean's* more numerous Birth ?
So great and weighty was this Business, that
About it *God* himself in council sate.

149.

A Place there is retir'd far and high
Amidst the Tower of eternal Rest ;
Roof'd, pav'd, and wall'd with Immensity
Through which no Creature's boldness ever prest :
In this, th'*Almighty Three's* joint Consultation
Determin'd of the Work and of the Fashion.

150.

Then stepping down to earth, this *Triple One*
Moulds up the Dust which trembled at his feet ;
And ends his work as soon as 'twas begun :
For now the quick shape rather seem'd to meet
His Hand, than follow it, and every Part
As wak'd by 's touch, up from the Dust to start.

151.

Forthwith about the Universe he reach'd
His potent Arm, and cull'd from every thing,
The choicest Excellence which had enrich'd
Their several Tribes, to trim their breeding King ;
That they with willing hearts might Him obey
In whom their own selected Treasures lay.

152.

Fair was the *Image* ; for its lines were true
To that brave *Form* which *Heav'n's eternal Son*
Had for himself design'd ; that *Form* which drew
His Hand to Frame this whole Creation.
All things attend on this *grand Mystery* ;
The world was made that *God a Man* might be.

153.

Yet still this hopeful *Model* was no more
Than, Statue-like ; well lim'd but cold and dead :
When lo th'*Almighty's Breath* vouchsaf'd to pour
Life's flood into his Nostrils ; whence it spread
Through secret chanel into every Part,
But chose its Mannor-house amidst the heart.

154.

That *Breath* immortal was, as flowing from
His bosom whom *Eternity* calls *Sire* :
And kindled by its Blast that noble flame,
Which shall out-live *Heav'n's* stoutest fairest Fire.
'Tis not the Crack and Ruin of the less
Or greater World, that can the *Soul* suppress.

155.

Thus *Adam* op'd his eyes ; through which such beams
Of Majesty look'd out, that gallant He
Now by a new resemblance truly seems,
The *royal Image* of his *Lord* to be :
Heav'n's Sovereignty shines in *God*, and who
But *Man* looks like the King of all below ?

156.

And yet those Looks of his had look'd in vain,
If he had on his feeble self alone
Founded his Title, and his Right to reign :
The lofty structure of *Dominion*
Requires a correspondent Base, nor must
Such massy Buildings founded be on *Dust*.

157.

But by his *Maker's* into his own hand
Were put the Reins of Air, of Earth, of Sea :
That under his imperial Command,
All Fishes, Beasts and Birds might rang'd be :
Which, though so boistrous now they seem and wild,
Before their King at first were tame and mild.

158.

This lower World's high Prince thus nobly made,
God seeks a Palace where he might reside :
And when the Earth his eye examin'd had,
A dainty Place which in the East he spy'd
His liking won ; where he contriv'd the Seat
Of his new *Viceroy*, delicate and great.

159.

It was a *Garden*, if that Name can speak
The worth of those illustrious Sweets, which there
Conspir'd to prove that fancy a mistake,
That Heaven dwells only in the starry sphere.
The Earth look'd poor in all her other soil,
Those Meanness serv'd but for this Jewel's foil.

160.

No Weed presum'd to shew its roitish face
On this fair Stage ; the Nettles, Thistles, Brakes,

Thorns, Bryars, Cockle, Hemlock, rampant Grass,
With those dire Herbs the meagre Wizzard rakes
Into his deadly boxes ; either yet
Were not at all, or far from *Eden* set.

161.

The Yew, the Box, the Cypress, and all other
Sad waiters on the Grave's solemnity
Had there no business ; *Death*, or *Death's black Mother*
Not being yet conceiv'd : No crookback'd Tree,
Disgrac'd the place, no foolish scrambling shrub,
No wild and careless Bush, no clownish Stub.

162.

Grim *Winter* and rude *Boreas* forbare
To walk this way ; so did *Distempers*, *Cares*,
Perplexities, *Sighs*, *Melancholy*, *Fear*,
Doubts, *Jealousies*, *Seditious*, *Treasons*, *Wars*,
Storms, *Thunders*, *Lightnings*, *Earthquakes*, *Ruptures*,
Streins,
Wounds, *Boils*, *Diseases*, inward, outward Pains.

163.

For on the Garden's margin ran a wall
Built of *Delight*, and buttress'd with *Content* :
Beauty stood at the gate, and let in all
Who brought the Pass of fair Accomplishment ;
But if she spy'd a Wrinkle, Scar, or Blot,
The inconsistent stranger out she shut.

164.

Within rose Hills of Spice and Frankincence,
Which smil'd upon the flowry Vales below ;
Where living Crystal found a sweet pretence
With musical impatience to flow,
And delicately chide the Gems beneath,
Because no smother they had pav'd its path.

165.

The Nymphs which sported on this Current's side
Were milky *Thoughts*, tralucid pure *Desires*,
Soft *Turtles' Kisses*, *Looks* of virgin Brides,
Sweet *Coolness* which nor needs nor feareth fires,
Snowy Imbraces, cheerly-sober *Eyes*,
Gentleness, *Mildness*, *Ingenuities*.

166.

A goodly Army of peace-breathing *Graces*
Were rang'd by these in Love's serene array ;
And in those multitudes of fragrant faces
Sweet *Order* with *Variety* did play.
Nor was it lawful One above the rest
To magnify, for every one was best.

167.

Stretch'd at full length upon th' Embroidery
Of flowry beds lay *Softness*, *Ease*, and *Pleasure* ;
Whilst in the carpet walks there danc'd by
Calmness, *Longdays*, *Security*, and *Leisure* ;
Accomplish'd *Growth*, brisk *Firmitude*, and *Health* ;
The only Jewel which makes wealthy Wealth.

168.

Your *Roses* here would soon confess their Blush
Due to their own Defects, should they compare
With those brisk *Eyes* with which the *Rosy Bush*
Looks up and views its beauteous Neighbours there :
Nor are your *Lilies* white, if those were by
Whose leaves lay ope the books of *Purity*.

169.

Liban and *Carmel* bow their goodly heads
To *Paradise's* foot : the *Balm*, *Nard*, *Myrrh*,
And all the Spices of *Arabia's* Meads
Freely acknowledge richer Sweetness here.
Adonis Garden paralleld with this,
No more a Garden but a Desert is.

170.

The early Gales knockt gently at the door
Of every Flower to bid the *Odours* wake ;
Which catching in their softest arms, they bore
From bed to bed, and so return'd them back
To their own Lodgings, doubled by the blisses
They sip'd from their delicious brethren's kisses.

171.

Upon the wings of those inamoring *Breasts*,
Refreshment, *Vigor*, *Nimbleness* attended ;
Which wheresoe'r they flew, cheer'd up their paths,
And with fresh *Airs* of life all things befriended :
For *Heav'n's* sweet *Spirit* deign'd his breath to join
And make the powers of these Blasts divine.

172.

The goodly Trees' bent Arms, their nobler load
Of Fruit with blest oppression overbore :
That Orchard where the *Dragon* warder stood,
For all its golden boughs, to this was poor ;
To this, in which the greater Serpent lay
Though not to guard the Trees, but to betray.

173.

Of *Fortitude* there, rose a stately Row,
Here, of *Munificence* a thick set Grove ;
There, of wise *Industry* a Quickset grew,
Here, flourish'd a dainty Cops of *Love* ;
There, sprang up pleasant Twigs of ready *Wit*,
Here, larger Trees of *Gravity* were set.

174.

Here, *Temperance* and widespred *Justice* there ;
Under whose sheltering shadow *Piety*,
Devotion, *Mildness*, *Friendship* planted were ;
Next stood *Renown* with head exalted high ;
Then, twin'd together *Plenty*, *Fatness*, *Peace*.
O blessed Place, where grew such things as these !

175.

Yet what are these, if *Death's* malignant hand
May either them or their fruition blast ?

This to prevent, at careful *Heav'n's* command
 An hopeful Tree sprung up amidst the rest ;
 Which nobly prov'd itself a Branch to be
 Pluck'd from the grand stock of *Eternity*.

176.

Amidst them all it sprung ; for well it knew
 Its proper seat, and chose the *Garden's* heart :
 No station but that to Life was due,
 Whence Vigor's streams might reach to every Part.
 Fresh *Heat* and *Spirits* hung about it thick,
 The boughs all breathéd and the fruit was quick.

177.

By this th' alluring *Tree of Knowledge* stood
 (For where should Wisdom dwell but next the heart ?)
 Whose leaves were written fair, but writ with Blood,
 And fill'd with Learning and capricious Art.
 O fatal Tree ! how wise had *Adam* grown
 If he thy woful Knowledge had not known.

178.

High in the shady Galleries sate a Quire
 Suting their noble Chapel ; Birds of praise
 Whose lofty Pipes were tun'd by strong desire
 To pay for their sweet Home in sweeter Laies :
 With whom soft *Echo*, proud her skill to shew,
 Though slower time she kept, yet sung she true.

179.

This Map of Wonders, this Epitomy
 Of *Heav'n's* best pride ; this Court of Rarities,
 This Confluence of blessed Gallantry ;
 Was that so much renowned *Paradise* :
 Renowned ; yet how much sublimer than
 The loftiest praise it ever reap'd from Man !

180.

For Man no sooner forfeited his Tenure
 In this Possession, but withal he lost
 All his Capacity to paint the honor
 Of his escheated Home : and now the most
 Which ev'n Poetic sprucest Pens can draw
 Doth more their own weak Art, than *Eden* show.

181.

The great *Creator* hither *Adam* brings
 As to the Portal of celestial Bliss :
 And, see, said He, of these illustrious Things
 Free choise I give thee, bating only this
 One *Tree of Knowledge* : all the rest are thine ;
 Eat what thou wilt ; but still let that be mine.

182.

If thy presumptuous hand invades that Tree
 Thy licorish crime must cost thy life ; and thou
 By *Death's* immediate talions seized be :
 Death, *Adam*, Death hangs thick on every bough.
 What will that knowledge boot thy soul, whereby
 Thou nothing shalt be taught but Misery ?

183.

O noble *Lord* ! who to his Creature gave
 A World at once, and yet requir'd of him
 No more but that he would have care to live,
 And long enjoy the World's fair diadem ;
 Who ties him to no homage, but to shun
 Being by his own fond needless fault undone.

184.

Did he some hardy knotty Task propound
 Which must have daily swum in tedious sweat ;
 His Vassal sure could no pretence have found
 To disobey, when hir'd by so great
 A price as *All this All* : yet bounteous He
 Will, like his *Gift*, have ev'n his servant free.

185.

After this easy Charge ; upon a Throne
 Built all of *Power* he his Lieutenant set,
 And at his high Inauguration
 His noblest Subjects order'd to meet ;
 Who now before his footstool marshall'd were
 In modest equipage all Pair by Pair.

186.

Strait, as his awful Look their duty try'd ;
 The Lyon couch'd, the Horse let fall his crest ;
 Behemoth's tail forgot its mounting pride,
 And melted to the ground ; the Bull deprest
 His horns ; the Boar suck'd in his foam ; the Bear,
 The Wolf, the Tigre, louted low for fear.

187.

Like reverence humbled down the other Crew,
 Whilst from their *Sovereign's* fairly-dreadful face
 Such beams of full imperial Brightness flew
 As spake it plainly their *Creator's* Glass :
 Strong that Reflection was, which could command
 The rudest Beasts this Truth to understand.

188.

As these admiring lay ; the *Eagle* drew
 Up every rank and file of wingéd things :
 Thither the Estrich, Vulture, Falcon flew,
 Thither a flock of every Bird that sings ;
 Thither the Peacock, but eclipséd so,
 That down fell all his Stars and trail'd below.

189.

On came the most magnanimous strutting *Cock*
 Disdaining heav'n and earth, till drawing nigh
 His nobler *Sovereign*, his surly neck
 He felt arrested by Humility ;
 His wings flag'd low, his fiery gullet grew
 Languid and pale, his comb and forehead blew.

190.

Wise *Adam* mark'd them all, and sent his eye
 To search their bosoms' closets ; where he read


Th' essential lines profoundly gravéd by
Judicious *Nature*, when she fashionéd
Their Difference, their Kindred and Relations,
Their Powers, their Properties and Inclinations.

191.

Thus privy to their inmost selves, he sought
What Titles would most clearly signify
Their bosoms' hidden sence; and up he wrought
In single Words each Nature's mystery.

Acquaintance then he took of them by *Name*;
And with a princely Nod dismissed them.

192.

But  air march in loving Pairs he view'd,
A gentle sigh he fetch'd, to think that He
Should spend his nobler life in solitude,
Whilst all Things else enjoy'd society.

What boots it him to reign as *sovereign Lord*,
If all his World can him no Queen afford.

193.

If whilst each Bird and Beast hath leave to read
His iterated self in his dear Mate,
And by strait Love's prerogative can lead
A double life in one: His sullen fate

Imprisons him in his own breast alone:
Alas! this thought heav'd up another Groan.

194.

And heav'd it up so high, that to the ear
Of *God* it reach'd; who calling *Pity* forth,
Gave her an errand to the Deep to bear:
Which nimble Nymph strait started through the earth
Down to the silent mouth of that dark Cave
Where *Sorrows* find their sink, and *Cares* their grave.

195.

A lazy Moat the Grot incompasséd
With waters which were never known to stir;
Upon whose bank secure *Oblivion's* bed
Was made of sluggish Moss and cakéd fur
The Remoras and Crampfish groping lay
About the bottom of the Mud and Clay.

196.

Up from the Water crept an heavy Cloud
Of dusky Vapours, on whose shoulders rid
Fat *Drowsines*; who rub'd her eyes and bow'd
Down to her bosom her unweildy head.
Bats, Owles, and other purblind birds of night
Stole through the swarthy shades their doubtful flight.

197.

Mandrakes within the Moat, and Poppy grew,
Which nodded to their neighbour clump of Trees:
Those were the Willow, Cypress, Box, and Yew;
Close at whose feet lay *Quietness* and *Ease*;
And nestling by their side, an half-dead crow'd
Of Dormise and of Bears, all snorting loud.

198.

Through these pass'd *Pity* to a door of Jet,
Whose wary ringle round was cloth'd in wool:
The porter *Silence*, with his finger at
His mouth; when by her looks he guess'd her full
Of more than common business with his Queen,
Softly stole ope the lock, and let her in.

199.

There found she on a bed of ebony
Sleep lay'd at length; her pillow, badgers' hair;
Thick *Night*, full *Peace*, and soft *Security*
Her rug, her counterpane, and blankets were.
Close by her couch's side drop'd pipes of lead;
A swarm of Bees were humming at the head.

200.

But greater was the swarm of *Dreams* which walk'd
In shapeless shapes about the throngéd room;
Who though they laugh'd, and sung, and cry'd, and
talk'd,
No noise was heard in that confusion: some
Wanted an head, a cheek, an eye, a nose,
Some arms, some legs, some feet, and some their toes.

201.

Some wanton seem'd, some chaste, some spruce, some
course;
Some tame, some terrible, some black, some white;
Some Men before, and yet behind a Horse;
Some Swan on one side, on the other Kite;
Some *Love*, some *Hate*, some *Half-hope* and *Half-fear*;
Some heav'n, some hell, some both; most monsters
were.

202.

Indeed a few, who sleighted all the rest,
Were lim'd and form'd by due *Proportion's* art;
With sober gravity their looks were drest;
Deep wonderous thoughts were hatching in their heart;
Sharp was their sight, and further could descry
Than any Eagle's Sun-affronting eye.

203.

But now the *Nymph* aloud deliveréd
Her earnest Message, jogging heavy *Sleep*.
She shrug'd and yawn'd, and thrice lift up her head,
And with one eye half ope began to peep:
Then *Pity* to a Box she nodded, (for
'Twas death to speak) and so return'd to snore.

204.

Black was the Box, and though its bulk was little,
It seem'd the massy mansion-house of *Weight*.
But Heav'n's stout *Messenger* was made of Metal
So valiant, that she snatch'd it up, and strait
On noble Fervor's wings devour'd the road
To *Eden*, with her slender-mighty load.

205.

Where she no sooner dawn'd in *Adam's* view,
But he began to streak, and nod, and yawn ;
Forthwith the *Nymph* a sable powder threw
Full in his eyes ; by which quite overthrown,
He lay supinely on a spicy bed
Proud of the grace to kiss his sweeter head.

206.

His senses thus seal'd up in dainty night,
His Soul walk'd to his brain, to take a view
Of that prophetick but obscure Delight
Which in his fancies' fertile garden grew.
When lo, a goodly *Tree* salutes his eye
Tall, wide, and full of florid Majesty.

207.

The Woods look'd all that way, and bow'd ther head ;
Low crept the shrubs and due obeysance made ;
The Plants and Flowers their fragrant duties did,
Ambitious to be gilded by his shade.
Thus happy he in glorie's zenith reigns
King of the Hills, the Vales, the Woods, the Plains.

208.

But from his own brave stock, out at his side
A Twig sprung up, which grew as fair as he :
As high it reach'd its head, its arms as wide,
And flourish'd with equal gallantry.
Their leaves all kiss'd, their arms embrac'd each other,
They liv'd and lov'd and joy'd and reign'd together.

209.

Yet soon their throne was undermin'd ; for at
Their heedless Root a desperate *Canker* grew ;
Which knaw'd with restless venom, till it got
The day, and down their stately bodies threw.
Amaz'd stood *Nature* at the sight, and all
The World deep groan'd at their mighty fall.

210.

As thus the royal Trunks in public view
Expos'd lay, abandon'd and forlorn ;
From courteous *Tellus* they compassion drew,
And sanctuary found from further scorn :
For in her bosom's safe and silent bed
Them and her Ruins up she cover'd.

211.

The deepset Root still held its sturdy hold
And kept its place : so did the *Canker* his.
New Sprouts took heart, and follow'd the old
With answerable bulk and haughtiness :
Whose fretful foe persisted still to knaw,
And soon or late lay'd all their glory low.

212.

Long held these Conflicts, till at length a *Sprout*
Sprung from a new and unsuspected place ;

For on that side the indispos'd Root
In all the World's opinion arid was.

This only *Branch* scap'd being tainted by
The inbred *Canker's* foul affinity.

213.

Yet scap'd he not its restles envie's stroke,
By which the Monster stoutly him assail'd ;
Whom, when it shrinking saw and giving back,
It impudently hop'd to have prevail'd :
But he recoil'd, and was content to die,
Only to gain the surer Victory.

214.

For, wisely ordering his *brave Ruin*, He
With his dead Weight full on his Enemy fell ;
Who crush'd under this calamity,
Pay'd for his boldness and sunk down to hell.
When lo, the conquer'd yet victorious *Tree*
Started up into new life's bravery.

215.

And after *Him* those other Trees arose
Which dead had lain and rotten long before ;
For 'twas his pleasure to impart to those
His own vivacious overflowing store.
They every where leap'd up to life, and stood
So thick, that all the plain became a Wood :

216.

A royal wood of everlasting Trees
Whose Arms all reach'd out vegetable gold ;
Whose dangling Gems sham'd *India's* Rarities ;
Whose towring Heads saw heav'n beneath them roll'd.
Yet these were shrubs to that brave Cedar which
Had rais'd them up to this triumphant pitch.

217.

Whilst *Adam* fetter'd lay in senseless chains
Viewing this wonderous Sight with musing thought ;
God op'd his side, but strictly charg'd the veins
To seal their mouths, and let no drop peep out.
From thence he chose a single Rib, and then
The wicket clos'd, and all was whole again.

218.

That Bone he handled with such breeding art
That it dissolv'd into many more ;
And due materials for every part
Most perfectly supply'd : what was before
A single Rib, is now flesh, sinews, grissels,
Blood, bones, skin, entrails, arteries and muscles.

219.

And that the work might suit its beauteous shop
In which no Creature form'd was but this ;
The willing *Garden's* Pride he pleas'd to crop,
This *Paradise of Paradise* to dress.
All Sweets and Delicacies flow'd hither,
And in one *Eve* were moulded up together.

220.

Eve, blesséd *Eden's* only *native Queen* ;
Eve, whose own *Husband* was her wond'rous *Mother* ;
 Whose privileged *Birth* hath neither been
 Nor shall be copiéd by any other :
Eve that fair *Pipe* through which *Humanity*
 Must into *God* himself conveyéd be.

221.

Eve, *Topstone* of the goodly-fram'd *Creation*,
 The *Bliss* of *Adam* and the *Crown* of *Nature* ;
Eve, who enjoys the most removéd station
 From ugly *Chaos* ; *Eve* that *final Creature*,
 In whom th' *Almighty Lord* set up his *rest*,
 And only spar'd to say *He'd done his best*.

222.

Her spacious polish'd forehead was the fair
 And lovely *Plain*, where gentle *Majesty*
 Walk'd in delicious state : her temples clear
 Pomgranate fragments, which rejoyc'd to lie
 In dainty ambush, and peep through their cover
 Of amber-locks, whose volumes curléd over.

223.

The fuller stream of her luxuriant *Hair*
 Pour'd down itself upon her ivory back :
 In which soft flood ten thousand *Graces* were
 Sporting and dallying with every *Lock* ;
 The rival *Winds* for kisses fell to fight,
 And rais'd a ruffling tempest of *Delight*.

224.

Two princely *Arches* of most equal measures
 Held up the *Canopy* above her eyes ;
 And open'd to the heav'ns far richer *Treasures*,
 Than with their *Stars* or *Sun* e'r learn'd to rise :
 Those beams can ravish but the *Bodie's* sight,
 These dazel stoutest *Souls* with mystic light.

225.

Two *Garrisons* were these of conquering *Love*,
 Two founts of *Life*, of *Spirit*, of *Joy*, of *Grace* ;
 Two *East*s in one fair *Heav'ns* no more above,
 But in the hemisphere of her own face ;
 Two *Thrones* of *Gallantry* ; two shops of miracles ;
 Two shrines of *Deities* ; two silent *Oracles*.

226.

For silence here could eloquently plead ;
 Here might the unseen *Soul* be clearly read ;
 Though gentle *Humours* their mild mixture made,
 They prov'd a double *Burning-glass* ; which shed
 Those living flames which with enlivening *Darts*
 Shoot deaths of love into *Spectators' hearts*.

227.

'Twixt these an alabaster *Promontory*
 Slop'd gently down to part each *Cheek* from other ;

Where *White* and *Red* strove for the fairer glory,
 Blending in sweet confusion together.
 The *Rose* and *Lily* never joinéd were
 In so *Divine* a marriage as there.

228.

Couchant upon these precious *Cushonets*
 Were thousand *Beauties* and as many *Smiles* ;
 Chaste *Blandishments*, and modest cooling *Heals*,
 Harmless *Temptations*, and honest *Guiles*.
 For heav'n, though up betimes the *Maid* to deck,
 Ne'r made *Aurora's* cheeks so fair and sleek.

229.

Inamoring *Neatness*, *Softness*, *Pleasure*, at
 Her gracious *Mouth* in full retinue stood :
 For, next the *Eyes' bright Glass*, the *Soul* at that
 Takes most delight to look and walk abroad.
 But at her lips two threds of scarlat lay,
 Or two warm *Corrals*, to adorn the way ;

230.

The precious *Way*, where by her breath and tongue
 Her *Odours* and her *Honey* travelléd ;
 Which nicest *Criticks* would have judg'd among
Arabian or *Hyblaean* mountains bred.
 Indeed the richer *Araby* in her
 Dear mouth, and sweeter *Hybla* dwelling were.

231.

More gracefully its golden *Chapter*
 No *Column* of white *Marble* e'r sustain'd ;
 Than her round polish'd *Neck* supported her
 Illustrious head, which there in triumph reign'd.
 Yet neither would this *Pillar* hardness know,
 Nor suffer *Cold* to dwell amongst its *Snow*.

232.

Her blesséd *Bosom* moderately rose
 With two soft *Mounts* of *Lillies* ; whose fair top
 A pair of pritty sister *Cherrys* chose,
 And there their living *Crimson* lifted up.
 The milky count'nance of the *Hills* confest
 What kind of *Springs* within had made their nest.

233.

So leggiadrous were her snowy *Hands*,
 That *Pleasure* mov'd as any finger stir'd :
 Her virgin waxen *Arms* were precious *Bands*
 And chains of *Love* : Her waste itself did gird
 With its own graceful *Slenderness*, and ty
 Up *Delicacy's* best *Epitomy*.

234.

Fair *Politure* walk'd all her body over,
 And *Symmetry* rejoyc'd in every *Part* ;
 Soft and white *Sweetness* was her native *Cover* ;
 From every Member *Beauty* shot a dart :
 From heav'n to earth, from head to foot I mean,
 No blemish could by *Envy's* self be seen.

235.

This was the first-born *Queen of Gallantry* :
 All Gems compounded into one rich Stone,
 All sweets knit into one conspiracy,
 A constellation of all Stars in one ;
 Who when she was presented to their view
 Both *Paradise* and *Nature* dazel'd grew.

236.

Phæbus who rode in glorious Scorn's career
 About the world, no sooner spy'd her face,
 But fain he would have linger'd, from his sphere
 On this, though less yet sweeter, Heav'n, to gaze :
 Till shame inforc'd him to lash on again,
 And clearer wash him in the western Main.

237.

The smiling *Air* was tickled with his high
 Prerogative of uncontrolled Bliss ;
 Imbracing with intirest liberty
 A Body soft and sweet and chaste as his.
 All odorous Gales that had but strength to stir
 Came flocking in to beg Perfumes of Her.

238.

The Marygold her garish Love forgot,
 And turn'd her homage to these fairer Eyes ;
 All flowers look'd up, and dutifully shot
 Their wonder hither, whence they saw arise
 Unparching courteous Lustre, which instead
 Of fire, soft joy's irradiations spread.

239.

The sturdiest Trees affected by her dear
 Delightful presence could not choose but melt
 At their hard pith : whilst all the Birds whose clear
 Pipes toss'd Mirth about the branches, felt
 The influence of her looks ; for having let,
 Their Song fell down, their Eyes on her they set.

240.

And willingly their proudest plumes and wings
 Follow'd their Song : for in her Person they
 With fix'd intention read more glorious things
 Than all their gorgeous feathers could display,
 And were content no more the Name to wear
 Of *Birds of Paradise*, now she was there.

241.

But when she mov'd her feet, the joyful *Earth*
 Greatfully rous'd her best fertility,
 And by a brisk extemporary birth
 Of Flowers and Spices, strove to testify
 What carpet's pomp was requisite to make
 The passage fit where *Beauty* was to walk.

242.

She walk'd ; by that mild importunity
 To break her sleep-inthrall'd *Spouse's* chains :

But he wak'd more by powerful Sympathy
 Which on the sudden glow'd in his veins,
 Drowsy no longer ; thus the *Steel*, when near
 The *Loadstone* draws, leaps up to kiss his Dear.

243.

And yet a while, (for spectacles which rush
 With unexpected glories on the sense,
 Forestall their own reception, and crush
 Beholders' faith by too much evidence)
 He thought his wond'rous *Dream* had still possess'd him,
 And with a gentler Apparition blest him.

244.

But when his Eyes' discerning Test had try'd
 The graceful Object, and judiciously
 Pry'd into all the truth ; he smiling cry'd,
 This nothing but my *other self* can be ;
 The sweet Result of my own flesh and bone,
 And only *Adam* in reflection.

245.

From me she sprung, and like a genuine sprout
 Answers the semblance of her native stock :
 Her breed proclaims her name, and issuing out
 Of *Man* she *Woman* is. Which said, he took
 Possession of her milky hand, and strait
 Seal'd upon her ruby lip his right.

246.

What mighty Tides of flaming Loves and joys
 In their first marriage-greeting met together !
 And yet as pure and chaste, as when one Voice
 In musick's rites is wedded to another ;
 Where with concentrick Delicacies they
 Hing and conspire in one soul-playing Lay.

247.

He views himself more soft and sweet in *Eve*,
Eve reads in Him her self more fixt and grave :
 Either from other's look themselves receive,
 As fast returning what they taking gave.
 Two streams thus meeting, find and loose each other
 I' th' kind pellucid bosom of his brother.

248.

Nor did their amorous hands and lips alone
 In most unspotted Pleasure's juncture wed,
 But in a nearer dearer union
 Their Thoughts all kiss'd, their Hearts were married ;
 Their Souls so perfectly imbrac'd, that now
 This happy Couple was but *One in Two*.

249.

A blessed Copy this, for those whose
 To Wedlocke's bands themselves will captives yield :
 No shall their sweet Captivity appear
 No scene of slavery, but freedom's field ;
 Where though they chain'd are, the whole World's
 gains
 Can never hire them not to love their chains.

250.

They naked were, if flax, beasts' skins and hairs,
And excrements, the sole Apparel be :
But who will tax the Sun, the Moon, the Stars,
The Diamond, Crystal, Coral, Ivory
Of nakedness, because the cloths they wear
None but their native beams and beauties are ?

251.

A Robe of Innocence and Purity
From head to foot embrac'd them round about ;
Transmitting their pure features to the eye,
But letting no unseemly shame peep out.
They naked were of every borrow'd dress,
And naked of what you count nakedness.

252.

In this condition did they live and love,
And by perpetual interchange of hearts
Fairly transcribe our bless'd life above ;
Where through his eye his Soul each Angel darts
Into his fellow's breast, that all may be
In common blest by one felicity.

253.

How great a Feast, and earnest invitation
Was this for *Envy* ; whose ambitious Taste
Disdains all Fair but in the noblest fashion ;
Whose Jaws of greedy Iron stand agast
At no encounter, but with restless spight
Against the most confirm'd Champions fight !

254.

Her Palace seated in the heart of hell,
Is built of Cankers, Rust, and Vipers' tongues ;
Her curs'd Throne is mounted on the fell
And boiling breast of *Satan* ; which she stings
With ever-fretful rage, and makes him run
About the wild work of Damnation.

255.

To *Paradise* he rush'd, and brought his Hell
Into that earthly Heav'n, whose dwellers he
With anxious eye survey'd and mark'd, until
A Creature brisk and spruce he chanc'd to see
Upon a bank of floury pleasures spread,
But far more sweet and beauteous than its bed.

256.

It was the *Serpent*, whose illustrious skin
Play'd with the Sun and sent him back his beams
With glorious use : that Wealth, which glisters in
The proudest strand of oriental Streams,
Salutes *Aurora's* cheek with fewer raies
Than this bright robe did all heav'n's highnoon face.

257.

His sharpset Eyes sparkled with nimble flames,
The light by which his active Soul was read :

Wisdom and *Art*, with all their plots and frames
Chose their chief shop in his judicious head.
Above his fellows on Craft's wings he flew ;
All *Beasts* but he to that dull Name were true.

258.

This Agent *Belzebub* approv'd ; and as
He fed upon his couch, mix'd with his meat ;
Which ambush help'd him his Lips' guard to pass,
Where (having taught his bane to relish sweet)
He eas'ly won the Entry of his Throat,
And down into his bosom's centre shot.

259.

When subtle fire hath through the Cauldron's side
Into its unsuspecting bowels stol'n ;
The liquar frets and fumes, and to a tide
Of working Wrath and hot Impatience swol'n,
With boiling surges beats the Brass, and leaves
No way untry'd to vent its tortur'd Waves.

260.

So now the *Serpent* felt his bosom swell
With peevish rage and desperate disdain :
A thousand Plots and Cheats throng'd every cell
And busy corner of his belking brain :
Sometimes he beats on that, sometimes on this,
Sometimes thinks neither, sometimes both amiss.

261.

He knew the vastness of his fell Design ;
Which was, to slay a World at one dead stroke,
And reach Destruction in a pois'ned line
Down to the latest Twig of humane stock :
And therefore muster'd up the boldest Might
All Hell could send to back him in the fight.

262.

But pondering then, how *Adam's* sober heart
Was amply stor'd with *Wisdom's* ammunition,
And strongly fortify'd in every part
With sin-defying Grace ; in deep suspicion
He shak'd his head, and thought the match not ev'n
To venture on a fight with Him and Heav'n.

263.

For if he hapned to be foild at first,
His following onsets all would sweat in vain ;
And his own pois'nous spight his breast would burst
To see both *Adam* and his Off-spring reign
Victorious Kings of earthly *Paradise*,
And flourish thence, to that above the skies.

264.

Yet wholly to decline the Conflict, were
To yield those Realms to Man without a blow ;
And in that foolish and ignoble fear
Of, what's but Chance's frown, an Overthrow.
To *Resolution's* brink this spar'd him on,
Who could loose Nothing though he nothing won.

265.

But in again his *Cunning* pressing here,
 Advis'd his *Wrath* to look before it leapt,
 And not neglect the Helps which offer'd were
 By fair *Advantage*: wherefore back he stept
 And marking *Eve's* soft Temper, thought that she
 Might less impregnable than *Adam* be.

266.

Yet still he much suspected that the brave
 Refined Metal of her virtuous breast
 Would prove so generous, that to *Detective*
 Would be an easier Task than to *Contest*:
 But could she any ways be overthrown,
 He hop'd her fall would juggle *Adam* down.

267.

The wary foe thus plants his Battery
 Against the Castle's female, weakest side;
 Judiciously hoping that if he
 Can there but make a breach, the fortify'd
 And well-mann'd Posts will soon appall'd be,
 And yield up all their strength for company.

268.

Remembring then what Engine did subdue
 A wiser Head and stronger far than her,
 And how impatient *Ambition* threw
 From heav'n's chief pinnacle grand *Lucifer*:
 He trusts that now the like successful End
 Might on this try'd way of fight attend.

269.

Incourag'd thus; the dangerous Quintessence
 Of venturous everswelling *Philanty*,
 Of *Discontent*, of *Scorn*, of *Insolence*,
 Of *towering fancies*, and *self-flattery*,
 And of the stoutest heav'n-aspiring *Pride*
 Together in one desperate *Plot* he ty'd.

270.

And if this will not do the feat, yet I
 Excus'd am, said he, and upon Hell
 Be all the shame, whose King and Nobles by
 The shock of this Temptation headlong fell.
 This said, near *Eve* he gently 'gan to glide,
 Whom straying from her Husband he esp'y'd.

271.

Unhappy Error that, which could invite
 The jealous *Tempter* to be bold, since she
 Had robb'd herself of all her *Spouse's* Might
 By starting from his holy company.
 But all the way the spiteful Serpent went,
 He put on looks of contrary Intent.

272.

For *Love* and *Friendship* smiled in his eyes,
 Fair on his face sate *Tenderness* and *Care*:

His flattering Neck he bow'd thrice, and thrice
 His silent homage he presented her:
 And then, fair *Queen of Paradise*, said he,
 Why must the Prince be bound, and Subjects free?

273.

We crop our various Joys where'er we please
 From any floury, any spicy bed;
 Our dangling diner grows on any Trees;
 Our Table's over all the Garden spread.
 But royal you seem stinted in your meat:
 Have your own Wills, or *God's*, this order set?

274.

Admiring *Eve*, who had presum'd till now
 That *Speech* had been Man's privilege alone;
 Thought fair respect to this new *Talker* due,
 And freely join'd communication:
 Right glad withal to meet another here,
 Who with Discourse could entertain her ear.

275.

Nay courteous *Serpent*, she reply'd, we
 Have large Commission, and our *God* is kind:
 He gives us leave to feast on every Tree,
 And pick and choose and freely please our minde;
 Bate but that one of *Knowledge*, on whose boughs
Death, certain *Death* (for so he tells us) grows.

276.

O credulous *Queen* the *Serpent* answer'd, who
 Make your own Danger by believing it!
 Whate'r it be, 'tis not *Death's* Tree, I trow,
 Just at whose elbow that of *Life* is set.
 I to your self appeal; judge you but whether
 These two can grow like such good friends together.

277.

Death in a Tree! flat contradiction lies
 Ev'n in the Terms: can *Death* e'r be alive?
 Sure Vegetation very ill complies
 With sapless stupor! O do not deceive
 Your thoughts, nor teach the *Tree of Knowledge* how
 To turn a *Tree of Ignorance* to you.

278.

Observe its goodly Apples: can you spy
 In those fair cheeks the gasty looks of *Death*?
 What fruit in all this choise Variety
 So much of heav'n's inamoring count'nance hath?
 Yet grant the worst; suppose it deadly be:
 For antidote to there *Life's* ready Tree.

279.

Ask me not whether *Truth* itself can ly:
 Since He is *God*, he cannot but be true:
 And therefore only by a Fallacy
 Of enigmatick Truth he cheateth you.
 Indeed the Tree bears *Death*; but *Death* which will
 Nothing but wants and Imperfections kill.

280.

Life-kindling Death, which will destroy you so
That you no longer Creatures shall remain ;
But by this metamorphosis shall grow
Above your selves, and into *Gods* be slain ;
With eyes divine, discerning *Good* from *Evil*,
Fair Heav'n from Hell, an Angel from a Devil.

281.

Of which since *God* is well aware, what wonder
If he desires a *God alone* to reign ;
And so he may, if he can keep you under
By this one politic Injunction's chain :
If by an *Apple* thus he terrifies
The native Princes of all Paradise.

282.

O how it stings my soul to think that you
My sovereign Queen should thus fainthearted be !
For my part, did ten thousand Mandates grow
Cross in my way to bar me from this Tree,
Through all I'd break ; and so would you, if once
Your heart were fir'd by my experience.

283.

For yesterday, when first I 'gan to taste
The sprightly *Fruit*, flames kindled in mine eyes ;
My Soul awak'd, and from my bosom chas'd
Those Mists of Ignorance whose thick disguise
Muffled my thoughts, and kept me down a beast
As dark and dull as any of the rest.

284.

But now *Serenity* unclouds my heart
And yields me uncontrolled prospect to
The Orbs of Knowledge, where from part to part
My nimbly-piercing eyes securely go.
This is the *Death* I found ; a *Death* which I
Mean every day as long 's I live to die.

285.

How bright a Morn of Science then will rise
In your large Soul by this enlightning *Trees* !
My breast is shallow, narrow are mine eyes,
But wide and brave is your Capacity ;
So wide, that *Wisdom's* deepest Seas may find
Sufficient channels in your mighty mind.

286.

And if this *Knowledge*, if *Divinity*
It self, may merit, but the easy pains
Of your Acceptance ; O perswaded be
To suffer these inestimable Gains :
Shall royal *You*, when I your slave may eat,
Be barr'd from this deifying Meat ?

287.

And yet you are not barr'd : what Ramparts here
Have barracado'd up the noble Prize ?

What Squadrons of the *heav'nly Host* appear
To guard these precious Boughs, and awe your eyes ?
Against your Bliss, O why shall your own Fear
Build bulwarks, and raise armies in the air !

288.

You are not barr'd ; O no ; behold but how
Y' are bidden welcom by the courteous *Trees*,
Whose laden Arms their glorious offerings bow
To meet your mouth, and justify my Plea.
What more can hospitable Kindness do !
Their very posture's language sales, *Fall to*.

289.

This said ; the sweetly-spiteful *Tempter* clos'd
His fauning mouth, and proudly joy'd to see
Relenting *Eve's* facility dispos'd
To swallow his bewitching *Fallacy* :
Since with her luscious eyes she 'gan to taste,
He hop'd her teeth would venture on the Feast.

290.

Indeed his Charms had open stole her heart
And delicately thrill'd their poison in :
The smiling *Apples* also plaid their part,
And with her eyes her fond affections won.
Besides, capricious Pride did her invite,
What'er it cost, to trie that new *Delight*.

291.

But having thrice step'd to th' enchanting *Trees*,
As oft her Conscience pluck'd her back again :
Yet still, with fatal importunity
She struggled till she broke her Freedom's chain :
With uncheck'd Madness then she rush'd at length
To shew her Weakness by her willful strength.

292.

Up went her desperate hand, and reach'd away
The whole world's Bliss whilst she the *Apple* took.
When lo, with paroxisms of strange dismay
Th' amazed Heav'ns stood still, Earth's basis shook,
The troubled Ocean roard, the startled Air
In hollow groans profoundly breath'd its fear.

293.

The frighted *Trees* through all their bodies shiver'd,
Their daunted faces down the Flowers held ;
Th' afflicted Beasts with secret horror quiver'd ;
With sudden shrieks the Birds the Wolkin fill'd :
And deep-pain'd Nature, though but fresh and new,
In this sad moment crack'd and crazy grew.

294.

But absent *Adam's* sympathetic heart
The sharpest fury of this dint assail'd ;
Who feeling by this enigmatic smart
Himself half-slain, still knew not what he ail'd
Only he found his yerning bowels drive
His anxious fear to run and see his *Eve*.

295.

O baleful sight ! his precious Queen he saw
 Enslav'd by her soothing Vassal's craft ;
 Her, who was Beautie's Treasury till now,
 Of bravest wealth's prerogative bereft :
 Bereft so wholly, that with wondering doubt
 For his late lovely *Eve* in *Eve* he sought.

296.

Apparent *Misery* sate on her Face,
 The goodly throne till now of Pleasantry :
 Her Cheeks which us'd to bloom with heav'nly grace,
 Blasted with Sin, wore now Guilt's hellish dress ;
 And at her Eyes, of late Life's windows, Death
 Look'd out ; and Rottenness flow'd with her breath.

297.

But sadder was the Change within ; for there
 Her bold Transgression spread an hideous Night
 Of Blindness on her intellectual sphere ;
 Her Will, which grew before so fair and streight,
 Turn'd crook'd and perverse : her Passions broke
 As she had done her *Lord's*, her Reason's yoke.

298.

Her Heart, till now soft as the Turtle's sighs,
 Forgets its heav'n-inamoring Tenderness,
 And with the stubborn *Parian* Marble vies :
 Her Thoughts, before all Sons of Love, profess
 No trade but Mischief, deeply plotting how
 To propagate that Death she liv'd in now.

299.

Nor fears her Rage to play the Serpent too,
 Mad at her innocent Husband's blessed state,
 And him with sweet-invenom'd kindness woo
 To taste of Hell, and swallow down his fate :
 Wherefore the goodliest Apples having cull'd,
 Her treacherous hands with those fair baits she fill'd.

300.

Thus with a loving Gance, and modest smile,
 (Those mighty Arms by which all females fight)
 She charg'd his eye ; and seconded that Guile
 By trying at his ear this vocal sleight :
 O wellcom wellcom, since I now have here
 A banquet fit to entertain my Dear.

301.

Soul-fatning Cates, seeds of *Divinity*,
 Edible Wisdom, and a mystic feast
 Of high Illuminations. Ask not why
 Our jealous *God* injoin'd us not to taste
 Of that whose most refining energy
 Would raise us to be Gods as well as He.

302.

As for the bugbear *Threat of Death*, behold
 Its confutation in still-florid Me

Since I have been thus fortunately bold,
 Shall needless Dread a Coward make of Thee !
 Fall to, my joy ; I have thy Taster been.
 Think not the seeking thine own Bliss, a sin.

303.

So spake insidious *Eve*. But he agast,
 Deeply agast, reply'd with groans and sighs :
 Sadly he shak'd his head, and smote his breast,
 And roll'd to heav'n his lamentable eyes.
 Alas no need, no need there was of arms
 Him to secure against his *Consort's* charms.

304.

Convinc'd He too well the Danger knew
 Whose miserable Proof now wounds his eyes :
 Nor could the plainly-pois'nous Apple shew
 Him reason *Heav'n* and Virtue to dispise.
 Fast in his bosom written was the *Law*,
 And reverent Terror kept his soul in aw.

305.

In aw a while it kept it : but at last
 Commiseration of his *Spouse's* case
 Grew to such strength in his too tender breast
 As, to himself all pity to displace.
Eve sate so near to his uxorious heart
 That rather he with heav'n than *Her* will part.

306.

For part we must ; unless he reconcile
 That mighty breach which she between them made.
 O potent *Sympathy* ! which canst beguile
 An heart so pure and clear-ey'd, and degrade
 Earth's Monarch from his native pinnacle
 Of Innocence, as low as Sin and Hell.

307.

(Dull and cold-hearted Men stand wondering how
 The *Loyal Lover* dares throw generous Hate
 On his own Wealth and Health and Fame, and grow
 Ambitious to venture through the gate
 Of any Death which unto *Her* may lead,
 In whom his dearer Life is treasur'd.

308.

They little think that here in Paradise
 His flames were kindled ; or that He doth tread
 In tender *Adam's* genuine steps, and is
 Whilst thus effeminate, a *Man indeed*.
 A *Man* ; but one who most unhappy is,
 If his dear *She* be such an *Eve* as this.)

309.

Thus *Adam* yields ; and eats and tears his great
Creator's Law : in rending which he tore
 His health, his life, his happiness, and that
 Fair robe of pureness which till now he wore :
 And thus *Eve's* woful consort grew no less
 In nature, than in shameful Nakedness.

310.

Their Eyes are miserable op'd ; and they
Asham'd of their Maker's work, repine
 That He who other Creatures did array
 In Plumes, or Hairs, left them so bare a Skin.
Fond Criticks, who the out-side only blame ;
 Alas, 'twas that within deserv'd the shame.

311.

Yet sadly now indeed they judge between
Evil and Good, whilst their own selves they eye :
 They who before no Evil Thing had seen,
 Now staring stand on their own Misery :
 Which they with wretched Aprons strive to heal ;
 As if the *Leaves* the *Apples* would conceal.

312.

But O ! nor they, nor all the Trees that grow
 In shady Paradise so thick and high,
 Could any shelter to their shame allow
 When *He* came down to search who is *all Eyes*.
 Yet finds He them by slow degrees, that so
 They still a friend might count him, not a foe.

313.

He saw at first ; but would not seem to see
 A sight which wounded his Compassion's eye.
 He saw ; but sent a gentle *Call* to be
 Their Monitor, and give them space to fly
 To *Mercy's* help, before *Revenge* should draw
 Her sword to vindicate his injur'd *Law*.

314.

Decent and just the *Dialect* had been,
 Had he in formidable Thunder spake :
 But, having found the Rebels, of their Sin
 A soft enquiry He was pleas'd to make :
 Thus begging their Confession, and that they
 Would with their Crime their Penitence display.

315.

Yet they with Shifts and bold Pretences try'd,
 What should have been bewail'd, to defend :
 And by that wretched impudence defy'd
Mercy, who all this while did them attend.
 This forc'd *justice* who came rushing in,
 And did her office upon saucy *Sin*.

316.

She first pronounc'd that *Curse*, which deep was writ,
 In adamantine Tables, ne'r to be
 Revers'd by Clemency : Then out she shut
 The proud Delinquents, setting Eden free
 From its unworthy Guests, and ordering fate
 To range a double Guard before the Gate.

317.

A Troop of *Cherubs* strait marshall'd
 At th' Eastern Avenue in dreadful state :

And then a flaming faulchion brandish'd
Terror about the way, that none might at
 That door of Happiness pass in, but who
 By try'd Purity through fire could go.

318.

The woful *Exiles* were no sooner come
 Into the wide wild world, but *Adam* sees
 The heavy loss of his inclos'd Home :
 Finding, in stead of blessed Flowers and Trees,
 Thistles and Thorns all arm'd with pikes and pricks,
 Amongst whose crowd'd he vext and tatter'd sticks.

319.

Long was his Toll and Strife ; e'r he could make
 The Ground give fertile Answer to his sweat.
 Nor sought the righteous *Earth* alone to take
 This vengeance on his Crime : but all the great
 Cognations of Beasts, Birds and Reptiles broke
 Off from their sullen necks his regal yoke.

320.

Those who were able, mustered up their might
 Him in their *Maker's* quarrel to pursue :
 The weaker from his presence sped their flight
 Professing now they knew no homage due.
 Thus by their fury those, these by their fear
 Equally frightful and vexatious were.

321.

No friend he had but Her who did betray
 Him to that need of friends, unhappy *Eve* :
 Yet must the reaping of his sweetest Joy
 Of what was sweeter Him and Her deprive :
 Their gains unable were to quit the cost,
 For now their dear Virginity was lost.

322.

Through many seasons months poor *Eve* must pass
 E'r she can to her hardest Travel come.
 O who can tell the Pangs by which she was
 Tortur'd and torn, when her impatient womb
 It self unloaded ! for the *Curse* was sure,
 Nor could those Torments ever find a cure.

323.

In sin conceiving she brought forth in pain,
 And with Pollution dy'd her Progeny :
 Through all Successions her anneil'd Stain
 Still propagates its own Deformity,
 And all her Heirs binds in an obligation
 Of *Death*, and what is deadlier, *Damnation*.

324.

Besides, the peevish and importunate *Itch*
 Of restless kicking at *Heaven's* gentle *Law*,
 Proudly triumph'd its fretful Taint to stretch
 Through all the Current of her Blood ; which now
 In humane veins so madly boileth, as
 Proves that it kindled at Hell's furnace was.

325.

Thus when infused Death lives in the Spring,
All those invenom'd streams which from it run,
How far or wide so'er they travel, bring
Along with them that first contagion :
The furthest Drop not knowing how to scape
The reach of that *original Mishap*.

326.

Yet call not *God* unjust, who suffers thus
Poor harmless Babes e'r they be born, to die :
Unsinning Sinners ; strangely vicious,
Not by their Faults but their Affinity :
He's righteous still and kind ; and knows a way
Through Wrath and Judgment, Mercy to display.

327.

No Plot of *Satan's* splot must undermine,
Or make a breach in His Creation's frame.
Nature shall still proceed, and Heaven's Design
Of Man's Felicity persist the same.
Godlike it is indeed Fate's scales to turn,
And make them Blest who to a Curse were born.

328.

Blest with more generous and victorious *Bliss*
Than if the *Curse's* brand had never seal'd
Them up in slavery to Death ; thus his
Renown more glorious is who wins the field
After his Overthrow ; than theirs who ne'r
Disaster's game, and *Conquest's* booty were.

329.

The black Inheritance of *Adam's Crime*
As *God* permits to fall upon his Heirs :
So He provides to re-imbellish them
With fairer nobler portions, and repairs
The Damages which from their Parents' veins
They drew, by most invaluable gains.

330.

In *JESU's* Blood such purging Power flows,
That from it's smallest Drop's alconquering face
Away fly both the Stains which blur the Boughs
And that which banes the Root of Humane Race.
And this dear *Fountain* in Decree was broad'd
Long e'r the Soul by any Taint was touch'd.

331.

They who desire't, may here refined be
Into a *Claritude* becoming that
High Paradise, of whose Felicity
Fair *Eden* only was the Shadow : but
Such *Blisses* Scorners would themselves have thrown
To Hell, though *Buc* had never help'd them down.

332.

And tell me *Psyche*, what thou thinkest now
Of thy *Extraction*, which from wretched Dust,
The scum of Earth, and game of winds, doth flow :
What of thy *Kindred's* rottenness, who must
Corruption for thy *Mother* own, and all
The *Worms*, which crawl in mire, thy *Sisters* call.

333.

Yet *Worms* but to one only death are heirs,
A Death which quickly will it self destroy :
But thy Composure in its bosom bears
A living Poison, that may find a way
To kill thee with surviving Death, by which
Thy Torture to Eternity shall reach.

334.

Think well on this, and if thou canst, be proud,
Who by the Pride of thy prime *Parents* art
With this destructive Portion endow'd,
And from thy Birth betroth'd to endless smart.
Think what vast gulfs of Distance fixed be
Twixt *Majesty's great King*, and worthless *Thee*.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Stanza 4, l. 5, 'swung' = affectedly smart. St. 7, l. 3, 'Wicks' = band of twigs. St. 8, l. 6, 'fond' = foolish. St. 15, l. 5, 'bus' = butt—arrow-mark. St. 17, l. 2, 'Aur'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. St. 24, l. 4, 'rub' = obstruction. St. 32, l. 2, 'ocular'. Cf. st. 29, l. 6. St. 33, l. 3, 'coily' = copy: l. 6, 'pains' = pains, painstaking. St. 43, l. 5, 'Ejulation' = lamentation. St. 48, l. 5, 'hallow' = hollow. St. 55, l. 5, 'louted' = bended. St. 82, l. 3, 'Ingeminations' = reduplications. St. 93, l. 2, 'sprucer' = nicer. St. 95, l. 5, 'Bucks' = part of women's stays. St. 103, l. 4, 'belching' = belching. St. 117, l. 6, 'Tobis' . . . 'Bohis'—Hebrew terms in commencement of Genesis denoting the primeval chaos or waste. St. 121, l. 4, 'Ataxy' = disturbance. St. 126, l. 4, 'back-side'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. for a full note on this curious word. St. 135, l. 1, 'louting'. Cf. st. 55, l. 5. St. 136, l. 3, 'folly' = joyful and 'pretty'. St. 138, l. 1, 'german' = related. St. 147, l. 3, 'grisselly' = grisly. St. 150, l. 4, 'quick' = living. St. 160, l. 1, 'rotlish'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. l. 4, 'rampant' = rank. St. 161, l. 6, 'Stub' = stock or stem. St. 165, l. 2, 'translucid' = transparent. St. 167, l. 5, 'Firmitude' = strength, solidity. St. 169, l. 1, 'Liban' = Libanus, Lebanon. St. 173, l. 4, 'Cops' = copse. St. 176, l. 6, 'quick'. See on l. 150. St. 180, l. 4, 'eschated' = Law-term for forfeiture: l. 5, 'sprucest'—see on l. 93. St. 182, l. 2, 'licorish' = keen relish: l. 5, 'boot' = avail, benefit. St. 183, l. 3, 'Estrich' = ostrich. St. 193, l. 2, 'iterated' = repeated. St. 194, l. 6, 'sinh' = jakes. St. 198, l. 2, 'ringle' = circle. St. 201, l. 1, 'coursu' =

coarse. St. 202, l. 6, 'Sun-afroting' = sun-facing or gazing. St. 205, l. 2, 'stretch' = stretch. St. 218, l. 5, 'grisselly' = gristles. St. 228, l. 1, 'Cushonets' = little cushions: l. 6, 'sleak' = smooth. St. 233, l. 1, 'leggiadro'—from *leggiadro* in music a direction to the player that the place so marked is to be given gayly or briskly. St. 234, l. 1, 'Politure' = polish. St. 235, l. 3, 'conspicuous' = combination (in a good sense). St. 239, l. 5, 'let' = hindrance, i.e. the dumb-striking 'influence' of her looks. St. 240, l. 3, 'intention' = attention or earnest looking. St. 241, l. 2, 'Gratfully' = gratefully—spelling to be noted. St. 250, l. 2, 'accruments' = coral (see l. 4). St. 256, l. 2, 'accr' = interest and compound interest. St. 260, l. 4, 'belching' = belching, as before. St. 285, l. 1, 'Science' = knowledge. St. 281, l. 2, 'barracado'd'. So Davies of Hereford in *Microcosmos* (p. 52, col. 1, l. 20), 'barracado' (Chertsey Worthies' Library edition). St. 299, l. 4, 'fond' = foolish. St. 293, l. 4, 'Welkin' = welkin—nearer the German form: *ih*. l. 6, 'crack'd' = mad. St. 296, l. 2, 'Apparous' = evidently appearing or seen. St. 301, l. 1, 'Cates' = dainties. St. 302, l. 2, 'still-florid' = still flourishing: *ib*. l. 5, 'Taster'—as an official of royal households (in the East), 'tasted' of every dish before it was presented to the sovereign. St. 319, l. 5, 'Cognations' = kindred. St. 322, l. 2, 'Travel' = travail. St. 323, l. 3, 'annealed' = annealed—like ancient glass not superficially but in the substance. St. 330, l. 5, 'broched' = opened. St. 331, l. 2, 'Claritude' = clearness, purity. St. 333, l. 3, 'Composure' = mixture.—G.



CANTO VII.

The Great Little One.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Angel conveys Psyche to the Scene
Of Mercy's grand Exploits, to show her what
Dear care it cost her Lord to wash her clean
From every sinful Soul-deflowering Blot.
Betimes he 'gins, and from the morning Glory
Of Love's bright Birth lights in the blest Story.*

1.

Illustrious *Spirits of Fire*, whose you be
This Lesson will with no discredit cool
Your towering Flames ; nor must heroic Ye
To *Psyche's* Legend scorn to go to School.
Such Sparks as you for all your glittering, be
In your original as dim as she.

2.

All mounting Fires at length to Ashes bow ;
So must brave ye : yet they were lighted from
Some generously-flaming Fount ; but you
And your Extraction from dead Ashes come.
Whither forward you or backward turn your eye,
Your Bounds are Vileness, Shame, and Misery.

3.

No aromatic Baths which wantonize
In costly dalliance with the pamper'd skin :
No proudly-sumptuous Robe which fortifies
Your flesh with gold and pearls and gems ; can win
Upon your *Principles* to make them bend
Life's race to any but an odious End.

4.

Examin *Alexander's* Monument,
And cast on *Helen's* Tomb your searching eye :
Or if your nostrils dread the baneful scent
Of their in vain embalm'd Majesty ;
Trust that strong Proof, which bids you sadly think
That you, though great and fair, must end in stink.

5.

But trust not *Pride*, whose tumid treachery
Could all the World to Rottenness betray.

No Poison's fury ever swell'd so high
Or to such certain Death prepar'd the way.
Steep headlong *Danger* on the mountains reigns :
Who would with *Safety* walk, must trace the plains.

6.

Plain are the Paths of mild *Humility*,
And hatch no Precipice, but planted are
With sweet *Content* and pious *Privacy*,
With cheerful *Hope*, and with securing *Fear*.
Ruin's prevented and disarm'd by those
Who in the lowest orb their motion choose.

7.

The *Tempest's* aim fights with those lofty things
Which rise against it, and its strength defy ;
This to the high-look'd Pines destruction brings,
Suffering the modest shrubs in peace to lie.
Thus come proud Rocks to rue the angry Wind,
Which to the humble Vales is always kind.

8.

Right provident's this *Virtus*, and acquaints
Aforehand with her Dust and Ashes ; she
Dissembleth not by any flattering Paints
The wrinkled Warnings of Mortality.
She dies betimes, how long soe'r she lives,
And *Death* but as a long known friend receives.

9.

Her hearse she hugs and dares embrace her tomb,
And pant and long her final Ev'n to see ;
When in that cool and undisturbed Home
Her weary head to rest may settled be :
Assured of a *Friend* whose care hath found
For her to heav'n a passage under ground.

10.

She strongly woos the Worms to crawl apace ;
She prays, not slow Corruption, to make haste :
Toward Death for life she runs, and thinks her race
Was ev'n in youth an age : On, on as fast
She speeds, as sighs of love can blow her, or
Fire of unquenchable desire can spur.

11.

O meek *Ambition*, which canst *Pride* convert
 Into a *Virtue*, and make *Venom* grow
 Plain *Antidote* ! by thee th' imbraved *Heart*
Aspires and reaches still to be *more low* ;
 And prides itself in nothing but to be
 From *Pride's* dominion intirely free.

12.

So free, that when all contumelious *Scorn*
 Marches against her in complete array,
 She meets her *Shame*, and joys to be forlorn,
 And by despised yielding wins the day :
 She wins ; and like the *Ball*, the more profound
 Is her depression, doth the higher bound.

13.

The seeds of this fair *Grace* deep planted were
 In *Psyche's* tender breast by *Charis's* art,
 Which, as they sprouted up, with heav'nly care
 To weed and dress them *Phylax* play'd his part.
 And now to make them flourish higher, she
 Will with her liberal tears their *Waterer* be.

14.

Her *Guardian* his discourse no sooner ends,
 But she begins, first with her showing eyes ;
 Then with her tongue, which with those torrents blends
 Its lamentations : Wo is me, she cries,
 What now shall *Psyche* do, who needs would be
 Proud of her shame and pois'nous misery !

15.

Your scorn, so deeply earn'd by wilful Sin,
 My wrong'd *friends*, as due to me I claim.
 My guilty Soul's calcin'd, O *Charis*, in
 Those heav'nly beams which in thine aspect flame.
 How can such *Nightbirds* as vile I endure
 The holy lightning of a Look so pure ?

16.

Strange me ! who must for your neglect petition,
 And sue to want the influence of *Bliss* :
 Whose sickness makes me dread my best *Physition* :
 Whose hopes of ease, are only more *Distress* :
 How sadly cross is my *Calamity*,
 That now your *Anger* must your *Pity* be !

17.

And you dear *Phylax* loose your pains no more
 On an incorrigibly-hIDEOUS Thing.
 Why should proud *Psyche* dwell as heretofore
 Under the shelter of thy alighted wing ?
 O let it free itself, and take its flight :
 Let not black I defile an House so white.

18.

The odious *Bat* with more decorum will
 Flutter about what is as dark as she :

Her sooty wings will make a seemly vail
 For correspondent ugliness in me.
 The ominous *Raven* more suitably will spread
 Her swarthy plumes o'r my polluted head.

19.

Let me enjoy the just inheritance
 Of my deep-stained birth : was I not born
 Apparent heir to an entail'd Offence :
 And in my wretched Being's lowly morn
 Dawn'd not eternal *Night* ? what alas,
 In my life's spring but death infused was ?

20.

And to those shameful Principles have I
 Not been too truly true ? have I not trod
 The ways of darkness ever since mine eye
 Beheld the light ; and kicking at my *God*
 Approv'd myself Her genuine brat, who chose
 Her *Eden* rather than her *Lust* to loose ?

21.

Why must my breath deflower the virgin Air ?
 Why must I load the harmless Earth with guilt ?
 Why must I blot the world, which would be fair
 Were I away ? my tomb is ready built
 In any place where filth and dunghills lie :
 Let *justice* have her course, and let me die.

22.

There's my due home, where *Arrogance* and bold
Rebellion dwell ; O let me thither go !
 May worthy Eyes behold the Sun's fair gold,
 And view their way to heav'n : I have to do
 With nought but Pitch and Blackness, which may hide
 The equal horror of my stubborn *Pride*.

23.

My injur'd *Spouse*, (O why do I blaspheme !)
 That *Spouse* who long desired to be mine ;
 Methinks from heav'n doth with a searching beam
 Full on my face and faithless bosom shine,
 And by that light read all the treason I
 Have wrought against his loving Majesty.

24.

O, it will scorch me up ! my sinews crack,
 My bones are burnt, and all my marrow fries ;
 My bosom melts, the flame devours my back,
 My heart flows down, and wretched *Psyche* dies.
 I die, yet breathe ; my *Death* surviving is :
 O what what slaughter ever slew like this !

25.

Surely the flames which burn all Hell so black,
 Are cool and gentle if compar'd with these ;
 Why go I not to hug my kinder *Rack*,
 And from th' infernal Torments borrow Ease ?
 Forbear fond fruitless Tears ; your flood's too weak
 The greater Torrent of this fire to slake.

26.

Here *Phylax* here ; lo I myself ungird !
 This *Taken* can no treacherous heart befit.
 Return it back, that my abused *Lord*
 Some loyal constant Soul may grace with it.
 What, will it not unbuckle? must I be
 Still pris'ner to this wrong'd Courtesy?

27.

And must this *Girdle* now besiege me round
 With an indissoluble Check of my
 Ingrateful madness? must I thus be bound
 Up in myself, and not have room to fly
 From what I more abhor than Death and Hell ;
 The sinful Blots which this vile bosom swell ?

28.

So strait about my grip'd soul the chains
 Of deep Damnation can no torments ty,
 As this sweet *Cincture* binds me to the pains
 Of selfconfusion : O me !—Here her cry
 And wounded Spirits fainting, down she fell
Grief's total pray, and *Pity's* spectacle.

29.

At hand was *Pity*, *Charis* being by,
 Whose yearning soul all *Psyche's* sighs did move ;
 But rous'd more by her fall, she instantly
 Awoke the nimble violence of Love :
 Love fir'd her heart, her hand her heart obey'd,
 And quick relief reach'd to the swoning maid.

30.

Whom up she snatch'd, and with a sweet embrace
 Instill'd gentle warmth into her breast ;
 Whose entheous energy knew how to chase
Grief's vast Plethora from its deepest nest ;
 And by delicious degrees restore
 Her shipwreck'd thoughts to their compos'd shore.

31.

Thus a new stock of spirits have I seen
Health's Factor to his fainting *Patient* give ;
 Who though his heart were sunk and gone, doth in
 The precious Potion it again receive ;
 Whilst from the cheerly Salutiferous cup
 A draught of liquid Life he drinketh up.

32.

Awakened *Psyche* with amazed eyes
 Beheld her *Friends* ; but wonder'd more to see
 Her stout Disease so tame a Sacrifice
 To that celestial Cordial which she
 Felt in her glowing breast so strangely seize
 Her heart, both with Astonishment and Ease.

33.

For up and down ambiguous fancies tost her,
 Uncertain whither some dream's flattery

Into a vain Elysium had cast her ;
 Or by some courteous Gale's compassion she
 Were truly snatch'd from Sorrow's raging billows,
 And on the bank lay'd safe on Peace's pillows.

34.

Which *Charis* marking ; you may trust, said she,
 Your sudden Happiness, which wears no Cheat.
 But see that you misplace no thanks on Me,
 Which all are due to none but to your great
 And constant *Spouse*, who though by you forgot,
 Could not so soon his Love's remembrance blot.

35.

Those life-renewing sweets I brought you down,
 Were none of mine ; He sent both them and me :
 Your wants He knew, and counted them his own,
 Who long has long'd you *One with him* would be.
 Then by these Comforts which have cur'd its smart,
 Learn who it is that most deserves your heart.

36.

And O take heed you dally not too long,
 Nor fancy that to you Necessity
 Has chain'd his love : for though full many a wrong
 He can digest, yet there's a time when He
 Mock'd and neglected, justly will disdain
 To woo his peevish worms, and love in vain.

37.

O'rpow'r'd with most unwelldy thanks and praise
 At this vast tide of her obtruding Bliss,
 Here *Psyche* strove her labouring breast to ease :
 She strove, yet could nor thanks nor praise express ;
 For what she had conceiv'd, was so great
 She neither could contain nor utter it.

38.

But *Phylax* pitying her sweet agony,
 Cry'd, 'Tis enough ; *Heav'n* hears ev'n mute desires.
 Come *Psyche*, you shall travel now with me,
 To find full fuel for your amorous Fires.
 It will be worth your voyage, when you see
 What balm there grows to heal your misery.

39.

The *God of Goodness* by his powerful eye
 Reaching those Things which yet were short of Being,
 Read in the volumes of Eternity
 The fortunes of the future World ; where seeing
 What mischief would be done by foolish *Pride*,
 A potent Remedy He did provide.

40.

Indeed had no Redemption's Need invited
 Thy *Spouse's* Blood to wash the stains of sin ;
 To Man's poor Nature he had still united
 His own ; that all this *All* might thus have been
 Ty'd to its loving *Maker*, and by this
 Dear Knot become near sharer in His Bliss.

41.

(Else must the world acknowledge *Adam's Crime*
To be its Patron, and confess that all
Its exaltation unto this sublime
Felicity ariseth from the *Fall* :

Else must his bold Rebellion by that *God*
Have been ordain'd, who strictly it forbod.

42.

Ordain'd it must, it must, have been, unless
The glorious *Theanthropick Mystery*,
Which all *Immensities' Exploits* profess
The greatest, noblest of their rank to be,
Hung on vile *Chance's* wheel, and so became
No certain *Project*, but an *After-game*.)

43.

But seeing by hereditary stains
The stream of Human blood runs foul and black ;
Meet work it found the Virtue of *His Veins*
The poison of the tainted Flood to check :
Which how He nobly manag'd, thou shalt see,
When I have led thee through his *History*.

44.

As now She cheer'd her heart and count'nance up,
A radiant *Chariot* caught her wondering eye :
The fervent *Steeds* foam'd at that little stop,
And though their wings were down their thoughts did fly
Speed was the *Chariot's* metal, and each wheel
Fram'd of the heart of nevertiring *Zeal*.

45.

Come *Psyche* come, the Coach for haste doth call,
Cry'd *Phylax* ; fear not, 'tis no Cheat, nor will
This, like thy other, whirle thee to thy Fall.
In, in ; the Reins in my sure hand shall dwell.
If you, sweet Sir, will have it so, content
Said she, and meekly blushing in she went.

46.

For now she durst no more distrust his Care ;
Which though she understood not, yet she loved :
Three times she op'd her lips, but reverent Fear
Her Curiosity as oft reproved :
His Company so precious was, that rather
Than ask, she yields to go she knows not whether.

47.

Up flew *Devotion* and *Chastity*,
The gallant *Steeds*, and snatch'd the wheels away.
Her native *Albian* strait forsook her eye,
Lost in a Sea of Air : and now the gay
Wealth of the Fields of *Gallia* back as fast
Behind her fled as she did forward post.

48.

Then climbing higher in her yielding Road
Eternal banks of obstinate Frost and Snow,

By which stern *Winter* th' *Alpes'* proud back would load,
Sight of the nearer Sun, she leaves below ;
And malgre all the sullen justling Clouds,
Down through th' *Italian Heav'n* directly crowds.

49.

Into that Region thence she launch'd, which by
The *Adriatick* storms is wont to frown ;
And far beneath her saw that *Ocean* lie
Whose mid-land Arms about the Isles are thrown :
So well did *Phylax* sterve, that to a Port
So distant, ne'r was made a Cut so short.

50.

For having reach'd blest *Palestine*, and flown
O'r several groveling towns of *Galilee*,
Her steeds in gentle circles flutter'd down,
And made their stand at *Nazareth* : where she
Viewing the simple Village, wonder'd why
Her Convoy thither took such pains to fly.

51.

But *Phylax* leading her into the most
Unlikely house ; Consider well, said He,
This precious Monument, whose want of cost
Upbraids their arrogance who needs will be
Immur'd in Cedar, and roof'd o'r with Gold :
O that poor *Dust* should be so proudly bold !

52.

This silly Mansion, though it scarce could win
Ev'n *Poverty* herself to be its guest,
Was once the House and Home in which the *Queen*
Of *Glories* kept her court : in this mean Nest
Dwelt *She*, in whose illustrious Family
Heav'n long'd and joy'd a sojourner to be.

53.

She, th' *Excellence* and *Crown of Females* ; *She*
Great *Jacob's Ladder* ; *Aaron's budding Rod* ;
The crystal *Princess of Virginity* ;
David's fair *Tower* ; the *Mother of her God* ;
Mary herself : O may that lovely Name
Be *Blessings* but, and *Fame's* eternal Theme ?

54.

Her plain cates there she eat ; or rather kept
Her healthful rules of sober Abstinence :
Her prayers there she ply'd ; and there she slept
When midnight zeal had tir'd her mortal sense.
No Corner in this house but heavenly she
Knew how to dedicate to Piety.

55.

How many Temples in this narrow Cell
Were by her brave *Devotion* reared up ;
Who gave each *Virtue* licence here to dwell ;
But at Sin's knock the Door refus'd to ope,
Since she appointed had *Humility*
For Porter, and made holy *Fear* the Key.

56.

Here on her pious knees she wept, one day,
In wondering meditation of that *She*
Whom *God* would choose to make the noble way
Unto his own foretold *Humanity*;
That *She*, who to all Females would restore
Much more than *Eve* had forfeited before.

57.

And musing what strange-temper'd soul it was
Which could be capable of such divine
Prerogatives and holy Glories, as
Would make the goodliest *Seraph* fairer shine :
Unto that sweetest heavenliest Riddle's praise
Her delicate Astonishment she pays.

58.

Not for a thousand worlds would she have thought
Her self the *longdesign'd She* : but rather
Would at a thousand thousand's price have bought
A Handmaid's place, to wait on that great *Mother* ;
To wash her bless'd feet, or bear her train,
In whom all *Excellence* rejoyc'd to reign.

59.

But whilst her meek admiring fancy towred
Through this high Contemplation, and her eyes
Their joyous and applauding crystal poured ;
A bright and gallant *Stranger* hither flies :
One who from heav'n her sweet Reflection brings ;
And was her Copy, bating but his wings.

60.

Youth bloom'd in his face, the bless'd throne
Where purest Beauties in fair triumph sate :
A brisk and sparkling Combination
Of ravishing Joys in either Eye was met :
His Looks commanded Love, but ugly Lust
By potent Purity they still repress.

61.

His head was crown'd with its own golden hair,
Which down his back its dainty riches shed :
The Alabaster of his neck was bare ;
Sweetly betraying what below was hid
In his green ambush of that robe of silk,
Which gently hover'd o'er his fleshy milk.

62.

This robe was garded with the orient lace
Which trims *Aurora's* virgin coat : *Neglect*
Seem'd to have put it on, yet comely *Grace*
Its impos'dness curiously deckt.
And thick in every careless fold and plait
To catch spectators' wonder lay in wait.

63.

A silver Girdle with the ready mode
Of nimble Travellers his loins imbraced :

Like *Love's* bright Bow his left arm bended stood
On his fair side ; his right hand bore, and graced,
A Lily, which by proofs soft, white, and sweet,
Near kindred claim'd with its dainty seat.

64.

The Candor of his Wings was no such kind
Of glaring thing as stares in Alpine snow,
Or in the Cignet's bosom is inshrin'd,
Or in Milk's supple streames delights to flow :
But of a starry tincture, pure and bright,
Made not by scorching but by whitening light.

65.

An heav'nly Citizen was He, and one
Whose place is in a higher form than mine :
In near attendance on his *Maker's* throne
His archangelick beams have leave to shine :
And thence, when *Heav'n's* has greatest bus'ness here
He is dispatch'd the choice Ambassador.

66.

But though his eyes their education had
Amongst those Claritudes which gild the skies,
He found that he at home had never read
So much of heav'n at large, as here he spies
Epitomiz'd in the lovely Glass
Of *Mary's* modestly-illustrious face.

67.

And *Hail* said he, thou dearest Favorite
Of *Glorie's King*, in whose selected breast
His Majesty with singular delight
Designs his private and mysterious Rest.
Hail Thou the *Crown of Females*, on whose head
Their best exuberance all Blessings shed.

68.

The meek *Maid* started at his stately look,
And Salutation's strange sublimity :
The complemental *Youth* she could not brook,
Who us'd all charming company to fly :
Until his wings admonish'd her, that He
One of her wonted *heav'nly Guests* might be.

69.

Yet still her lowly Soul could not digest
The tumor of his odd Hyperbole ;
Which long she boulded in her thoughtful breast,
Deeply suspicious least some flattery
Had borrow'd an Angelick shape, by which
A Woman it more eas'ly might bewitch.

70.

O strange, O meekly-noble *Jealousy*
Which only in such holy bosoms rests :
The all-securing Bar which warily
Th' approach of heart-disturbing foes resists :
Sin's usher *Pride*, finds no access to thee,
So low ly'st thou, so high struts burly He.

71.

When *Gabriel* observ'd her doubtful Look,
Where Palédness and Blushes mutually
Their timorous and graceful stations took;
Mary, thy anxious Lowliness, said he,
May spare these pains: no Danger dares draw near
Her whom the *Prince of Power* holds so dear.

72.

The *Sovereign Lord of Love* hath seal'd on thee
His amorous heart: his most selected Graces;
The Flower of all his sweets; th' Immensity
Of his best favors, signally he places
On thee alone, whom he exalts as high
As thou art sunk in thy *Humility*.

73.

Witness this *Message* I have now to tell,
Too glorious I grant, for me to bring;
The only *Message* which could parallel
The boundless Love of heav'n's inamor'd *King*:
A *Message* which the World hath long expected,
But fit to *Thee alone* to be directed.

74.

Behold thy privileg'd womb shall fertile be,
And breed all *Ages' Hopes*, that blesséd *Child*
Who at the season of Maturity,
Shall this dim World with *Grace's* lustre gild:
Nor need'st thou study to contrive the frame
Of his due Title; *JESUS* is the Name.

75.

A Name more fit for thy all-conquering *Son*
Than e'r it was for *Nun's* triumphant Heir:
More noble shall be that *Salvation*
By which his *Israel* He will repair,
Than that which from *Beersheba* unto *Dan*
Gave them no more but *earthly Canaan*.

76.

Great shall He be; as great as *Might* and *Worth*
Can swell an *Hero's*; or as stoutest *Fame*
Can at her widest Trumpet's mouth bring forth,
Which shall be stretch'd with his magnific *Name*:
A *Name of Wonders*; for his Stile must run
Of him who is most *High* the equal *Son*.

77.

The *Sovereign Lord of Crowns* and only *King*
Of *Scepters*, shall establish him upon
His Seat from whose high Linage he shall spring,
His most renownéd Father *David's* throne:
Where he a Prince of nobler Peace shall sit
Than *Solomon* with all his Wealth and Wit.

78.

All *Yacob's* Seed to him shall homage do,
And wear the yoke of his more Gentle Law:

Yea *Time* itself shall be his Subject too,
And make his Sithe before his Scepter bow;
For Earth shall sink, and Heav'n shall melt, but He
Shall reach his Kingdom to Eternity.

79.

And here the *Angel* paus'd: But trembling *She*
Vail'd in the scarlat of her modest cheek,
Reply'd, Bright Sir, it seems you know not Me,
A worthless Maid, who for your high mistake
Wear no pretence: nor may so great a *King*
From such a wretchéd worm's vile bowels spring.

80.

It is enough, and how much more than I
Could e'r deserve from his unwearied love,
That all this while he hath sustained my
Rebellious life, and mercifully strove
With my Demerits! O bid me not aspire
To what transcends my reach and my desire.

81.

Yet though my vileness be sufficient to
Excuse me from such glorious Exaltation;
Be pleas'd to know I am that *Mary* who
Stand yet unmoved in my Virgin station;
Nor ever yet has this my body's bed
Been till'd, or sown by any human seed.

82.

Perhaps my Looks, in thy unspotted eyes
So little breathe of true Virginity,
As to encourage thee to this surmise:
But whatsoever my deportment be,
Forgive my outside unintended sin,
For I am still untouch'd and pure within.

83.

'Tis true to *Joseph* I betrothéd am,
Since, he disdainéd not unworthy me:
Yet *Joseph* weareth but a *Spouse's* name,
In preface to what may hereafter be:
And be assur'd, this is my present case,
I know my Husband yet but by his face.

84.

How then, O how shall thy great *Promise*, which
Seems too resolv'd to wait upon *Delay*,
Break thus through *Nature's* sturdy Laws, and hatch
Its Project's Introduction to day!
I know no Man, and therefore know not how
I can both Virgin be, and pregnant grow.

85.

Miraculous Meekness! how would meanest Hearts
Have leap'd to catch this matchless Dignity
From which this most deserving *Virgin* starts!
O how would'st Thou have triumph'd at so high
An Offer, had *Agenor's* cunning thought
Of such a *Message* as this *Angel* brought!

86.

Her answer higher forc'd his Admiration,
And op'd the door to this sublime Reply :
Fairest of sweets, there needs no disputation
About the question ; for the Mystery
Determin'd is above, by *Him* who can
Without all human help produce a Man.

87.

Nor must thy mighty *Meekness* hope to shrowd
Thee from the reach of Glory : for thy worth
By being veiled in that modest cloud,
More amenable lustre streameth forth ;
And 'cause thou fliest *Honor*, therefore she
From Heav'n to Earth is come to hunt out Thee.

88.

Nor is there any scaping by thy flight
Into thy virgin Incapacity :
For that 's the only Scene which suits aright
With what thy *God* now means to act in thee.
He acts ; and therefore now his Creature can
No longer plead, *She knoweth not a Man*.

89.

Through mounts of Miracles he breaks a way
To keep thee still as pure as thy *Desire* :
When all things in their first Confusion lay,
And grovell'd in a shapeless Mass of Mire,
Who would have thought the womb of that *Abyss*
Could have produc'd so fair a World as this ?

90.

But then th' *Almighty Spirit* spread his wing
Upon those hopeless tumults of the *Deep* :
Whose generative Warmth knew how to bring
Those seeds to light which in that Night did sleep.
Thus came this populous Universe to be
Bred in the bowels of *Virginity*.

91.

This *Holy Spirit* over thee shall hover,
And with prolific virtue thee endow :
His *Shade's* substantial vigor thee shall cover ;
A vigor which disdaineth to allow
Weak *Nature* leave, or possibility
To contradict a *Virgin-pregnancy*.

92.

And for this noble Cause (though not alone
For this) He who shall thy great Off-spring be,
Must wear the Sovereign Title of *The Son*
Of *God* ; for genuine Divinity
Shall be engag'd, but in a mistick fashion,
In all the bus'ness of his Generation.

93.

Doubt not his *Power*, whose granted limits spread
Wide as his boundless Will : all *Israel* knows

How *Sarah's* dead womb liveth now in Seed
Which past the shores of *Numeration* flows :
How *Aaron's* Rod its sudden Almonds ought
Neither to Soil, nor Seed, nor Sap, nor Root.

94.

And for more near assurance, know that She
With snowy head confest her Spring was past,
Thy Cousen both in blood and piety,
Cold dry *Elisabeth*, hath now at last
Conceiv'd a Son ; an argument to thee
How *Nature* can by *Heav'n* corrected be.

95.

The World had stamp'd the name of *Barren* on
Her seal'd Womb, whose way was dam'd to Hope
Of any Seed ; yet five full months are gone,
And now the sixt succeeds, since *Heav'n* brake ope
That frozen seal : good cause have I to know
The time, who was employed then, as now.

96.

I bare the wonderous News to *Zachary* ;
And when his trembling jealous Soul would not
Credit my supernatural Embassy,
I on his tongue a lock of silence put,
That he might know *God* could as easily ope
His Spouse's womb, as I his mouth could stop.

97.

His silence bids thee trust these Words of mine :
And since both *Heav'n* and Earth's best Hopes attend
With panting expectation for thine
Assenting word ; for their sakes condescend
To be advanc'd, and for thy *Maker's* who
By me his best-belov'd Spouse doth woo.

98.

He waited e'r since *Time's* first birth for thee,
And has endur'd a world of sin below,
Stretching his strongly-patient Constancy
Through every Age of Wickedness till now,
That *Time* at length might bring forth bless'd Thee
The sweet Reward of all his Lenity.

99.

And now thy mighty Hour is come ; O why
Mak'st thou the gentlest Virtue prove so hard ?
Why by thy rigorous *Humility*
Must entering *Joy* and *Happiness* be barr'd
Back from the longing World ! O why wilt thou
Not let the *Golden Age* have leave to grow !

100.

Why must the gloomy *Shadows* which have now
Weighed their heavy Wings, in hopes to fly,
Return their Night upon Religion's brow,
Which 'gan to clear up at the dawn of thy
Fate-ripening Birth : and wouldst thou now give way
Would strait break open into *Grace's* Day.

101.

Speak, *most Incomparable*, speak ; and let
The gravid *Universe* deliver'd be
From pangs, by hearing Thee accept thy great
Prerogative of *Virgin-pregnancy*.

This said the *Angel* clos'd his lips ; but by
His pleading Looks still press'd his Embassy.

102.

As when the *Moisture*, which was well content
To dwell below and nestle in the earth,
Is woo'd by the Sun's strong blandishment
To take an higher home ; it issues forth
With gentle resignation, and complies
In mere submission to possess the skies :

103.

So now the lowly *Virgin* conquer'd by
The potent pleasures of her heav'nly *Spouse*,
Exceeds her old by new *Humility*,
And with herself her former meekness throws
Before his feet, thenceforth to be whate'r
His most victorious Love would make of her.

104.

Behold, said she, the *Handmaid of the Lord* ;
(For he hath giv'n me leave to use that stile ;)
Since *Heav'n* will have it so, may thy great Word
My worthless bowels with Performance fill.
To my dear *Maker* I myself resign ;
'Tis *fit* his *Pleasure*, and not mine, be mine.

105.

This noble word no sooner breath'd she,
But to the top of joyful heav'n it flew ;
Where in the wing'd *Quire's* high melody
It found its echo, and was made a new
And precious Anthem ; for the spheres that day
Measur'd their dances by this only lay.

106.

All *Nature* heard the sound, which in her ear
Spake life and joy and restauration.
O blessed Musick, which so chear'd her
That into Smiles her aged wrinkles ran :
Fresh fire she glowing felt in every vein,
And briskly thought of growing young again.

107.

For now that *Spirit* which first quicken'd her
Return'd, and took his seat in *Mary's* breast.
O what Excess of sweets and pleasures bare
Him company into his virgin nest !
O what pure streams of light, what glorious showers
Of most prolific and enlivening Powers ?

108.

With these flew down *Eternity's* great Son
To be a *Son of Time* ; and parting from

His *Father's* bosom, Glory's sweetest throne,
Chose Ashes for his house, Dust for his home :
Teaching *Sublimity's* own Crest to bow,
And making of *Most High* himself *Most Low*.

109.

In vain should I, or all heav'n's *Cherubs* reach
To compass that impossible Eloquence
Which might a parallel description stretch
For that immense mysterious Confluence
Of purest joys with which in this embrace
The most enobled *Virgin* ravish'd was.

110.

Only her spacious Soul, the blessed Sea
Where all those floods of precious Secrets met,
Knew what it comprehended : Glorious She
Relish'd the life of every sacred Sweet,
And did in one miraculous instant try
The various Dainties of *Divinity*.

111.

For though his *Generation's* work had been
The deepest project of *Eternity*,
Yet were its wonders all transacted in
Duration's most concise Epitomy :
One single *Moment's* head was crown'd with this
Exploit of most unbounded Power and Bliss.

112.

O mighty *Moment* ! at whose feet all Days
All Months, all years, all Ages homage tender :
To whom all-conquering *Time* yields up his bays,
And vast *Eternity* would fain surrender
His widest Glories, conscious that he
Is deep in debt to most renowned thee.

113.

To thee, who this huge universe do'st ty
Close to his greater *Maker* : Thee who join'st
These mortal things to immortality,
And in one knot both Heav'n and Earth combin'st :
Who giv'st *fertility* a new found Home,
And bid'st it flourish in a *Virgin's*-womb.

114.

For *Mary* now the mansion-house became
Of her conceived *God*, who deign'd to take
His pattern from her reverent body's frame,
And borrow part of holy Her to make
A Garment for himself, that he might be
As true and genuine Flesh and Blood as She.

115.

O *Paradise* how poor a soil art thou,
To this rare Richness of the *Virgin's-bed* !
Life Tree, which in thy heart so stately grew
Itself but as the shade of *this* was spread :
Here is the Garden where the noble *Tree*
Of everlasting *Life* would planted be.

116.

Blush all ye Heav'ns above ; the *Virgin's* womb
Hath left no looks but those of shame, for you :
All *Glories* here have chose their dearer Home,
And fairer shine because they make no show :
Here dwells a *Sun*, whose count'nance is the book
In which your dazeld *Phœbus* dares not look.

117.

The most resplendent equal *Character*,
The flaming *Brightness* of the *Father's* face,
Hath condescended to exchange his sphere
And to this lesser Heav'n transplant his Rays :
Which yet he hath so sweetned and allay'd
That he consumeth not the tender *Maid*.

118.

Thus when to *Moses* he came down of old
Arrayed all in fire and took his seat
Upon a simple Bush ; his flaming Gold
In mercy to the shrub, rain'd in it's heat,
And all the leaves with harmless brightness fill'd,
Which he was pleaséd not to Burn but Gild.

119.

When this blest Sight had feasted *Gabriel's* eye ;
In prostrate loyalty he first ador'd
The secretly inshrinéd Majesty
Of his *eternal-new-conceived* Lord :
Whose leave could he obtain, in that mean Cell
He would preferment count it still to dwell.

120.

Then in the guise of courteous reverence,
(Where plain confession glimmered, how he
Was loth to part, yea though to Heav'n from hence,)
He farewell bids the *Queen of Modesty* :
Yet bears her still in 's breast, though not in 's eyes,
And so to his ethereal Home he flies.

121.

Whether as he mounts, his News in every sphere
He to th' inquisitive Spirits poureth forth,
And delicately feasts their hungry ear
With those rare wonders he had seen on earth :
Till with applause from every *Angel's* tongue
The precious Name of *humble Mary* rung.

122.

Thus *Phylax* spake : when *Psyche* swell'd with joy
And admiration, cry'd, why may not I
My wandering vessel fix in this dear Bay?
Where can I safelier live, or sweetlier die?
Humilitie's own Palace best will fit
Me who through *Pride* stand most in need of it.

123.

Nay then thou by my conduct strait shall see,
Phylax reply'd, a fairer House than this ;

Fairer in more transcendent Poverty,
And nobler far in higher Lowliness.
With that into the Chariot again
He takes her up, and gently moves the rein.

124.

The ready steeds no more monition needed,
For through the air they snatch'd their greedy way,
And o'r the *Galilean* regions speeded ;
No hills were high enough to bid them stay ;
No winds so fleet as to outrun their place
Until the Coach to *Bethlehem* whirled was.

125.

There lighting down ; Behold this Town my dear
The *Guardian* cry'd, where *fame* once lov'd to grow ;
Jesus's illustrious Son was nurtur'd here ;
Here reverend *Samuel* prepar'd his brow
For royal Honor, when upon his head
The Crown's rich earnest, holy Oile, he shed.

126.

This chosen Root in Kings was fertile, whose
Successive hands through many ages bore
The Jewish scepter ; till, with other foes
Sin, stronger than the rest, combining tore
The Diademe at first to *Babel* from
Its guilty owner's head, and next to *Rome*.

127.

Rome wears it still, and makes this wretched land
Pay that sad debt its wickedness contracted :
How oft has an imperious Command
Heavy blood-squeezing imposts here exacted !
And drownéd these enslaved fields, which all
With Milk and Honey flow'd before, in Gall !

128.

(Such miserable gains fond wilful Men
Condemnéd are to reap, who needs will be
Driving the self-destroying Trade of Sin :
To such heart-galling bonds of tyranny
All frantic Nations made desperate haste
When from their necks Heav'n's gentle yoke they cast.)

129.

This golden Trick *Augustus* learnéd, and
Summon'd the People to a general Tax :
The Warrants strait awakening all the Land,
Each one to pay in his assessment packs
Amain to his paternal City, where
Of Tribes and Kindreds lay the Register.

130.

Obedience therefore hither *Joseph* drew :
And pious *Sæ* who by Prophetick Writ
Full well the world's *Redeemer's* birth place knew,
Hugg'd this occasion to arrive at it ;
Rejoycing that great *Cæsar's* act should be
Inservient to Heav'n's greater Mystery.

131.

Yet prov'd it both to *Husband* and to *Spouse*
 A tedious journey ; for the way was long,
 But short the days : in Winter's Inmost House
 (Cold churlish *Capricorn*) the Sun had clung
 The Morning and the Ev'n so close together
 That there was left no room for cheerly Weather.

132.

The holy *Travellers* through Cold and Frost
 And northern Blasts, took their unworthy way ;
 (What pious Heart would not have been at cost
 Of sighs' kind Warmth that sharp breath to allay !)
 And slow they went ; for *Mary's* time was come,
 And *God* lay heavy in her tender womb.

133.

Alas, she to her Travel travell'd,
 And brought at length her weariness to town :
 In which the court'sy of an hired bed
 To lay her weather-beaten body down
 She hop'd to find ; but barbarous Winter's blast
 Had Men, as well as Earth, seal'd up in Frost.

134.

The Men were Ice ; so were their doors ; for both
 Hard frozen stood against poor-looking Guests :
 Where'r they knock'd the surly Host was wroth,
 Crying, *My house is full*. Indeed those nests
 Were only courteous Traps, which barr'd out
 All Birds but such as store of feathers brought.

135.

All Inns by *Silken* and by *Purple Things*
 Were taken up : each Gallant, room must have
 For his swell'd self, and room for those he brings
 To swell him higher ; room for all his brave
 And burly nothing, his fond state and port
 Which in a chamber must alone keep court.

136.

Thus was the *Universe's King* shut out
 Of his own World as He was entering in :
 Long had the *Pilgrim's* noble Patience sought
 And yet could at no door admission win :
 And now night crowded on apace, and drew
 Their curtains who as yet no Lodging knew.

137.

Amongst less beastly Beasts, this made them call
 For pity, seeing none was left with Men :
 Observe that Rock, which all along the wall
 Lifts up its head to meet the rising Sun ;
 See'st thou the craggy mouth it opens ? that
 Was then the hospitable *Stable's* gate.

138.

Come near and mark it well, this Cavern was
 The homely lodging of an honest *Ox*,

Whose chamberfellow was a simple *Ass* :
 Nor house nor dwellers needed any locks
 Or bar, or Host, against th' approach of poor
 Unlikely Wights to fortify the door.

139.

For whom did *Fortune's* hate e'r plunge so low
 As not to be above desiring free
 Quarter with beasts ? but since these *Saints* are now
 Much lower sunk than lowest Poverty ;
 In noble love of this strange state, with meek
 Content a correspondent Inn they seek.

140.

Calamity besiegeth those in vain
 With straits and wants, who always ready are
 With conquering submission, to sustain
 The brunt of heaviest Misfortune's war.
Necessity, is no such thing to those
 Who what they cannot help know how to choose.

141.

The blessed *Travellers* soon saw that this
 Hard Rock less stony was than all the Town ;
 And that plain Brutes were ready to express
 Far more humanity than they whose own
 Nature ingag'd them to be Men, and kind
 To those at least in whom themselves they find.

142.

In therefore here with freedom entering, from
 The Beasts, whose hearts no avarice had fear'd,
 They borrow'd both a portion of their room,
 And of their Straw ; and there their bed prepar'd :
 Where to a Temple having turn'd the Cave,
 Themselves to rest they after vespers gave.

143.

But though sleep seal'd up the *Virgin's* eye,
 Yet watchful was her heart, and travel'd still ;
 It travel'd through a *Vision's* Mystery,
 A way where she no lassitude could feel.
 Her Womb seem'd all on fire, whence stream'd out
 A Flash of Lightning, and whirl'd round about.

144.

Round Earth's vast Ball it whirl'd, and in its way
 Devour'd all things compos'd of useless Dross,
 Of idle Stubble, or of fainting Hay :
 The silver Creatures bare some little loss ;
 But those of genuine gold grew only more
 Illustrious and youthful than before.

145.

The World refin'd by this searching Flame,
 In every part right radiant grew and brave ;
 No Blemish, or capacity of Blame
 Peep'd out from east to west : all Creatures gave
 A fair account of their own selves, and by
 Their perfect beauty satisfy'd Heav'n's eye.

R

146.

Whilst on this splendid Reformation She
Her wonder pours ; dame *Nature's* vigilant Clock
Discovering *Midnight*, rous'd her Piety
To its accustom'd Task : the earliest Cock
Had rarely crow'd e'r she began to pray ;
But here you know She faint and tired lay.

147.

Yet rose she to bring forth her Vows : but now
A greater *Birth* was ripe, the wide-spread *Night*
And *Powers of Darkness* freely ranged through
The sleeping World, and laugh'd at buried *Light* ;
Little suspecting that an *Highnoon-Day*
From *Midnight's* bosom could erect its ray.

148.

When lo the *Virgin* bare her wonderous *Son*,
Who by the glories of his own sweet face,
Commands the dusky *Shaddows* to be gone
And to his conquering *Splendor* yield their place.
Her friends about her, *sovereign Pleasures* were ;
And *Joy* the Midwife which assisted her.

149.

No faintings chill'd her heart, no Pangs durst tear
Her privileg'd bowels, nor no Cry her throat :
Those sad *Revenues* all entail'd were
Upon polluted Beds : She whom no Blot
Of *sinful Pleasure* could pretend to stain,
Advanc'd was beyond the shot of Pain.

150.

No Circumstance of shame or filth could blur
The noble *Birth* : the shame was theirs alone
Whose shameless thoughts deflour'd most spotless *Her*
Th' accomplish'd Queen of Purity ; and none
But theirs the filth, whose slovenish forging brains
Rais'd here a Fount to wash the *Infant's* stains.

151.

Her dear *Virginity* persever'd the same
Unbroken Jewel that it was before.
As *God* into her reverend bowels came,
Yet ask'd no lock's leave, nor op'd any door ;
So he return'd thence, resolv'd that she
Should still a *Virgin*, though a *Mother*, be.

152.

The pregnant Soul thus travelling with Thought,
No pangs, or strains, or ruptures feels, but by
Eas's own hand deliver'd is ; and out
Her Off-spring comes all clad in Purity.
Her glorious Flame the Fire thus bringing forth,
As clear continues as before that birth.

153.

Thus when heav'n's Beams through spotless windows
pass,
The Colours painted there, they borrow ; yet

They neither rob, nor break, nor blur the Glass,
But with more precious Luster garnish it.
Their Mother Flowers thus are Virgins still,
Though they the air with broods of Odours fill.

154.

Thus though great *Phœbus* every morning springs
From fair *Aurora's* lap, yet she as true
A Maid remaineth, as those smiling Things,
Those rosal Blushes which her portal strew :
Heav'n being pleas'd to contrive this way
To make her *Virgin-mother of the Day*.

155.

But O *Aurora's* Day is Night to this
Which in the Night from *Mary* took its rise,
To this, the Day of Life, of Love, of Bliss ;
The Day of Jewels and of Rarities ;
The conquering Day whose mighty Glories ne'r
Shall any Ev'n's obscuring powers fear.

156.

The Day which made *Immensity* become
A *Little one* ; which printed goodly *May*
On pale *December's* face ; which drew the *Sum*
Of *Paradise* into a *Bud* ; the Day
Which shrunk *Eternity* into a *Span*
Of *Time*, *Heav'n* into *Earth*, *God* into *Man*.

157.

Heaven's twinkling Lights shut up their dazel'd eyes,
And paid their blind devotion to the Dawn
Of *Jacob's Star* : the Moon in sacrifice
Her loyal Silver to the Golden Crown
Of *Lusters* offer'd, which about their new
Though ancient *Prince*, their royal Circle drew.

158.

His softest feathers *Winter* thither sent
To be a pillow for the *Infant's* head ;
For sure no harm the honest *Season* ment
When in the Cave his fluttering Snow he spread :
But at his presence into tears it fell,
Check'd by a whiter chaster *Spectacle*.

159.

Tam'd *Borneas*, who saucy was before,
With gentle manners learn'd to relent ;
And whispering demurely at the door,
Profest himself not only penitent,
But studiously ambitious now to make,
His Breath the praise of his young *Master* speak.

160.

And fain would all th' illustrious Host of Heav'n,
Whose wings were up, whose thoughts already flew,
Have hither march'd, and to their *Sovereign* giv'n
A volley of applause and thanks : but due
To his dear *Mother's* brave Devotion
This Privilege was, *first to salute her Son*.

161.

She therefore (having with exuberant joy
Beheld the *Wonder* which her self had bred,
And opening through exultant tears the way
To her inflaméd Spirit, tenderéd
Her self a prostrate Holocaust before
His feet ; and taught the World what to adore ;)

162.

Cry'd, O my precious *Son*, and more than mine,
How shall thy worthless *Mother* and thy *Maid*,
With due attendance wait on thy divine
Cradle, without thine own almighty aid !
How shall my Clod of earth Great Thee embrace
For whom the widest heav'n too narrow was !

163.

What shall I do, who most distressed am,
And straitned by the vastness of my Bliss !
Thou who wert not ashamed of my Shame,
Who thy most abject vassal hast to this
Sublimity advanc'd : O teach her heart
And hands to act their ravishing Duties' part.

164.

These words wak'd pious *Joseph* : who when he
The newborn *Wonder* spy'd, stay'd not to ask
Whose was that brightly-blooming *Majesty*,
But bows down to his necessary task.
Those Beams of such convincing sweetness were
As left no question but his *Lord* was there.

165.

With reverent adoration on the floor,
The pious pattern of his heav'nly *Spouse*
He hastes to copy, and his soul to pour
Forth in ecstasick thanks, and praise, and vows :
Since at the radiant casement of those *eyes*
God looking out, call'd for that sacrifice.

166.

Those *Eyes*, the Easts of gentle living Light ;
The diamond quivers of divinest Love ;
The wells of ever-springing Joys ; the bright
Mirrors of purer Claritudes than move
About the silver heav'ns, when Night is fine,
Or when in *Cancer's* height Day's glories shine.

167.

And as *Dove's* eyes thrice wash'd in milk, upon
The neighbouring Rivers answering crystal play ;
So on the *Mother* this immaculate *Son* ¹
Divinely dally'd with his Aspect's ray :
Thus deigning by his Turtle Eye to prove
Himself conceiv'd by heav'n's eternal *Dove*.

168.

His Skin, the throne of softest White and Red,
Joy'd that delicious union to shew

By which his *Mother's* Blush was married ¹
To that most lovely *Dove's* all-snowy hue.
Ten thousand Ladies' pencils ne'r could teach
A check so rich perfection to reach.

169.

His goodly Head was of refinéd gold, ²
Being it self to its fair self a Crown.
O that the fond bewitchéd Worldlings would,
Changing their avarice, prudently fall down
And worship this diviner Metal which
With surer wealth their coffers would enrich.

170.

The Scene his Cheeks round gentle hillocks were, ³
Where ranks of Spices plaid their precious part,
And such perfuméd floridness as ne'r
Had marshall'd been by Nature or by Art.
His Lips like Lillies, whensoever they op'd,
Of odoriferous Myrrh thick blessings drop'd.

171.

As Beryls fairly rang'd in golden rings, ⁴
So in his richer hands were Graces set.
As Ivory, which prides the thrones of Kings,
When streaks of Saphir's luster garnish it,
Such was his lovely Belly ; only this
Thrill'd through its beauty warmth and tenderness.

172.

As slender Pillars of white Marble which ⁵
On Sockets of fine gold erected are ;
So his pure Legs were builded on his rich
And graceful feet : His Aspect mounted far
Above the Excellence of Cedars, when
They look from their majestick *Lebanon*.

173.

His Mouth the Gate of sweetness was ; and He ⁶
Arrayéd round with nothing else but Love.
In this miraculous Epitomy
All choise Extremities of Glory strove
Which should be most extreme, and in that fair
Contention every one grew conquerer.

174.

For never yet was *Beauty* known to hold
So full an empire as she here possess ;
Not when in *Absalom's* accomplish'd mould
Her self and her ambition she drest ;
Not when she reign'd with Fate-inamoring grace
In infant *Moses* his commanding face.

175.

As *Joseph* with these wonders feasts his eye ;
The reverent *Mother* of her *Son's* dear feet
Tender'd a consecrated kiss ; and by
That blesséd taste encourag'd to a sweet
Audacity, adventur'd on to sip
The roseal dainties of his heav'nly Lip.

¹ Vers. 10.² Vers. 13.³ Vers. 15.² Vers. 11.⁴ Vers. 14.⁶ Vers. 16.¹ Cantic. 5. 12.

176.

O noble *Kiss*! which might a *Seraph* hire
His highest orb to leave, his mouth to wipe,
In hopes to drink in more delicious Fire
From this young Altar, than from all the ripe
Flames of the *Empyreum*; fire which by
No fuel's fed but supple Bliss and Joy.

177.

O *Kiss*, which fetch'd the *Mother's* springing heart
Into her lip, and seal'd it on her *Son*!
Who was his own as ready to impart
In answer to her sweet Impression.

O *Kiss*, the sacred Compliment between
Heav'n's highest *King* and Earth's most lowly *Queen*!

178.

This done; her zealous and yet timorous hands
Began their duty to the noble *Child*:
Whom having gently lapp'd in swaddling bands,
She to her Breast apply'd: whose bottles fill'd
With milk, but more with genial Delight,
To his first breakfast did their *God* invite.

179.

Which lovely Invitation gracious *He*
Accepting, borrow'd what himself did give.
Mean while deliciously-transported *She*
Seem'd in that breast he suck'd alone to live:
For thither leap'd her soul, and scarce could stop
It self from starting out with every drop.

180.

Then in the Cratch (since with no better bed
This sorry house could gratify its guest,)
Where careless Hay was for the coverings spread,
She lay'd him down to take his hardy rest.
Thus came the *Ox* to know his *Owner*, and
The *Ass* his *Master's* crib to understand.

181.

For both due distance kept, adoring *Him*
Whose generous Goodness saves both Man and Beast;
Him who till now alone had nourish'd them
And spread in every field their copious Feast.
Their Manger and their Hay they well can spare
For his dear service whose own Gifts they were.

182.

As there He lay, the holy *Mother's* breast
Grew big again with noble Contemplation:
Which as her tongue brought forth and sweetly drest
In vocal graces, with neat imitation
The Cave returns the accents of her voice,
And in soft Echos duplicates the noise.

183.

Almighty *Babe*, on whom till now, said she,
Heav'n's Wardrobe waited with its purest flames,

Whose Mantle was all-dazeling Majesty,
Whose Crown was wov'n of Glory's boundless beams;
What condescent of mighty Love is this
Which of that matchless Pomp can thee undress!

184.

Could Clouts and Rags have ever hop'd to be
Exalted to this strange Prerogative
That wretched they should thus to naked Thee
The piteous alms of their poor shelter give!
Surely all simple Weeds shall precious seem
Henceforth to me which are of kin to them.

185.

Let Silks and Gold go puff up Princes' pride
Whose stains require the aid of beauteous vails:
A homespun rayment will a body hide
When friezing cold, or melting heat assails.
Since Thou art thus content, O let not me
E'r covet finer than my *God* to be.

186.

Thou art my *God*; this vesture's dusky cloud
No such eclipse can on thy Glory throw,
But through its gloominess my faith can crow'd,
And see to whom I adoration owe.
Lo I adore thee, who art still *Most High*
Though in this bottom of *Humility*.

187.

Fair was thy Throne when thou did'st mounted sit
At his right hand whom *Celsitude* calls *Father*;
When all the heav'ns were bow'd to be thy great
Chair of majestick State; when Earth did gather
It self up close, and fix'd up stood to be
A faithful footstool to thy *Sire* and *Thee*.

188.

When all the volumes of *Immensity*
Their utmost vastness gladly stretch'd out
To spread a correspondent canopy
Over thy glorious head: When round about
Omnipotence attended on thy port,
And fill'd the circuit of thy mighty Court.

189.

But now the Scene is chang'd; this sorry Cell,
This Mannorhouse of shame and scorn, must be
Thy native palace; now thy throne must swell
No wider than this Cratch; now poverty
Lays for thy pillow Hay, poor faded Hay,
Which speaks what Weakness Thou assum'st to-day.

190.

Now all those flaming *Hierarchies*, whose tongue
With *Hallelujahs* fill'd thy royal ear,
Are far withdrawn; and thou art left among
None but these dull and silent Waiters here,
This *Ox* and *Ass*; the only servant thou
The world's great *King* could'st ready find below.

191.

(Go great Retinues, gaudy Palaces ;
Go Beds of down, of gold, of ivory ;
Go wait upon your dainty Prince's Ease,
And help to countenance poor Majesty :
Yet there lament your Pride's dishonor, since
You are not own'd by *Glory's only Prince*.

192.

But though, O nobly-privileg'd *Poverty*
Enriched by this Morn's bright Miracle,
Shalt my Delight, my Pomp, my Kingdom be :
Thy Rags shall all Embroideries excel,
Thy Cottages all marble Towers outshine,
Thy Hardship pleasant be, thy shame divine.

193.

Thy proper Region 's this ; and may'st thou be
My sole estate and dowry here below :
O 'tis sufficient if hereafter We
By heav'n's fair store, above may wealthy grow.
That, that 's the only Realm of Wealth, and there
Alone would I be rich where riches are.)

194.

And yet, dread *Infant*, give my Wonder leave
To gaze upon a greater Change than this :
From thy *Almighty Sire* didst thou receive
Thy equal Self, and sweetly rest in His
Bright bosom where unbounded Pleasures swim,
Enjoying his Eternity with Him.

195.

But now art Thou a *Son of Time* become,
And of poor *Me*, a shorter thing than *Time* :
That *Bosom* thou exchang'dst for my vile womb,
Light's largest heav'n for this dark narrow clime ;
Of loose Mortality to catch fast hold,
And up in Dust thy gallant *Godhead* mould.

196.

All my astonish'd thoughts are swallow'd quite
In this Abyss of thy Humility.
O vast Abyss ! as deep as ever *Height*
It self was high : I yield, I yield to be
In this miraculous Sea of Goodness drown'd,
Which only Thou the *God* of it, canst sound.

197.

But O how far thine *Handmaid* is beneath
That noble Accusation *Gabriel* laid
Deep to my charge ! thy Condescension hath
Monopolis'd *Meekness*, and the world array'd
In *Pride's* now helpless shame ; since though it seek
More low than Dust to stoop, yet 'tis not meek.

198.

Though ev'n the *Thought of Pride's* my soul's chief
hate,
I am not *humble* ; no, nor can be so.

This very sight of thy unworthy state
Confutes and checks my very Essence, who
By being but *my self* am too too high,
Now Thou my *Sovereign Lord* thus low dost lie.

199.

Whilst her most pious soul dissolv'd ran
Out at her lips by this ecstasick Heat ;
A flock of *Shepherds* with an heavenly Tone
Fresh on their echoing tongues in triumph at
The Cave arriv'd, which to their wonder yields
A fairer Sight than their late glorious fields.

200.

In *Joseph* they beheld the best of *Men* ;
The flower of *Females* they in *Mary* saw ;
The sweetness of all *Infants* in her *Son*,
And how much more than so ! their sacred Vow
This spectacle determin'd, and they
Before the Cratch their duty haste to pay.

201.

For with a prostrate soul and bended knee
Each one upon that simple Altar laies
His tender Lamb : which Offerings smil'd to see
So fair a proof of their own gentle praise,
Beholding in the royal *Babe* how nigh
They were of kin to his meek Majesty.

202.

And then, O *mighty Little One*, said they,
Deign thy acceptance of these rural things,
The cream of our poor Flocks : which whilst they stray
About the plains, may thy Protection's wings
Shield them and us ; who for our Deity
No other *Pan* will own but gracious Thee.

203.

Whene'r the hasty Wolf, the hideous Bear
Or raging Lion challengeth his prey,
Let thy Defence's sheltring might appear
Th' injustice of their Challenge to gainsay.
Alas our Crooks are feeble things, and We
As weak as they, build all our trust on *Thee*.

204.

When Heat or Cold, when Wet or Drought, transgress
Their proper seasons, O do thou correct
Their dangerous encroachments ; and repress
Those envious Stars which would on us inflict
Malignant influence : so shall heav'n and earth
See thy bright Power, for all thy clouded Birth.

205.

The deep-observing *Mother* joy'd to hear
Their humble Orison : And what, said she,
My honest Friends, has call'd you from your Care
Thus to attend on this new Piety ?
To Night and Dangers what has made you leave
Your other Lambs ; and these what bids you give ?

206.

Fair Queen of Grace and Bliss, the Men reply'd,
Thrice bowing down before her reverend feet,
No Fears nor Dangers can our Flocks betide
Whilst we are come our newborn *King* to greet.
Heav'n sent us hither ; and we need not fear
But *Heav'n* is able to supply our Care.

207.

Whilst we our watch amidst the champain kep'd,
Befriended by the Moon and Stars, that no
Peril might awake our tender Flock, which slep'd
In helpless careless innocence : lo
There rush'd from heav'n a sudden mighty Light
Which from the wide Field chas'd abas'd Night.

208.

The frighted Moon and Stars fled all away ;
With unexpected Gold the sky was drest :
We never yet beheld the entering Day
With such commanding beams break from the East.
'Twas *Glory's* Morning this ; and in our eyes
No *Sun*, but *Majesty* now seem'd to rise.

209.

With *that*, and with *Amusement* blinded, we
Fell down, supposing *Heav'n* had done so too ;
And that the *Beauties* of Sublimity
Came post on some grand business hear below.
And now we see what drew them down : thy *Son*
May well allure *Heav'n* after him to run.

210.

But as dark Bats, and wretched Birds of night,
Surprised by a stoutly-flashing Flame,
Are damp'd with horror at the glorious sight
Which seals their eyes and open throws their shame.
So we by this strange Apparition lay
Besieged both with Luster and dismay.

211.

We thus the prize of *Dread* : a radiant friend
Who gently hover'd in the neighbour air
Upon our fainting hearts fresh comfort fan'd
With his kind wings ; and cry'd, No night of fear
Is this, look up and view this Scene of Joy,
Adorn'd in *Heav'n's* most festival array.

212.

We op'd our eyes, and wondrously beheld
How *Smiles* and Pleasures had bedeck't the place ;
Which seem'd no more a country common field
But *Paradise's* own delicious face :
And such we should have thought it still, had we
Not hither come, and seen thy *Son*, and *Thee*.

213.

But yet a *Beauty* next to yours we read,
Well near as heav'nly and as mildly grave ;

That *Angel's* who bestow'd on our Dread
That courteous Item : his attire was brave ;
His Looks, Delight's pure glass ; most sweet his
tongue,
From which these blessed words of solace rung :

214.

Behold I bring you news of greater Joy
Than kindest *Heav'n* to earth did ever send ;
Joy which through every heart shall melt its way,
And with the Sun its equal course extend :
Joy which must know no limits, but through all
The world display its gallant Festival.

215.

For to unwitting blessed you, this morn
In royal *David's* City, *Christ*, the Lord
Of him, and you, and all this world is born :
A mighty *King*, and able to afford
The often-promis'd long-desir'd *Salvation*
To his decrepit languishing Creation.

216.

Stagger not at the News ; but let this sign
Stablish your Faith and banish needless doubts :
You shall at *Bethlehem* find this most divine
Infant inwrap'd in simple swaddling clouts ;
And in a plain and answerable bed
The Ass's Manger, laid, to rest his head.

217.

As we for joy at these strange Tidings started,
Behold, a sudden Globe of pliant Light
Into a stranger Apparition parted,
And with new Mervells entertain'd our sight :
For at a diamond Table fair and wide
A numerous Quire of *Angels* we descry'd.

218.

Soul-charming *Melody* amidst them sat ;
At her left hand *Applause* ; *Bliss* at her right ;
Before her face triumphant *Honor* ; at
Her foot luxuriant but pure *Delight*.
The Spectacle alone was ravishing ;
But O what Raptures when they 'gan to sing !

219.

Glory to God in all sublimity,
Peace upon Earth, and to Mankind good will :
This was their Ditty ; but their lofty Key
Not only pass'd our mortal reaches' skill,
But surely pass'd the Spheres, tho' these (they say)
In sovereign Musick spend both Night and Day.

220.

How gladly fell our charmed Lambs to dance !
What troops of merry Wolves came tripping thither !
Lions and Bears seiz'd with a gentle trance,
Met in a friendly galliard together.
All salvageness was quickly charm'd asleep,
And every Beast became a gentle Sheep.

221.

The jolly Birds flock'd in ; and though they saw
A fairer-wing'd and sweeter-throated Quire,
Yet felt they in their breasts such pleasure glow
That they could not suppress their cheerly fire ;
But muster'd up their sweetest powers, to pay
Their best applause to that *Angelick* lay.

222.

The Stones look'd up and seem'd to wish for feet ;
The Trees were angry that they stuck so fast ;
All things desir'd the Harmony to meet,
And their sweet Passion prettily express :
Our silly oaten pipes this made us break,
And our exultant parts with *Nature* take.

223.

And though our feet more nimbly never flew
Than in their answer to this Music's Pleasure,
Doing their best endeavour to trip true
To every turn, and point, and air, and measure ;
Yet leaping in our joious bosoms we
Felt our brisk hearts with more Activity.

224.

The *Anthem* finish'd thus ; that glorious Fire
About the *Company* its volumes spread,
And homeward convoy'd th' illustrious Quire.
We saw how wide a gate heav'n openéd
To let them in ; we saw it shut, and yield
Back to the Stars their free æthereal field.

225.

Thence came we hither, and the Promise found
As true and noble as our expectation :
Which from this Cave must by our tongues rebound
To every ear we meet ; that this Narration
May ease our hearts, least by the mighty wonder
Of this heav'n-crownéd Morn they split in sunder.

226.

But when the Year's fresh youth returns to deck
The bed of April in her vernal hue ;
Its earliest sweets and beauties we will pick,
And wreath a chaplet for the fairer brow
Of this our blooming *Lord* : till when we place
Our hopes of safety in his only Grace.

227.

Which said, three adorations to her *Son*
They made, and then of blessed *Mary* took
Their humble leave : who having printed in
Her mindful bosom's ready trusty book
The News, the Quire, the Song, the glorious Light,
She duly read the lesson morn and night.

228.

And deep she div'd into the reason why
That glistening Host kept distance from the Cave,

And to these Creatures of Humility,
These simple honest Swains, the honor gave
Of Visiting meek *Him* the first, who came
To be at once a *Shepherd* and a *Lamb*.

229.

But when the *Sun* seven times himself had shown
To all the World, and bid it idolize
His face no more ; but fall before its own
Almighty rising *Phœbus*, at whose eyes
His flames were kindled ; *Jannus* op'd the door,
And in her arms *Aurora* New-year bore.

230.

And *Circumcision's* sacred Day was this ;
Nor would the royal *Infant* sparéd be,
But took this hard and bloody yoke on his
Most tender neck ; that *exemplary He*
Who was through all Obedience to run,
His Race of Patience might betimes begin.

231.

There lay He on his yearning *Mother's* knee
On that sweet Altar his first Blood to offer :
And tell me *Psyche*, whither *He* or *She*
By this Incision more pain did suffer ;
For that strange wound was deeply gravéd in
Her soul, which only raz'd his body's skin.

232.

Yet wise and pious as she was, she knew
The wound would deeper prove should she forbear
In love's mild disobedience to imbrue
Her hand in what her heart esteem'd so dear
Her *Son's* pure blood : since no way could be found
To keep his *Law* whole, but *himself* to wound.

233.

Down fell the purple precious Dew, and gave
The World sure earnest of what stay'd behind :
For 'twas resolv'd the World at length should have
The utmost drop his deepest vein could find.
Mean while these few suffic'd to write the bonds
By which He for the rest engagéd stands.

234.

O liquid jewels ! happily have you
Besprinkled all the *forehead of the year* ;
The *year*, which now on his bedeckéd brow
Hath leave more beauties than heav'n's face to wear :
The *year*, which sealéd is by you, to be
From mischief's heavy Impositions free.

235.

Thus when the paschal *Lamb's* less worthy Blood
Th' *Egyptian* doors of *Israel's Son* bedew'd,
Peace and *Security* for Porters stood,
That no *Distraction* thither might intrude.
Had but this blush on *Pharaoh's* gates been seen,
Safety and health, and grace had dwelt within.

236.

Now *January's Calends* wash'd be
By these dear Drops from all that guilty gore
Which Heath'nish most unholy Sanctity
Us'd on their face in lavish floods to pour.

Fair shines the Day, thus rescu'd and releas't
From Pagan Stains to *Piety's pure feast*.

237.

And now was printed on the *Child* that *Name*
Which tip'd and glorify'd bright *Gabriel's* tongue :
That *Name* whence *Blisse's* clearest torrents stream,
That *Name* which sweetens every *Cherub's* song ;

That *Name* of bowels, of almighty Love,
Of all the joys which make heav'n be above.

238.

JESUS ! O what vast Treasures couch'd lie
Within the bosom of this little *Word* !
A *Word* which spreads its potent Majesty
Through heav'n and earth and hell ; all which are stirr'd
With reverent awe whene'r it sounds, and on
Their bended knees adore the *Virgin's Son*.

239.

JESUS ! O *Name* which shall for ever be
The cordial of humble fainting hearts ;
The triumph of exultant *Piety* ;
Religion's richest Sum ; Nor shall the arts
Of rude and peevish Heresy suppress
That *Worship* which the due Revenue is.

240.

JESUS ! O *Name* of glorious Dainties, how,
Loth are my ravish'd lips with thee to part !
Yet shall thy musick never cease to flow
In precious Echos all about my heart.

JESUS ! O sweeter *Name* of *Life* ! O *Name*
Which makest famous ev'n *eternal fame*.

241.

These wonders *Psyche* were achiev'd here,
This poor plain Cave with royal worth to crown :
And yet not these alone ; has not thine ear
Been fill'd with *Balaam's* infamous renown,
Whose simple Ass, his fury to confute,
Held with her sillier Lord a wise Dispute.

242.

This Son of Avarice, and Heir of Hell,
By frighted *Balaam* hir'd to enchant
And heap his curses upon *Israel*,
Was by thy *Spouse* inforc'd to recant
His dire intent, and like his Ass to make
His chang'd tongue against his nature speak.

243.

Thy spouse's power wrung that bright Prophecy
From his black mouth, of *Jacob's rising Star* :

Which he bequeath'd as a Legacy
To all his Heirs ; and charg'd them to beware
That no forgetfulness did Blind their eyes
From watching when that promis'd Light should rise.

244.

Amongst their mystic Notes these words they laid
From age to age, and often read them o'r
With dread devotion ; being still afraid
The *Star* might at some unexpected door
Peep out from heav'n, and spy their souls asleep,
Whom *Balaam* had forewarn'd their watch to keep.

245.

No broad-ey'd *Comet* on the world could look
But strait into their studies them it sent ;
Where, after counsel had with many a book,
Through all its flaming lineaments they went ;
Examining the length of every hair
By its own light, which head or beard did wear.

246.

But when *Eternity's* sweet Day began
To dawn from this, O how unlikely Cave !
A gallant *Star* into *Arabia* ran
And notice of the glorious business gave
To every eye, which was instructed how
To read the characters of heav'n's bright bow.

247.

Three venerable Men were dwelling there
As well within all hoary, as without ;
Kings of the neighboring fields and boroughs, where
They reign'd by secret Wisdom's high repute.
No *Star*, but well they knew ; for from the East
They long had been acquainted to the West.

248.

These looking out that night their friends to view,
Espy'd a *stranger* drest in bright attire,
To which their greedy Contemplations flew
And busy were about the radiant fire.
The more they look'd, the fairer room they found
Whereon high expectations to ground.

249.

Fond Eyes, which gas'd long since the *Star* was set,
Dream'd that a flaming Child in it they saw,
Whose golden shoulders wore a cross ; the wit,
Of Superstition thus deviseth how
To fool it self, and credit whatsoe'r
Deceits in its blind fancies' book appear.

250.

A Book which cunning *Hell* improves so high
That it has often cost poor *Truth* full dear :
For Lyes embroider'd upon Verity,
The Poison of the wholesome groundwork are.
Thus foolish Tares once mix'd with solid Wheat,
The credit of the hopeful crop defeat.

251.

These sage *Observers* no such thing descry'd
In this unusual *Star*, but only read
A beauteous Miracle, whose beams outvy'd
All glories that bright *Venus's* face could plead :
And when the Day drew on, displayed far
More cause why this should be the *Morning Star*.

252.

For when from roseal *Aurora's* door
Fair *Titan* shak'd his locks and march'd out ;
Nor any of the other Spangles, nor
Brisk *Venus* could approve her self so stout
To stand the dint of his approaching Light,
But slip'd aside and waited for the night.

253.

But this brave *Star* stay'd still, and to his face
Boldly told *Phœbus*, he had more to do
In heav'n, than he ; and that he kindled was,
A fairer nobler *Day* than his to show ;
A *Day* which sprung not from his vulgar East,
But chose its own Morn where it pleas'd best.

254.

The *Star's* so daring Resolution much
Amas'd the *Magi* ; who in all their old
Records of Wonders, could not meet with such
A venturous Apparation inroll'd :
Nor (did their eyes not urge them to confess)
Would grant there could be such a one as this.

255.

But since it plainly thus outfac'd the Plea
Of any Doubt : their thoughts' Result defined
That some incomparable Mystery
In its prognosticating count'nance shined :
And why, said they at length, may not this be
The *Star* great *Balaam's* quick-ey'd soul did see ?

256.

Then throwing all their useless books aside,
To *Him* they su'd who kindled that divine
Foresight in *Balaam*, to be satisfy'd
About the meaning of that *Flaming sign* ;
God kindly answer'd them and taught them why
He check'd the Sun by that fair Prodigy.

257.

Heav'n's mighty Love thus universal is,
Whilst through the School of Magick Darkness it
Disdaineth not with gracious beams to press ;
That in their black Profession it may meet
The Sons of Night with radiant Mercy, and
Them to the Day of Bliss and glory send.

258.

Their sumptures now they hastily provide,
Though yet uncertain which way they should tend :

When lo the *Star* vouchsaf'd to be their guide,
And with a moderate pace its journey bend
To *Palestine* ; that it might not outrun
Their Dromedaries' mortal motion.

259.

Sweet was their March : O courteous *Star*, said they,
Who would not follow thy direction ! what
Sly Error now can cheat us of our way
Who under heav'n's bright conduct travel ! that
Fair fiery *Pillar* which led *Israel*, we
Now envy not, who convoy'd are by thee.

260.

Advancing thus, till *Salem's* towry head
Had met their eyes, they thither turn'd their way
Presuming there to find the princely bed
Whereon the newborn *King of Salem* lay.
But now the *Star* grew wroth and hid his face
To chide their dotage on that gaudy place.

261.

That chode in earnest ; but mistaken They
Conceiv'd its office was expired here,
Now to their journey's period his ray
Had brought them safe : though old and wise they were,
They had not learn'd that the *Sovereign*
Of *Lowliness* doth worldly Pomp disdain.

262.

In joyous haste they through the City's gate
Their passage snatch, and bless the happy place
Which crown'd and privileged was by fate
Heav'n's glory to outvy : for there alas
With fond hopes swollen they expect to see
Thy mighty *Spouse's* infant-Majesty.

263.

With their great question every street they fill,
Demanding where his native Palace stood
Who now was *born the King of Israel* ;
Whose *Star* has brought us from our own abode,
The East, said they, to represent our meet
And bounden homage at this royal feet.

264.

Much was the boldness of the Men admir'd
Who now within the reach of *Herod's* spight,
So stoutly for *another King* enquir'd,
Plainly confuting his usurp'd Right.
But *Piety* is valiant, and can
In fearing *God*, defy the fear of Man.

265.

This News with jealous terror having rung
Through thousand ears, at length to *Herod's* came.
The guilty Tyrant startled was and stung,
Hearing that strangely-broach'd and dangerous fame :
His heart throbb'd high, his sceptre seem'd to quake,
His Throne to totter, and his Crown to crack.

266.

Yet to elude all threatening Omens, He
 Muster'd his cruel wit, and vow'd to lay
 Some holy-looking Plot, whose subtilty
 Both his young *Rival* and his fears might slay.
 His rage he clok'd, and in a Synod sought
 How to resolve the noble *Stranger's* Doubt.

267.

The *Priests* and *Scribes* from reverent Records there
 Produc'd inspir'd *Micha's* Prophecy
 Before the King the mighty Point to clear.
 But to the *Pilgrims* in his Closet He
 Wisely imparts the News; and sifts from them
 Each circumstance of their *conducting flame*.

268.

Which having heard at large: Go then, said He,
 And may *Success* your brave Devotion crown;
 Yet grant your friend this easy courtesy,
 Not to ingross Religion as your own;
 But when y' have found the *Infant*, let me know,
 That I may Him adore as well as you.

269.

No solemn Entertainment now shall stay
 Your pious zeal, although my Honor be
 Ingag'd this ceremonie's debt to pay:
 But when your greater Work's dispatch'd, we
 Shall take such royal course, that you shall find
 Our court to strangers cannot be unkind.

270.

So spake the wiley King. But honest they,
 Who had no *Star* to shew them *Herod's* heart,
 Believ'd his tongue, and with well-meaning joy
 Return'd their thanks; then greedy to depart,
 Their leave they took; and by devotion driv'n
 Thought *Bethlehem road* the only way to heav'n.

271.

And now behold, their reconcil'd *Star*,
 Which justly had disdain'd its beams to shew
 To curs'd *Herod*, represented their
 Illustrious *Convoy* to their eyes; which new
 And joyful hopes strait kindled in their breast,
 To see themselves from desolate Night releas'd.

272.

For *Day* to them had worn no other face
 But that of black uncomfortable *Night*:
 And *Phœbus* posting to another place,
 Did with his useless beams but mock their sight:
 Till this most faithful *Star* again appear'd;
 Which to their wishes' Port them safely steer'd.

273.

But then it stop'd, (for all its work was done,)
 And pointing with a perpendicular ray

Down to the Cave, bid them behold that *Star*
 Of which it self was but the shaddow: They,
 To whom a moment's stay now seem'd long,
 In glad obedience from their saddles sprung.

274.

Their several Grooms the foaming Coursers took;
 The Pages their Oblations prepar'd:
 When musing at the *Stable's* simple Look
 Which much below their lofty hopes appear'd,
 The *Princes* turn'd their jealous eyes to know
 Of their bright *Guide*, if they were right, or no.

275.

But when they mark'd what firm assurance shed
 Itself down from the peremptory *Star*;
 They march'd in cheerly; and no sooner had
 Observ'd the humble Majesty which there
 Kept open court, but their Devotion grew
 To such brave height, that them it prostrate threw.

276.

The *Mother's* eyes in theirs rais'd admiration;
 The radiant *Infant's*, sacred ecstasy:
 For in her bosom's balmy habitation
 His sweeter Head they saw inshrin'd lie;
 As in the precious and glistening breast
 Of Mother-pearl the Jewel makes its nest.

277.

Though in the glorious volumes of the skies
 They oft had many a flaming Lecture read;
 They here perceiv'd these brighter Rarities
 Strongly confute those twinkling books, and bid
 Them seek no more for Stars above; nor be
 So vain as to look upwards Heaven to see.

278.

Thrice therefore having kiss'd the ground; Behold,
 Cry'd they, *great King of all the World*, poor We
 Whom by Thy *Star* thou sendest for, are bold
 To creep thus near thy gracious Majesty.
 The Name of *King* has flattered us a while,
 But we resign to Thee that fitter Stile.

279.

The foolish World surnames us *Wise*; but We
 No more will that ambitious Title own;
 Which truly due, and suting none but Thee,
 Before thy footstool here we throw it down:
 Accounting this our highest *Wisdom*, that
 We by thy Grace this Lowliness have got:

280.

That *King* art Thou; the hopes of whose dear Birth
 Have many fainting Generations cheer'd:
 That *Jacob's Star* whose Rising here on earth
 The shades and types of Prophecies hath clear'd;
 Displaying to this groveling World, which lay
 Till now in Darkness, a meridian Day.

281.

That sovereign *Wisdom*, which contriv'dst at first
The fabrick of this universal *Ball*;
By thy direction it from *Nothing* burst;
And in thy Counsel's boundless Circle all
Motions of heaven and earth still acted be:
Both *Change* and *Chance* are *Certainties* to Thee.

282.

Here drawing near, and having his Oblation
Laid fairly in his Crown; the *First*, before
His *infant Lord* with triple adoration
Thus tender'd his devotion; of the store
To me thy bounty has been pleas'd to give,
Vouchsafe this humble tribute to receive.

283.

It is the purest *Gold* my care could get,
Yet begs now to be gilded by thine Eye:
Unless true Richness thou wilt glance on it,
Thy hand's acceptance 'tis too poor to buy.
If thus this suppliant *Gold* may be beholden
To thy beam's charity, it will be *golden*.

284.

Then came the *Second* with like reverence, and
His Offering in his Royal Censer brought;
Accept, sweet *Babe*, from my unworthy hand,
Said he, this *Incense*, since 't has now found out
The next way to its *God*, and needs not rise
In labouring clouds to reach the lofty skies.

285.

The noblest 'tis my diligence could meet
Amongst the splicy beds of *Araby*,
Which in her first-fruits hither comes, to let
Thee know the rest at home is due to *Thee*,
And craves thy leave to kiss thy lovely feet:
No way but so, to make her odours sweet.

286.

These two fair Copies were transcrib'd by
The *Third*, whose Present was delicious *Myrrh*;
And, this to wait on thy *Humanity*
O my *incarnate God*, I here prefer:
That *Nature* which till now, said he, was poor
Ashes and Dust, in *Thee* we must adore.

287.

The *Babe* look'd up, and with a gentle eye
Approv'd their orthodoxal sacrifice;
But as the *Mother's* gracious courtesy
Held forth his willing hand to meet their kiss;
O no, our lips are too too foul, they cry'd;
By his Clout's kiss may they be purify'd.

288.

They kiss'd it, and arose: But on the floor
Ambitiously still left their Crowns, that they

Might gain the honor to be foot-stools for
Glory's own Prince; whose court most justly may
Be strew'd and pav'd with Diadems, since He
Reigns *King of kings* and *Lord of Majesty*.

289.

And now as much of Night as dar'd draw nigh
The native palace of fair *Grace's Day*
Was hither crept; the Pilgrims' modesty
Beg'd leave to lodge before the door: for they
In loyal reverence durst not think the same
Roof fit to cover both their *Lord* and them.

290.

Thus having pitch'd their tents without, and said
Their prayers to the *God* they left within,
With sweet content themselves to rest they laid;
Where when soft *Sleep* his gentle stealth began
Upon their brows; a *Dream* came close behind,
Which op'd a Vision to their waking mind.

291.

God in a mystick Voice, which well they knew
By its dear relish in their hearts, descended,
Timely discovering to their wondering view
What *Herod's* bloody Jealousy intended;
What ambushes of desperate traps, if they
Return'd by *Salem*, had beset their way.

292.

This Warning they, when *Morning* out had sent
The *flaming Giant* to his daily race,
With hasty joy obey'd: yet forward went
Their feet amain, but with as swift a pace
Their hearts recoil'd, so did their eyes, and in
The glorious *Stable* would again have been.

293.

Thus struggling homeward by a private way,
Unreach'd by harm they to *Arabia* came:
Where, through th' astonish'd Towns, a full Display
They brandish'd of the noble *Infant's* Fame;
Returning richer *Gold*, and purer store
Of *Sweets*, than they from thence to *Bethlehem* bore.

294.

The precious *Name* of JESUS, would alone
Discharge that debt, and purchase all the rest:
The *Gold*, *Myrrh*, *Incense*, which that Region
In all its richest hills and vales posset;
And authorize each *Part* of *Araby*
To take its surname from *Felicity*.

295.

Say *Psyche* now was not this simple Place
Most gloriously worth thy journey hither?
But Time's at hand which will erect *Disgrace*
On this *Foundation of Honor*, whither
One *King* shall send as studied Scorn, as three
Brought reverent and costly Piety.

296.

This *Temple of Virginity* will He
Deform to blackest *Lust's* unworthy Sty;
Rear'd in the blesséd *Manger's* place must be
The curséd Altar of *Impurity*;
And *Venus* and *Adonis'* titles swell,
JESU's and *Mary's* mention to expell.

297.

O then cry'd *Psyche* (for the *Angel* now
Clos'd up his lips,) may I that time prevent.
At *Purity's* unravish'd shrine my Vow
Burns to be paid. Alas, what though I want
Gold, Incense, Myrrh? I have a Heart which fain
Upon this *Manger's* Altar would be slain.

298.

It would be slain, thereby a Life to find
Which will not give its noble Name the lye:
For whilst I linger groveling in this blind
Valley of Sin, by Living I but Die.
A mortal Life is but an *handsom fiction*
Nothing well-drest, a flattering *Contradiction*.

299.

Here kneeling down, she dewes with liberal tears
The holy Relique, and with pious sighs
Quite blows th' unworthy Dust away; nor cares
She though the empty *Manger* mock her eyes,
Since her sharp-sighted Faith could Him deary
Who in that Cradle once vouchsaf'd to lie.

300.

A thousand hearts she wish'd she had been worth,
And full as many times that Wish renew'd;
That generously she might have pour'd forth
Her single Self to Him in multitude.
Over and over she would fain be *His*,
And tries *Love's* sweet *Impossibilities*.

301.

O what Contentions of Grief and Joyes,
And pious Languishments now thron'd her breast!
How many amorously-violent ways
Her venturous Soul try'd to be dispossess
Of *Fleshe's* tedious clogs, that she might to
Her *Spouse's* pure embraces naked go!

302.

But tir'd by this mysterious agony,
Her spirits to the powers of sleep submitted:
Oft had they quicken'd up themselves, and by
Stout zeal repuls'd th' inchroaching mists that flitted
About her eyes; which yet prevail'd at last,
And on the *Manger* laid her head to rest.

303.

Her eyes were clos'd, but wide awake her heart,
Which clearly run by Recollection through
The noble *Story*; reading every part
And circumstance, she knew not where nor how:
Whilst *Phylax* for her canopy had spread
His tender guardian Wing above her head.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Stanza 4, l. 1, '*Alexander's Monument*'—one of the most pathetic and suggestive of spectacles to-day, is the wretched Mahometan tomb in a squalid and miserable little mosque in Alexandria—of Alexander the Great. How different from what it once was, when his faithful soldiers bore their master's embalmed body from far-off Babylon—much as in our own day, Livingstone's was borne from inner Africa. Personally nothing has ever so touched me as my visit and revisits to this 'tomb.' St. 6, l. 2, '*haich*' = hold within—a play on the meaning 'inlay.' St. 18, l. 3, '*sooty*' = colour of soot—a bravely-chosen epithet, as later and most effectively by Robert Blair in his 'Grave' applied to the blackbird. St. 28, l. 6, '*prey*' = prey. St. 30, l. 3, '*enthusias*' = inspired. St. 31, l. 2, '*Factor*' = agent, worker: l. 5, '*Salutiferous*' = salutary. St. 38, l. 5, '*voyage*' = journey (not necessarily, as now, by 'sea'). St. 41, l. 6, '*forbad*' = forbade—*rythmical cause*. Even Ben Jonson so tampered with words, e.g. he transnogrifies 'will' into 'wull' to rhyme with 'dull' (The Forest: iv., To the World, st. 8). St. 42, l. 2, '*Theanthropick*' = incarnation, 'God manifest in the flesh.' St. 47, l. 3, '*Albian*' = Albion? St. 52, l. 1, '*silly*' = rustic, as in Shakespeare—'There was a fourth man in a *silly* habit' (Cymb. v. 3). St. 53, l. 6, '*but*' = arrow-mark. St. 62, l. 4, '*incempeel'dness*' = disorder, i.e. the fine disorder that Ben Jonson and Herrick admired. St. 64, l. 1, '*Candor*' = whiteness. St. 66, l. 2, '*Claritude*' = clearness. St. 69, l. 3, '*bottled*' = sifted. St. 70, l. 6, '*burly*' = big,

stout. St. 93, l. 5, '*ought*' = owed. St. 101, l. 2, '*gravid*' = child-bearing. St. 120, l. 6, '*Inservient*' = subservient, helpful. St. 129, l. 2, '*unworthy way*' = way unworthy [of them]. St. 133, l. 1, '*Travel*' = travail. St. 135, l. 5, '*burly*'—see st. 70, l. 6: *ibid.*, '*fond*' = foolish. St. 151, l. 1, '*peravert'd*' = preserved. St. 166, l. 4, '*Claritudes*'—see st. 66, l. 2. St. 169, l. 6, '*coffers*'—misprinted coffins in original. St. 178, l. 6, '*breakfast*' = break fast—not then so homely a word as now. St. 179, l. 6, '*Sturting*' = starting. St. 180, l. 1, '*Crutch*' = cradle. So st. 189, l. 4, and st. 200, l. 6. St. 182, l. 4, '*nest*' = nice? St. 183, l. 5, '*condescent*' = condescension. St. 187, l. 2, '*Celsitude*' = lofty bearing (Lat. celsitudo). St. 195, l. 6, '*gallant*' = sprightly, but an odd use of the word. St. 207, l. 1, '*champain*' = plain. St. 209, l. 4, '*hear*' = here. St. 217, l. 4, '*Mervills*' = marvels. St. 219, l. 5, '*poed*' = posed. St. 220, l. 4, '*galliard*' = dance so called: l. 5, '*savagness*' = savageness. St. 221, l. 1, '*jolly*' = pretty. St. 254, l. 4, '*Apparation*' = apparition, i.e. appearance. See another curious spelling on page 142, st. 13, l. 6. St. 258, l. 1, '*sumptures*' = magnificence: but qu. = sumpter? St. 266, l. 5, '*Synod*' = assembly. St. 267, l. 2, '*Micah*' = Micah. St. 275, l. 3, '*cherly*' = gladly. St. 278, l. 3, '*Thy*'—misprinted 'my' in the original. St. 286, l. 4, '*profer*' = profer or offer. St. 292, l. 5, '*as*' = as. St. 294, ll. 5-6, '*Araby*... *Felicity*' = Arabia Felix.

G.



CANTO VIII.

The Pilgrimage.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Love's Presentation solemniz'd; He
To Egypt through the dismal Desert flies;
Where, by the dint of true Divinity,
He dasheth down the forg'd Deities:
And thence, when Herod had the Infants slain,
And Justice Him, returneth home again.*

1.

Sage *Nature*, how profound is thy discretion,
Inamelling thy sober Courtesies
By seasonable useful Intermission!
Thou lett'st us feel the Want, to learn the Price;
Thou checkerest every thing with such wise Art,
That *Ease* proves constant successor to *Smart*.

2.

When *Night's* blind foot hath smear'd Heav'n's face,
the *Day*
With lovely beauty all the welkin gilds;
When *Winter's* churlish Months are thaw'd away,
The lively *Spring* with youth cheers up the fields;
When *Clouds* have wep't their bottles out, 'tis fair;
When *Winds* are out of breath, Thou still'st the air:

3.

When *sestuating* in her mighty toil
The *Ses* has wrought up to her highest shore,
Her weary Floods Thou teachest to recoil
Back to that Rest wherein they swam before.
And to all great and swelling Labours Thou
As sure an *Eb* dost constantly allow.

4.

Yet *Sleep* the Gentlest of thy Blessings is,
With which Thou sweaty *Pains* dost gratify:
When *Phœbus* through all heav'n has speeded his
Long smoking course, Thou giv'st him leave to lie
Down on the pillows of the watery Main,
Till brisk *Aurora* wakens him again.

5.

When *Trees* all Summer have been labouring hard
Their blossoms, leaves, and fruit in bringing forth;

The Night of Winter Thou dost them afford,
And bidst their Vigor go to bed in earth;
Down to the Root strait sinks the tired Sap,
And sleeps close and secure in *Tellus's* lap.

6.

When *Rivers* many tedious months have run
Through cragg'd rocks, and crooked peevish waies;
Thou mak'st stern *Boreas* pitiful, who on
Their necks a friendly-rigid bridle lays:
This locks them up in glass, and makes them rest
Till they are wak'd by Summer's southern Blast.

7.

When *Man* has travell'd with his hand, or mind,
(For this both toils and sweats, as well as that,)
Thou in a tender misty Vail dost bind
His heavy head, and teach his eyes to shut
Out grief and pain, that so repos'd He
May hug'd in *Sleep's* all-downy bosom be.

8.

Yet other Creatures little find in *Sleep*
But that dull pleasure of a gloomy Rest,
Which they themselves perceive not when they reap:
Man by this fuller privilege is blest,
That *Sleep* it self can be awake to him,
And entertain him with some courteous Dream.

9.

He, when his Touch, his Tongue, his Eye, his Ear,
His Nose, in *Sleep's* thick night are muffled up;
Can feel, can taste, can smell, can see, can hear,
And in his quick Dispatches meet less stop
Than when he wakes; for now his Soul alone
Can through his mystick business freely run.

10.

O sweet Prerogative! by which we may
Upon our pillows travel round about
The Universe, and turn our work to play;
Whilst every journey is no more but thought,
And every thought flies with as quick a pace
Quite through its longest, as its shortest race.

11.

No outward Objects' importuning Rout
Intrudes on sprightly fancie's operations ;
Who, Queen in her own orb, achieves with stout
Freedom her strange extemporal Creations ;
And scorning *Contradiction's* laws, at ease
Of nothing, makes what Worlds her self doth please.

12.

Nor is the Body more befriended than
The Soul, in sound Digestion's work, by *Sleep* :
This is the undisturbed Season when
The Mind has leisure to concoct that heap
Of crude unsettled Notions, which fill
The troubled brain's surcharged ventricle.

13.

In this soft Calm, when all alone the Heart
Walks through the shades of its own silent breast,
Heav'n takes delight to meet it, and impart
Those blessed Visions which pose the best
Of waking eyes ; whose day is quench'd with night
At all spiritual Apparition's sight.

14.

By this time *Psyche* having sailed through
The *Infant-story*, whilst her *Dryas* did steer
Her Soul's trim nimble bark ; She felt her brow
Eas'd of its cloudy weight, and growing clear.
Strait *Phylax* spy'd her looking up, and cry'd,
'Tis well thou hast thy *Spouse's* lodging try'd.

15.

Marvel not how this Manger could agree
With that most tender *Infant's* dainty head :
For by this copy He commends to thee
The scorn of *Wantonness's* plumy bed.
Thou seest sweet Sleep is possible upon
A cold and churlish couch of board or stone.

16.

'Tis not the flatt'ry of fine things without,
Which can with genuine softness cloth thy Rest.
Down proves but precious thorns, and silk doth flout
His hopes of quiet sleep ; whose treacherous breast,
Though with external unguents sleek, within
Is harsh and rugged, being lin'd with Sin.

17.

The honest Plowman in the simple straw,
Which furnish'd his first board, and now his bed ;
Reaps solid savory Rest, and steeps his brow
In deepest Ease : whilst though the Tyrant's head
Be laid in *Delicacy's* softest lap,
By knawing fears and cares 'tis plow'd up.

18.

If *Vice* and *Vengeance* had not us prevented,
We to the *Temple* now our way should take :

But they have revell'd there ; and those lamented
Ruins, too late a sad confession make.

Fire, and the *Roman* rage on it have prey'd,
And all its Glories' flames in ashes laid.

19.

Whilst yet it stood, the *Virgin-Mother*, when
The Law's time cited to *Purification* ;
Hastes thither with her early-pious Son
To pay obedience to that needless fashion :
Needless to Her, who of no human seed
Had ever been the spotted sinful Bed.

20.

Dare *Ceremonies* think themselves so clean
As to presume to wash the *Morning's* face
When she hath brought forth *Glory's* Son, and been
New-gilded by that birth with brighter grace !
How shall the *virgin Crystal* purer grow !
What *legal Rites* can purge and whiten *Snow* !

21.

Yet was the gallant *Morn* content to go ;
So was the spotless *Crystal*, and the *Snow* ;
And own Pollution, rather than not do
Their ready homage to the reverend *Law*.
Which yet was by a stronger back'd, for She
Went summon'd by her own *Humility*.

22.

And there arriv'd, the *Substance* to the *Shade*
She join'd, and clear *Truth* to the misty *Type* ;
Broad *Day* She of a glimmering *Twilight* made ;
Long-breeding and crude *Hopes* she turn'd to ripe
Fruition ; and to conquer all example,
A fairer *Temple* brought into the *Temple*.

23.

A *Temple*, where not one, but every Gate
Was *Beautiful* ; a *Temple* where each part
Most holy was ; a *Temple* where, though State
Shin'd not without, *Heav'n's* Monarch kept his court ;
A *Temple* which its strange foundation had
Above ; a *Temple* which was *Man* and *God*.

24.

When he drew near, the Walls and pavement smil'd,
The Roof would fain have bow'd to kiss his feet ;
The pious incense smelt the sweeter *Child*
And chang'd its usual path, with Him to meet :
It soard not up, but to the door inclin'd,
To heav'n the shortest passage so to find.

25.

The *Cherubs* which dwelt close behind the *Vail*
Had much ado to keep themselves within ;
Knowing that from their secret Oracle
The outward *Temple* now the *Glory* won ;
In which a higher *Priest* appear'd than He
For whom alone their *Privacy* was free.

26.

O how the *second Temple's* strange Renown
 Dazell'd the *First*! That fabrick reared by
David's wise Son, bow'd long aforehand down
 To this *young Temple's* following Majesty;
 And kiss'd the dust, surrendring thus its place,
 Since *Jesus's* Presence was this House to grace.

27.

And now the Mother on her bended knee
 Presents to Heav'n her *Son* before the *Priest*;
 Whose Priesthood O how far transcendeth *She*
 Who offers *God*! into her bosom's Nest
 Th' *Eternal Father* having sent him down,
 Right noble she thus yields Him back his own.

28.

When reverend *Johasar* received the *Child*,
 Through all his breast a secret gladness ran:
 Much he admir'd how his heart came fill'd
 With more than usual devotion;
 Not yet aware that in his arms far more
 Than *Paradise*, or *Heav'n's* it self, he bore.

29.

For wise, and most severely humble *She*
 Her tongue would never licence to unfold,
 What might an argument of honour be
 To her all-glory-shunning Self: nor could
 Or durst she think, but her great *Infant* knew
 Himself, when best it was himself to shew.

30.

But then (admonish'd by the courteous Law)
 She with five shekels buyeth back her *Son*.
 Were thousand Worlds her own, She would bestow
 Them, and her self, for his Redemption:
 But this poor Price serv'd her to ransom *Him*
 Who Her, and all the world, was to Redeem.

31.

Two milky Pidgeons (her own Emblems) *She*
 Then pays as duties of *Purification*:
 The gentle Birds a mourning fell to see
 How they had lost their dearer habitation:
 Less sweet they thought the Altar, and would fain
 Be nestling in her breast or lap, again.

32.

But holy *Simoon*, whose stout Expectation
 Grounded on Heav'n's high Credit, did sustain
 His aged life; by potent inspiration
 Forgot his leaden pace, and flew amain
 Into the Temple: for the nimble Blast
 Of *God's* own *Spirit* lent him youthful haste.

33.

O how his greedy Soul did work and beat,
 And think the time an age, till he was come

To his dear *Blisse's* shore! where, in the heat
 Of hasty zeal, he snatch'd his *Saviour* home
 Into his longing arms, and heart, which broke
 Out at his lips, and thus its passion spoke:

34.

O Life, thou now art out of debt to my
 Long-stretch'd Attendance, and canst nothing show
 Of further worth to gratify mine eye,
 And charm it still to hanker here below.
 No; I have seen, what I did live to see,
 The *World's Hopes*, and *mine own*, and here they be.

35.

Dear *Lord of Truth*, here, here's that hop'd-for *He*
 In whom lie treasur'd *Power* and *Salvation*,
 Which now thy Love expos'd has to be
 The blessed Theme of humane Contemplation.
 All Eyes may see this Face, as well as I,
 And clearly read their own felicity.

36.

This noble *Face*; by whose soul-piercing raies
 The *Gentiles*, quite dam'd up till now in night,
 Admonish'd are to understand their waies,
 And tread the open paths of highnoon Light;
 This *Face*, whose more than golden beauties be
 The glorious Crown of *Jacob's Progeny*.

37.

Death, if thou dar'st draw near *Life's* blooming King,
 O take possession of my willing heart!
 That I, a swarthy and unworthy thing,
 From his too-radiant presence may depart.
 Too blest am I to live, and cannot bear
 The burden of this heav'nly Lustre here.

38.

The good old Man thus eas'd his pious Zeal;
 And having sacrific'd a Kiss upon
 The *Infant's* royal foot, began to feel
 His Prayers were heard, and *Death* now drawing on:
 Which He to meet, went home, and order gave
 With sweet and hasty Joy, about his grave.

39.

As his Devotion's faithful Echo, lo
 The venerable Matron *Anna* came;
 She whose prophetick heart advis'd her to
 Attend upon and magnify the same
 Young *Son of Wonders*; that her Sex in *Her*
 As his in *Him*, its duty might prefer.

40.

And soon she met a full reward of all
 Those nights and days her fervor here had spent:
 Her *Fasts* were crown'd with *Blisse's* festival;
 Her longing *Prayers* which hence to heav'n she sent
 To pull it down, now found it ready here;
 For in the *Infant's* face it shined clear.

41.

So clear, that truth admiring she could not
 Restrain her tongue from being Trumpet to
 The Dawn of such convincing Brightness, but
 Through *Salem's* longest streets resolv'd to go,
 Spreading her Proclamation to each ear
 And heart, which long'd that heav'nly News to hear.

42.

This call'd so many wondring eyes to gaze
 On that pure *Mother* and her fairer *Son*,
 That from the glory of that populous Place
 To poor and private *Nasareth* she ran;
 Where, in her lowly house she hop'd to hide
 Her humbler self from *Honor's* growing tide.

43.

But *Honor* scorns the zealous cunning chase
 Of most ambitious eager Hunters; and
 Persues those modest Souls from place to place
 By whom she sees her orient Presence shun'd:
 Nor is she e'r out run, or fails to raise
 Their Names with Trophies, and their brows with
 Bays.

44.

But when in *Salem* this great News grew hot
 And flam'd to *Herod's* court; the Tyrant's Breast
 Boil'd high with rage, and vext suspicion that
 This fire might reach his Throne: which made him cast
 Deep, desperate counsels in his restless mind,
 For this bold Danger some stout Curb to find.

45.

Mean while the *Virgin*, and her *Husband*, who
 In holy Innocence immur'd were,
 Attended their great *Charge*, and fear'd no
 Troublous assaults, or ambushes of fear.
 No Peril's so presumptuous as to come
 Into their house, who had their *God* at home.

46.

In this weak-wall'd but mighty Garrison
 They mean to rest, till sent by *Heav'n* away;
 On *Heav'n's* engag'd Providence alone
 Dependeth both their Journey and their Stay:
 This Sentinel his watch exactly keep'd,
 And wak'd for them both when they wak'd and sleep'd.

47.

Now therefore as in Slumber's arms they lay
 (For 'twas high midnight) *Joseph's* wing'd friend
 Rousing his soul up by a mistic ray
 Bids him his speedy flight to *Egypt* read;
 For *Herod's* spight contrives to slay, said he,
 The *Infant*, and in him thy Wife and Thee.

48.

O that my wings might be his Chariot! but
 This noble Favour *Heav'n* reserves for thee,

Fly then; but see thy self thou trouble not
 With thy Return; for when the Storm shall be
 Blown clearly over, I'll not fail to come,
 And from thy *God's* own mouth recal thee home.

49.

This said; his nearest way the *Angel* took
 Homewards, loud fluttering as he mounted up:
 The noise made *Joseph* start; who strait awoke;
 But his wing'd Monitor had gain'd the top
 Of heav'n, and in the spheres inclos'd was
 E'r *Joseph's* following eye could thither press.

50.

Yet by his bless'd influence left behind
 Th' instructed *Saint* the Spring intirely knew;
 The privileg'd eyes of his religious mind
 Had long acquainted been with Him, and now
 He doubts not but 'twas his dear *Guardian*, who
 Had taught him oft in straits what he should do.

51.

Whilst by her sable curtains Night as yet
 Muffled up *Heav'n*, and kept the World in bed;
 Into his cloths he leap'd, and made all fit
 For his long journey: On the Ass he spread
 His Coverlet, and his best Pillow (sweet
 And cleanly hay) afforded him to eat.

52.

The Beast thus baited; He his Axe, and Saws,
 His Planes, Rules, Mallets, and his other store
 Of busy honest Implements bestows
 Close in his Bag, the treasury of his poor
 Industrious subsistence; which he ties
 Fast to his staff, and on his shoulder tries.

53.

Which done; two bottles (all the good man had)
 Fresh fill'd at a neighbour fountain, he
 Hangs on his girdle, with his pouch of bread:
 With all things thus accouter'd, reverently
 He stepp'd to the bed where *Mary* lay,
 Crying, Arise; *Heav'n* calleth us away.

54.

When She the business heard, and saw how He
 Had all his honest sumpture ready made;
 Far be it, she reply'd, that I should be
 At any hour to follow *Heaven* afraid:
 Or loitering for the morning's light should tarry,
 Who in my arms my fairer *Day* shall carry.

55.

I can be no where lost, dear *Babe*, while I
 Travel with *Thee*, who never canst depart
 From thine own home: so far thou canst not flee,
 But thine own Land will meet thee still, who art
 By thine eternal Right, the Prince as well
 Of *Ham*, and *Egypt*, as of *Israel*.

56.

This untouch'd sacred bank for thy expence
Th' *Arabian Devotion* meant not ; but
Thy Purveyor was thine own Providence :
Thou knew'st what Charge this Journey would beget,
And hast laid in Provision e'r we
Could dream of any such Necessity.

57.

And yet *Necessity* is no such thing
To mighty *Thee*, whose all-commanding hand
Governs the reins of *Fate*: the bloody *King*
Musters his wrath in vain, would'st Thou withstand
His spight in open field : but thou know'st why
It will be now more glorious to Fly.

58.

This Journey's but a step to *Thee*, who from
The pinnacle of all Sublimity
In my first Pilgrimage wert pleas'd to come
And take up thy abode in worthless Me :
Me, who from heav'n much further distant am
Then *Memphis* is from fair *Jerusalem*.

59.

This said ; her nimble self she quickly drest,
And by no Glasses, but her *Son's* pure eyes :
Whose furniture strait in a bundle truss'd
Whilst to the Ass her careful Husband ties,
She her own little All (and what was that,
But one spare vail?) into her pocket put.

60.

Then having wrap'd the *Infant* close, she took
Her dull steed's back : whom leading by the rein
Joseph, before the drowsy Town awoke
Conducted out into the quiet Plain :
Darkness and *Silence* clinged round about,
Barring *Discovery* and *Suspicion* out.

61.

This early *Master* thus the noble Art
Of Patience 'gan to teach his world below ;
To sanctify all Persecution's Smart,
And make it by his owning glorious grow :
Who but new-born, design'd is to die,
And long e'r he can go, is fain to fly.

62.

Aurora now the Porter of the day,
Gat up and op'd her portal to the *Sun* ;
Who peeping out with an abas'd ray
Beheld how far these *Travellers* had gone
E'r he awoke, and doubted whither he
Should in that day's horizon needed be.

63.

For when he spy'd the *Babe* abroad, the sight
Cost him a deeper blush than that which dyes

His morning cheeks : yet up he cheer'd his light,
And venturing on, resolv'd to try his eyes
Upon that *Infant-face* of *Splendidness*,
As Eaglets us'd to do their own at his.

64.

Now loyal Love forbid that coily thou
My *Psyche* shouldst disdain to trace their way,
Since I so fair a Convoy thee allow
Which neither dangers feareth nor delay :
Thy *God* was glad of that poor *Asse's* back,
But gives thee leave this *Charlot* to take.

65.

That leave's too noble, she reply'd, for me,
A meaner thing than what he rode upon ;
Might I on foot, or rather on my knee
Crawle in his royal path, no Prince's Throne,
Could tempt me from my greater honor :—'tis
Enough said *Phylax*, now no more of this.

66.

And here he snatch'd her up and shook the Reins :
Which item strait the greedy coursers caught,
And scouring through her soft aerial plains
The fields of *Nasareth* to their prospect brought :
Whose sudden face when *Psyche* view'd, she cry'd,
How much thy steeds my swiftest thoughts outide !

67.

O pity then thy *Lord*, said he, who though
Spurr'd on by fear, was forc'd to use a pace
Below the name of speed ; whilst *Joseph*, who
Himself was laden, leads the heavy Ass.
He led him, and although he made no stay,
Alas his very going was Delay.

68.

For on his breast a thousand massy Cares
More sadly sate, than on his back the load
Of all his Tools : what thoughts of *Herod's* fears !
What studies how to scape the ful-ey'd Road !
What tenderness to keep the *Mother* warm !
What dainty dread that *God* should take no harm !

69.

For though he knew that *Safety* was ambitious
In all their way to bear them company ;
Yet still he could not banish those delicious
Assaults of tender loyal jealousy :
And Love, when it has nothing else to fear,
Suspects defect in its most careful care.

70.

See'st thou that private Path, which ever since
With Lillies and with Violets hath smil'd,
Sweetly acknowledging the influence
Both of the passant *Mother* and the *Child* ?
The Country wonder'd at the beauteous list,
But from whose feet it sprung, they little wist.

71.

As to the Sea the Silver River through
A thousand bypaths steals its secret way ;
So doth this floury Tract to *Egypt* flow
Declining all things that its course might stay.
Doubt not the windings, but securely ride,
For now the Way it self's thy fragrant guide.

72.

Look how the *Galilean* Villages
Their distance keep, and give the *Path* free leave
To reach it self through these blind Privacies :
Look how the friendly Trees all interweave
Their arms, and offer close protection to
Whoever here in secrecy would go.

73.

There did the careful *Mother* light, to give
Her *Son* his diner from her lovely breast ;
Whom with right seemly welcome to receive
Kind *Earth* those sweetly-swelling Cushions drest.
Where'r you see th' officious flowers meet
In such a junto, know it was her seat.

74.

Mark yon neglected stable which is shut
Quite out of town, and stand alone ; with plain
Yet courteous hospitable Litter, that
Did these benighted *Pilgrims* entertain.
They with such Lodging old acquaintance had ;
Remember what thy *Lord* his cradle made.

75.

Joseph such wary Inns did duly chuse,
And scap'd observance all the way he went :
No eye of *Galileans*, or of *Jews*
Discovering his provident intent.
His way he stole with painful holy theft,
And on his back at length *Judea* left.

76.

He left *Judea* ; but first left by it,
Since to surprise his *Charge*, the bloody *Prince*
His cunning tenter'd. Thus thy *Spouse* thought fit
To teach his future Exiles, that the sense
Of their sad sufferings sate full near his heart
Who bore in Banishment so deep a part.

77.

For this his Part he freely deign'd to bear,
Not for his own, but for their dearer sake.
Why then should they whose feeble Natures are
Unable to resist, think much to make
Necessity their Virtue, and be by
Their Exile banish'd into Piety ?

78.

The freedom of the Reins here *Phylax* threw
Upon his coursers' backs : who cheer'd by

That liberty, with sprightly fervor flew
And scorn'd the Towns they saw beneath them lie.
Their gallant foam they flung about the air,
And with brave neighings heartened their carrier.

79.

The Clouds took notice of their resolute haste
And stepp'd aside to make their passage clear ;
Through which their smoking wheels whirl'd on as fast
As *Titan's* down his glibbest steepest sphere :
Which instantly so tir'd the *Northern Wind*,
That puffing he and lagging came behind.

80.

Thus having lost *Judea* in a mist
Of far-removed air, they rush'd into
The famous *Desert's* unperceiv'd List ;
Where their impatient fire still spurr'd them so,
That thrice was *Phylax* forc'd to check them, e'r
Their vehemence would yield his hand to hear.

81.

And then ; Consider *Psyche* well, said he,
This squallid scene of churlish *Desolation*,
This proper Region of *Perplexity*,
This horrid Nursery of *Desperation*,
This Storehouse of a thousand *famines*, this
Fountain of *Droughts*, this Realm of *Wretchedness* :

82.

This Country, whose ill-looking Neighborhood
To *Canaan* (that widespred chanel where
Honey and Milk conspir'd into a flood
Of costless but incomparable cheer.)
Doubles the value of that blessed soil,
And its own Vileness aggravates the while.

83.

Thus sticks black Night as foil to beauteous Day,
And by its blackness lends it fairer beams :
Thus sorrow's stings inhanse the sweets of Joy ;
Thus floods of Gall commend the Honey streams ;
Thus Darkness cleav'd close on Mirrours' backs,
The most perspicuous Glass more lightsome makes.

84.

Well knew wise *Heav'n Men* would not understand
Its royal bounty, in affording them
The gentle Riches of a fertile Land,
Were they not tutor'd by some dreadful Clime
Of bordering woes, and forced to confess
A Garden's blessing by a Wilderness.

85.

The prudent Lover to confirm the prize
Of her Affection thus sometimes is fain
To run to cruel Art, and barbarize
Her gentle Count'nance with severe Disdain ;
For she her wooer woeth by this scorn,
And only whips him thus to make him learn.

86.

Behold these needless Banks of sand, which have
No Sea to limit but this Ocean
Of *Barrenness*; where when the *Winds* conceive
Highswoll'n displeasure, and to battle run
Banding their mutual Blasts a thousand ways,
A storm of dry and parching rain they raise.

87.

For this wild soil, impatient to be plow'd
At *Æolous'* beck, in 's face most madly flies,
And climbing up into a tawny cloud
With smooking rage torments the stifled skies.
Whilst blinded Passengers amazed stand,
And all the Air is nothing else but sand.

88.

This frightened gentler Nature far from hence,
Who with her snatch'd her blessings all away;
Her teeming Spring's delicious influence,
Her Summer's beauties, and her Autumn's joy;
And all the best of *Winter* too; for here
This sandy Mischief scorcheth all the year.

89.

The Trees, you see, are all dispers'd and fled
For fear of proving only fuel here,
And that before the Axe had summon'd
Them to the hearth. The cheerly Birds which were
Their boughs' Inhabitants, with doleful cry
After their exil'd home were fain to fly.

90.

These churlish Plains no entertainment keep
Wherewith to welcome tame and honest Reasts;
Goats, Asses, Camels, Horses, Oxen, Sheep
Can at their wretched Table be no Guests.
No; this is only *Mischief's* curs'd Stage,
Where Beasts of prey, and Monsters act their rage.

91.

Observe that pair of couchant Tigres, who
In cruel ambush lie to watch their prey;
What boots the Traveller's one Life, when two
Such wild and hungry Deaths beset his way!
There runs a Lyon with his hideous note
Tearing for want of meat his greedy throat.

92.

At which dread business there's a female Bear
In meat and drink two days and nights behind,
Whose pin'd Whelps all yelling in her ear
Chode her abroad some bootie's help to find.
A headlong foaming Boar there makes his path
White with the scum of his intemperate wrath.

93.

But mark that Cave, before whose nasty door
A heap of Excremental Poisons lies;

Next which a Quakemire of congeal'd Gore
Rail'd round with naked staring Bones, describes
What part fell *Fury* there hath plaid, and who
Dwells in that House whose Porch is trim'd with woe.

94.

That gloomy Cloud which dams the Den's black throat,
Is but the *Tenant's* breath which dwells within.
Our talk has wak'd his Rage, and made it hot
With hopes of prey: hearst thou not him begin
To rouse himself? the fire he spits before,
Is but the Porter to unlock his door.

95.

Here *Psyche* though she now had cheer'd her heart
Beyond the pitch of female courage, yet
Could not her trembling curb, but 'gan to start
At that dire flame the belching Monster spit:
When *Phylax*, smiling on her horror, cry'd,
Fear not, for *Heav'n* and I am at thy side.

96.

He of his coming, by his hideous Hiss
Fierce warning gives; that stream of cole-black blood
He spews so thick, his wonted Usher is:
Thus when choice *Furies* break from hell, a flood
Of stinking Sulphure paves their dismal way,
Abashing all the Air, and pois'ning Day.

97.

Lo how his Eyes, like two bright firebrands placed
In cakes of blood, their fatal beams display;
For thus, with flakes of glaring Rays enchas'd,
To Heav'n's high Anger *Comets* light the way;
Pointing with every beam, to Cities, or
To Realms and Countries, Famine, Plague, and War.

98.

His Mouth, which foams with venom, is the Gate
Of helpless *Misery*; his Jaws, the Mill
Of deplorable and untimely *Fate*;
His Tongue, an Engine on whose forks there dwell
A thousand Deaths; his Throat, so black and broad,
To his unhappy Prey's the beaten Road.

99.

His leathern Wings are those which lend its speed
To dire *Destruction*: his iron Paws
Are *Spight's* and *Rage's* hands; his curs'd Head
The Oracle whence Tyrants fetch their Laws;
His scaly skin, the thick Embroidery
Of proud and most remorseless cruelty.

100.

His knotty Tail pointed with stinging fire,
Which on his back in sullen scorn he throws,
Is Death's dread Chain; that unrelenting ire
Which sits so high on his large craggy brows,
Is an aforehand bloody doom to all
Beasts, Birds, or Men that in his clutches fall.

101.

Hark how the bruséd *Air* complains, now he
Threshes her with the Flails of his huge wings :
For that soft *Nymph* elsewhere was us'd to be
Beaten with Feathers, or melodious strings :
Look in what horrid port he cuts the Clouds ;
The flame before, the smoke behind him crowds.

102.

As when the martial Griffen hovers near,
The greedy Kite forgets his chaséd prey,
And turning partner in the Sparrow's fear
Is glad as fast as she to sneak away :
So here all other Monsters grant that this
Their Sovereign in Rage and Terror is.

103.

Thou now seest neither Lyon, Boar, nor Bear,
This *Dragon's* presence frights them all away
Into their closest Dens and Caverns, where
They trembling lie, and durst not peep on Day.
So do all other strange portentous things
Hence storméd by the thunder of his wings.

104.

For else thou here hadst troops of *Centaur*s seen,
A mad composure of Horse-infantry :
Else *Sphinx*s and his ambiguous Brood, had been
Abroad in all their forefront bravery,
Indeavoring to excuse with Maiden-faces
Their Beastly bodies' horrible disgraces.

105.

Else had insatiable *Harpies*, their
Near Cosen Portents in the wingéd crew,
Boldly about this correspondent sphere
With Virgin's looks, and Vulture's talions flew :
Frolick falacious *Fawns* had else been skipping,
And *Satyrs* dallying here, and *Sikvans* tripping.

106.

Else had that Riddle of foul *Ataxies*
Whose every part is placéd out of place,
Who by a Goat's intruded belly ties
A Dragon's vast tail to a Lyon's face ;
Rangéd about these Sands, and sought what Prey
It's equal monstrous hunger might allay.

107.

Hast thou not heard, when *Abraham's Off-spring*
through
The wholesome Tryals of this Wilderness
Went to the well-deserving *Promise*, how
They fondly murmuréd because *Success*
Posted not on as fast as their desire,
And though the way were short yet needs would tire?

108.

They tir'd : though to encourage to the best
Of patient strength their privileged hearts,

Such Miracles combin'd as never blest
The World till then : *Heav'n's* kindest stoutest Arts
They by more obstinate shameless scorn neglected,
And their obtruding Happiness rejected.

109.

This forc'd the just *Creator's* strict Commission
To *Vengeance*, his most trusty Factress ; She
Straight mounting on the back of *Expedition*,
The World's black bottom plumm'd ; where terribly
The choicest Dens of Horror having ey'd,
Into *Erinny's* grot she turn'd aside.

110.

The *Fury* started ; on her quaking head
Right up stood every Snake : She ne'r till now
Had seen a sight so full of fatal Dread,
Though oft she view'd the deepest *Deep's*, and though
She daily used for her looking-glasses
Her correspondent *Sisters'* monstrous faces.

111.

For in the *Stranger's* furrow'd brows were sown
The seeds of everlasting *Indignation* ;
Her eyes were constant Lightning, flashing down
Her fiery Cheeks, and with their sprightly motion
Glancing a more than highnoon Day upon
The frighted Night of that black Region.

112.

Her sturdy breast was fram'd of burning brass ;
Her massy arms of sparkling steel ; her more
Than adamantine hands brandish'd a Mace
Of red-hot iron ; at her back she wore
A quiver stuff'd with forked bolts of thunder
Well-skill'd in tearing clouds and rocks in sunder.

113.

Pain, Anguish, Groans, Astonishment, Despair,
Dissention, Tumult, War, Plague, famine, Drought,
Confusion, Poisonous and Tempestuous Air,
Eversion, Desolation, Crying out,
Gnashing of teeth, eternal-dying fear,
Soule-knawing Worms, her dismal followers were.

114.

And so was *Schism*, and flinty *Obduration*,
With *Pride*, and *Impudence* in villany ;
And she who through her fairer garb and fashion
Seem'd more to sute with lovely company,
Was yet as rank a curse as they, for she
Was blind and false though zealous Sanctity.

115.

But *Vengeance* spying her *Erynny's* quake,
Constrain'd her dreadful Aspect to remit
Its awfulness's dint ; and try'd to speak
As mild as feirce she look'd : yet when she set
Her Mouth's hot furnace ope, to all the Cave
Loud Thunder notice of her speaking gave.

116.

Fear not, said she, I on an errand come
Which well will suit with thy revengful thought :
The *Sons of Israel* thou know'st with whom
My *Sovereign's* Patience long, ah long, hath fought.
'Tis true he leads them through a barren Earth,
Yet makes heav'n bring them bread of Angels forth.

117.

But peevish they force Him by murmuring, to
Repent his Kindness : wherefore thou must spare
Some of thy Locks, which I am sent to throw
About that Desert's now devoted Air ;
Where they shall lash the Rebels, till they see
What 'tis to kick at *God*, and waken *Me*.

118.

Me, whom soft *Mercy* long had stretch'd kept
Upon a bed which she of Patience made :
Me, who for ever might in peace have slept,
Did Mortals not take pleasure in this trade
Of sending up their shameless Sins, to tear
By daring Crys my most unwilling ear.

119.

Me, who ne'r mov'd this challeng'd Hand in vain,
Nor knew what 'twas or stroke or aim to loose ;
Me, whom no Tune can charm asleep again,
But dying Groans of those my head-strong Foes ;
Me, whose sure Power it self could deeply seal
On *Lucifer*, and ram him down to hell.

120.

Brinnys glad to hear this Message, tore
Her hissing Hair by handfuls from her head :
Which hasty *Vengeance* to this Desert bore
And through the trembling air their volumes spread ;
First having breath'd on them warlike fire,
Which kindled in their breasts mischievous Ire.

121.

Th' amazed *Element* would fain have fled
From all its Regions, to avoid this fight :
The boldest *Winds* that ever bluster'd Dread
About the World, were now a prey to *fright* ;
And to their furthest dens blowing themselves,
Gave way to these far more tempestuous *Elves*.

122.

Which were no sooner toss'd up, but they
Their scantness felt increased round about ;
Their Tails reach'd back their stings an hideous way,
And from their sides wide-threshing Wings burst out,
Whose boistrous stroak provok'd the vex'd flames,
Which from their eyes and mouths pour'd out their
streams.

123.

Their own instinct taught them the readiest way
To find the causeless-rebel *Multitude* :

Where seizing strait upon their helpless Prey
Their fiery Poison's shot so thick they spew'd,
That all the Camp had their Burntoffering been,
Had seasonable *Mercy* not step'd in.

124.

In *Mercy* step'd, and by a Contreplot
A *brasn Serpent* reared up to heal
Their burning Wounds whose faith had strength to put
Trust in that typick Med'cin's Spectacle.
They gaz'd, and saw their help, but could not pry
Into the bottom of that Mystery.

125.

That *crucified Serpent* represented
Thy *Spouse*, when on his Cross he reign'd, and by
His potent Dying gallantly prevented
The Plot of *Death* which more than He did die.
Who crush'd the old red *Dragon* which had hurl'd
His deadly venome all about the World.

126.

And now thou know'st the pedigree of this
Feirce *Portent* which inflames and taints the air,
Whose fiery looks and smoking flight confess
Of what Progenitors he is the Heir.
Think now how sad a Pilgrimage it was
When thy young *Lord* did through such Monsters pass.

127.

Yet shall this hideous Region appear
So precious unto future *Saints*, that they
Will seek their harbour no where else but here,
And make these Sands the shore where they will lay
Their Vessels safe from all those Storms, whose rage
Revels on secular *Life's* unfaithful stage.

128.

His *Pilgrimage* they'l judge a Dedication
Of all this Tract to holy Privacy ;
Where in serene and heav'nly Contemplation
They shall both sweetly live, and sweetly die :
Dreading no longer other Monsters, when
They once have rescued themselves from Men.

129.

Men, Men, those Portents are, whom wiser fear
More dangerously pois'nous will esteem
Than that *fire-breathing Brood* who in the sphere
Of this vast desert move like *Mars's* flames.
Men are those Dragons whose profounder art
Stings not the body, yet can bane the heart.

130.

Here they their Cels will build so strongly mean
That they shall Tempest scorn, and laugh at Plunder ;
Here they as fresh and strong, as pale and lean,
Will raise their souls and keep their bodies under.
Here they will importuned Earth intreat
With Herbs or Roots to gratify their Sweat.

131.

For neither stubborn flint nor sapless Sand
 Their Barrennesses' privilege will dare
 Strictly to urge against the painful Hand
 Of pious *Poverty* : such Charters are
 Of *Nature's* granting, and must needs give place
 Unto the grand Prerogative of *Grace*.

132.

Here will their Eyes not interrupted be
 With fond Allurements of the newest fashions ;
 Whose Commendation speaks their Vanity,
 Their Worth being only built upon Mutations.
 Their simple Sackcloth in one cut and guise
 To hide their Dust and Ashes will suffice.

133.

Here shall no Noise of chinking Money be
 Rebounded by their Heart's enchanted strings ;
 That Noise which with melodious Witchery
 Through all the World's unhappy Quarters rings,
 And gains more Altars for vile *Mammon* than
 To glorious *Heav'n* will be allow'd by Men.

134.

Here shall no glancing Eye, no mincing Pace,
 No sporting Locks, no smiling Red and White,
 No wanton Dress, no Tongue's Sirenian Grace,
 No bidding Coyness, no inviting flight ;
 Prevail upon their manly hearts to brook
 The tickling Slavery of a Woman's yoke.

135.

Here no Ambition's Puff shall swell their breast
 And in their soul a foolish Dropsy raise ;
 Who by themselves are freely dispossessed
 Of all those gardens which can bring forth bays ;
 And live upon a Soil which nothing bears
 But Poverty, and Roots, and Sighs, and Tears.

136.

No terrible Alarm of War shall here
 Ravish the sweetness of their virgin Quiet :
 Heer none of *Mars* his bolstrous Crew shall swear
 Themselves into authority to riot ;
 Nor make the Lords of these poor houses be
 The subjects of free-quarter's Slavery.

137.

Here shall no specious Care of Wife and Child
 Call them away in conscience from their Prayers :
 By Virtue's daily Progress they shall build
 Up to the gate of Bliss their mystick stayers ;
 And thus a second time the World shall leave,
 Nobly to *Heav'n* rebounding from their grave.

138.

But now this long Discourse devour'd had
 The longer Way, and *Egypt's* face drew near ;

Thebai's Meads and Woods and Towns were glad
 That to the *Desert* they next neighbours were ;
 And privileg'd these Strangers first to meet
 And with kind seasonable Welcome greet.

139.

When, Lo said *Phylax*, now the World grows tame,
 And mild and hospitable Prospects yields :
 These are the outmost skirts of populous *Ham*
 Lufted with Woods, and lac'd with floury fields :
 A dear-earn'd harbour to those Pilgrims who
 Have labour'd through this *Desert's* Sea of Woe.

140.

Thus at the headland's close wish'd *Rest* attends
 And home the weary Plowman gently leads.
 Thus hang the Garlands at the Race's ends
 Ready to crown the Runners' sweaty heads.
 Thus Summer cheers the pin'd Earth, when she
 Has pass'd through Winter's total Tyranny.

141.

The second *Joseph* hither came, and brought
 Far more Salvation than the *First* ; although
 From Famin's Jaws He snatch'd *Egypt* out,
 And fatn'd up seav'n starv'd years ; for now
 To famish'd *Memphis* this convey'd the bread
 By which the World eternally is fed.

142.

O how he triumph'd that his Charge was here
 Arrived safe through all those perilous ways !
 Upon the *Child* he look'd, but through a Tear
 Of passionate Joy, and pay'd their Safetie's praise
 To *Him*, whose Providence had in that wide
 Kingdom of Dangers to his Guides been Guide.

143.

And thus advancing to that City there,
 Surnam'd *Hermopolis* in compliment
 To ancient *Hermes*' Lasting honor ; near
 That fairly-tall religious *Tree* he went :
 The Natives call it *Persea*, and with high
 Esteem its Leaves and Apples magnify.

144.

Observe them well : each leaf presents the true
 Shape of a Tongue ; whose secret whispers treat
 With every Wind : the dangling Apples shew
 The feature of a panting Heart. O that
 The World would learn this lesson of the Tree,
 That with the Tongue the Heart should joynd be !

145.

Blind Superstition's Rites had hallow'd it
 To *Isis*' honor ; but the honest *Trees*
 Made bold that fond Relation to forget
 When thy great *Spouse* approach'd : for instantly
 With orthodox devotion piliant grown
 Low on the earth her head she bow'd down.

146.

Where she with all her hearts the *Babe* ador'd,
And did her best with all her tongues to sound
His praise, who is of hearts and tongues the *Lord* :
Then having with her boughs clean swept the ground,
She rose and gave him way ; yet out she stretch'd
Her neck, and after him her arms she reach'd.

147.

When lo, as near the City gate he drew,
Isis, (of stupid marble made, and there
Fix'd wisely on a Base which was as true
And as divine a Stone as she ;) with fear
And awe surpris'd, 'gan at first to quake
And then to bend, and then right down to break.

148.

Poor *Idol* ! who had never Sense till now,
And now feels only her own ruin : down
Tumbles the long-ador'd *Goddess Cow* ;
Resigning that high worship to her own
True *Lord*, which she had long usurped by
The help of *Egypt's* mad Idolatry.

149.

Her fair-spread Horns are shatter'd, bruise'd her brow,
Her broken neck mix'd with her crumbled feet :
The Deity advanc'd to Rubbish now
Has power to help the Country, if in thick
And mirey ways dispos'd : which sure is more
Assistance than it e'er could lend before.

150.

Thus when the reverend *Ark* of God was set
In *Dagon's* temple, down the *Idol* fell,
And at the door too hasty out to get,
Quite broke his Godship on the stronger Sell ;
Where his amaz'd *Devotos* entring, found
The wretch'd *fish* in its own ruins drown'd.

151.

But in the City's (and the People's) heart
Upon a golden column mounted high
And deck'd with all the wit and pride of Art
Serapis stood ; the *Ox of Majesty* ;
Whose consecrated Crown about his wide
And mighty Horns wreath'd its triumphant pride.

152.

Through that Piazza as these *Pilgrims* went
Seeking their Inn, the guilty trembling *Beast*
His steely knees and brazen body bent,
And by his massy weight so strongly cast
Himself down headlong, that into an heap
Of fragments from his Godhead he did leap.

153.

The dismal Crack of this strange ruin's thunder
Alarm'd all Ears and Bosoms of the town ;

Quite shattering their brittle souls in sunder,
Who thought the next fall needs must be their own.
For now alas it was their deepest dread
That they themselves should like their *God* be made.

154.

But though blind They could not the truth descry,
Wise *Joseph* and his virgin *Consort* knew
To what more powerful Divinity
The *Idol* his obeisance prostrate threw :
What pointed out by *Essay's* Pen had been
To entertain Faith's prospect, they had seen.

155.

There had they seen, how into *Egypt*, on
A speedy Cloud thy *spouse* should ride ; and how
Th' ashamed *Idols* into dust should run
From his dread Presence : and they plainly now
Found that his *Mother's* bosom was the Cloud
Where in his flight he pleas'd himself to shroud.

156.

Good *Joseph* therefore posted up and down
The ruin of Idolatry to spread
Through every populous superstitious Town
Which deify'd the *horn'd Statues* : Sad
And troubled was his righteous Soul to see
That men should more than marble stupid be.

157.

And wheresoe'er on *Zeal's* stout wings he flew
Equal Success still bore him company :
Th' infernal *Spirits* still their Lodgings threw
In pieces, as thy mighty *Lord* drew nigh.
Thou shalt no further go ; but I will tell
Thee here, what Wonders afterward befell.

158.

The heart of *Egypt* melting down her breast,
As from their Pillars her vain *Gods* had done ;
The Priests and sage Magicians broke their rest
To find this Prodigy's occasion :
And all at common Council met one night,
Resolv'd to try their Spell's profoundest might.

159.

Jannes, a wretch both of his race and name
Who vainly tugg'd with *Moses's* strength, began :
'Twas in a vault where Day's looks never came ;
A vault untrod by any mortal Man
Who was not full as black as they, and made
Solemnly free of their accurs'd Trade.

160.

The Door of Iron once, but now of Rust,
With nine huge barrs he fortifies ; yet still
Unwilling nine Securities to trust,
Each barr he fastens with a charmed Seal.
Fond Wizzard ! who by every one of them
Either his fear lays open, or his shame.

161.

In this deep Temple of Infernal Arts
Lighting a Taper temper'd with the fat
Which grew about his Predecessors' hearts,
In a dead Man's Mossy skull he set.
The Mists and Stinks long wrestled with the flame
Before the vault laid ope its naked shame.

162.

Then gaping wide both with his mouth and eyes,
He spew'd seaw'n solemn Curses on *Day-light*;
Which though it saw the *broken Deities*,
Would not detect what sacrilegious Might
That ruin wrought: and then those Gods he blest
Whose luck it was in gloomy holes to rest.

163.

For on a shrine *still-standing* there appear'd
Serapis, Isis, and a smoaky rout
Of lesser Gods: the altar was besmear'd
With bloody gore; and scatter'd round about
In reeking fragments lay Cheeks, Noses, Eyes,
Hearts, Shoulders, Livers, Legs, Arms, Bowels,
Thighs.

164.

These hideous dainties was the breakfast for
A *Crocodile*, whose sacred den was there;
But tam'd by strong enchantments, durst not stir
When in their Magick bus'nesse's career
The Priests were hot: no Monster but compar'd
With raving Them, serene and mild appear'd.

165.

The Walls with *Leeks* and *Onyons* garnish'd were;
For courteous *Egypt* Gods had made of these,
And from her well-dung'd soil reap'd every year
A worthy Crop of young fresh Deities.
Nile on the roof by Paint was taught to flow,
That *God* whose bounty makes those other grow.

166.

But *Jannes* having now thrice wash'd his Hand
And stain'd with it that *Stygian Ink* which stunk
In his black Laver; up he takes his *Wand*,
That *Wand* which once liv'd on a cypress Trunk
Planted on *Acheron's* bank, but now was made
The deadly Scepter of their conjuring Trade.

167.

A Scepter-unto which the Moon, the Sun,
The Stars, had often stoop'd, and *Nature* bow'd:
Oft had it turn'd the course of *Phlegeton*,
Oft had it troubled Hell, and forc'd the proud
Tyrant, for all his Iron Mace, to be
Obedient to its wooden Witchery.

168.

With that a Circle on the floor he draws
(Spred thick with ashes stoll'n from funeral piles)

Which with strange Lines, and Hooks, and Forks, and
Claws,
And scrambling frantick shapeless shapes he fills:
Wild Hieroglyphicks, stark-mad Characters,
A jumbled Rout of snarl'd illfavor'd Jars.

169.

Into this hell of scratches in step'd He
(A seemly Actor for that scene,) and there
Three groans he gave; three times he bow'd his knee;
He thrice with blood besprinkled his left ear;
Three times he mumbled over those profound
Monsters his Wand had written on the ground.

170.

As oft he spit, as oft his lips he bit;
And every time chew'd sullen detestation
And silent blasphemy against the great
Monarch of heav'n; whose jealous indignation
Of *Rival Powers* made him suspect that *He*
Was guilty of the Gods' Calamity.

171.

Then lifting up his hollow voice, he cry'd,
By *Jannes, Jambres*, (our renowned Sires,)
And *Pharaoh's* adamant Soul, which try'd
A fall with *Israel's God*; by all those Fires
We on your Altars kindled have, and them
Which with black *Styx* or *Erebus* mingled swim.

172.

By these profound mysterious *Notes* which I
Have figur'd here; by dread *Tisiphone*;
By stern *Allecto*, and *Megeira*; by
Huge *Cerberus* his head's triplicity;
By Hell's wide Gates; and by the most divine
Scepters of *Pluto* and of *Proserpine*:

173.

By your own Heads, who here alone have your
Safe sanctuary found: I you conjure
Serapis, Isis, and each lesser *Power*,
No longer your Dishonour to endure.
What boots it here to be a *standing God*,
And in *Scorn's* publick eye fall down abroad?

174.

For from *Hermopolis's* unfortunate gate
Ruin advanc'd, and boldly made her prey
On every Deity whose curs'd fate
It was to stand in her devouring way.
Whence comes this Downfall of Religion? what
Has spread amongst the *Gods* this deadly Rot?

175.

Let me but know, and Heav'n I'll force to bow
And kiss the feet of Hell: the Center I
Will in the face of scornful *Phobus* throw
And at high-noon with Midnight choak the sky:
But I your Quarrel will revenge, and make
Your secret theevish foe in publick quake.

176.

His mouth the coal-black foam here stoping. He
 With greasy ghastly face, with staring eyes,
 With breast tormented by anxiety,
 With languid arms and hands, with quivering thighs ;
 Expects his mighty Charm's Result to see,
 And what his Oracle's Reply would be.

177.

When lo (for then thy *Spouse* was drawing nigh,
 That very place,) a groaning horror shak'd
 The mourning Vault, which was rebounded by
 So strong an earthquake, that the *Idols* crack'd,
 And by their prostrate fragments in the Cave
 Turn'd their own Temple to their fitter Grave.

178.

Scarcely had *Jannes* and his frightened Crew
 Time to escape the Ruin of their *Gods* :
 But being out, their Indignation threw
 Their Books away, and brake their fruitless Rods ;
 And having nothing else whereon to pour
 Their spight, their flesh they rent, their hair they tore.

179.

His secret Vengeance thus thy *little Lord*
 Sheath'd in the bowels of *Idolatry* ;
 Whilst puzzled *Egypt* felt the conquering Sword,
 But could not its mysterious *Victor* see.
 The *Angel* thus of old their *First-born* slew,
 When undiscern'd through that Land he flew.

180.

Mean while fell *Herod* rack'd his busy brain
 About his *Master-piece of Tyranny* :
 The dull-ey'd *Vulgar* never could attain
 To read its Hatching and Nativity,
 For it was bread as low as hell : but I
 To thee will ope this blackest Mystery.

181.

Mischievous were that *Prince's* Counsels : but
 Proud *Lucifer* had deeper plots than He,
 More jealous of his Crown than *Herod*, at
 The new-born *King's* high-fam'd Discovery :
 For in his ears the *Shepherd's* Story rung,
 And that stronge musick of the *Christmas Song*.

182.

The angry mouth of thunder never spoke
 Such terror to his Soul as those soft Notes ;
 Which tun'd to Joy's mild key, divinely broke
 Out from the nests of those sweet *Angels'* throats.
 Nor was this Omen all : for he had spy'd
 That eastern *Star*, the *Wisemen's* wiser Guide.

183.

No light did ever fright him so, but that
 Whose Darts down headlong shot him from the top

Of heav'n's sublimest pinnacle, and shut
 Him up in deepest Night ; that damn'd shop,
 Where 'twas his trade Sin's cheating Wares to sell
 To those who with thir Souls would purchase hell.

184.

But now he fear'd this trade would never thrive,
 And that few Chapmen would delight to buy,
 So long as that great *Infant* was alive ;
 With whose more profitable Deity
Shepherds and *Kings* to traffick had begun,
 And taught the World which way for Gains to run.

185.

Especially since his dear *Egypt* now
 Was likely to revolt, and pay no longer
 Homage to any gilded *Ox* or *Cow* :
 Since vallant *Jannes* yielding to a stronger
 Charm than his own, had forfeited the fame
 Of Hell, and quite betray'd *Magick's* name.

186.

Ten thousand spawns of his perplex'd brain
 He tumbles o'r, yet none could please his eye ;
 Again he chooses and dislikes again ;
 But vows at last howe'r, thy *Spouse* shall die.
 He vows by his own head, and seeks some *Fiend*
 To whom the desperate work he might commend.

187.

A Rock there stands on dire *Cocytus's* bank
 Which to the River opes its monstrous Jaws,
 Content to suck no breath but what the rank
 And sulphury Vapour of that water throws
 Into its Mouth ; which far more venomous makes
 The steaming Poisons that from thence it takes.

188.

In winding holes and ragged corners there
 Whole Families of Adders, Vipers, Snakes,
 Asps, Basilisks, and Dragons dwelling are ;
 Whose constant and confounding Hissing makes
 The language of that Mouth dreadfully tell
 What Prodiges in Hell redouble Hell.

189.

The Throat sticks thick with bones of legs and arms,
 Which ravenous *Haste* left stinking by the way.
 The Stomack (Murder's Sink and Dungeon) swarms
 With heaps on which Digestion could not prey :
 At whose unfadomable Bottom reaks
 Young guiltless Blood in Vengeance-daring Lakes.

190.

But at the Cavern where the Heart should lie
 Was hung a sevenfold Gate of massy brass,
 Plated with Adamant, and conjur'd by
 A thousand bolts and locks, to let no cross
Mischance peep in ; besides, as many Seals
 Treading on one another's crowded heels.

191.

High in the Tower above, at windows close
Lattis'd with Steel, stood *Lynxes* night and day :
An hundred *Dogs* lay at the threshold, whose
Quick ears no Sleep could ever steal away.
Next them as many *Cocks*; and next to these
A vigilant Company of trusty *Geese*.

192.

Within lurk'd dark Meanders, damm'd up
By frequent doors, and Porters too, whose chief
Office it was to keep them lock'd, and stop
Ev'n *Thoughts* it self from playing there the thief.
Their lights they oft put out, for fear some sly
And cunning Beam a cranny might espy.

193.

The Walls were circled by a mighty Moat,
The Palace far from Danger to divide :
No bridge it knew, and but one single Boat
In which no more than one at once could ride ;
And this the timorous Shores close Pris'ner was,
Under a chain of steel and lock of brass.

194.

On all which Shore in due array were set
With weapons ready drawn, three careful *Watches*,
That no *Disturbance* might presume to put
Its finger forth, or touch the jealous Latches :
For with a loud alarm they rous'd were
If but the Image of a *Noise* came there.

195.

But in that House, so dark and so profound,
That fair and high it made the rest of Hell ;
A Thing O how much more than Monster, drown'd
Yet deeper in self-torturings, chose to dwell.
One who espous'd Disquiet for her Rest,
One who *all furies* is to her own breast.

196.

Suspicion's her just name ; thick set's her head
With thoughtful Eyes, which always learing seem,
And always ghastly ; for they trust no Lid
To interpose twixt Lassitude and them.
On *Sleep* they look as on some treacherous thing
Hatching blind Dangers under his black wing.

197.

But principally they at one another
Their anxious and misgiving glances throw ;
And if no grounds of fear they thence can gather,
Of deeper Dangers therefore fearful grow.
Yet whilst they all thus mutually stare,
Each bids his brother of himself beware.

198.

Her sharp thin ears stand always prick'd upright
To catch all Sounds and Whispers that come near.

Sometimes as her own Fancy took its flight
But through her head, she thought some Noise was there.
Her hollow Cheeks had gap'd long for meat,
But doubts and fears forbade her still to eat.

199.

She dream'd in every Dish and Cup she saw
Some sly and deadly Poison's Ambushment.
Alas, and how could any venome grow
So venomous as she, who might have lent
New power to Dragons' stings, and taught each field
Of *Thessaly* crops of surer bane to yield.

200.

Impenetrable Steel her Garments were,
All of the temper of great *Satan*'s shield :
Her hands allarm'd by perpetual fear
A mighty Sword and brazen Buckler held :
Weapons with which she never durst intend
To fight, but only her own head defend.

201.

Fast stood her Chair on forty iron feet,
And to the ground all double nail'd ; yet she
Could not believe but underneath her seat
Some treasonable Mine might lurking be.
This made her seldom sit ; and when she did,
Over her shoulder still she turn'd her head.

202.

No morning pass'd but some on work she set
New Keys to make her ; being jealous still
Her foes might patterns of her old ones get ;
And twenty times as much she chang'd her Seal :
As her own self she would have done, had she
Known how to alter her Deformity.

203.

With contradicting thoughts her brain was beat,
Which were no sooner liked but rejected :
She weigh'd and bouted every Counsel, yet
What surest seem'd to be she most suspected.
Oft would she skip, and fling about, and start,
And meerly at the motion of her heart.

204.

Ten times an hour her Pulse she duly try'd,
Doubting as often what its working ment :
Sometimes she thought she felt too high a Tide,
Sometimes too low an Ebb of blood : Content
She never was, yet sought no Physick's aid,
Of Sickness and of Cure alike afraid.

205.

An Oath of strict Allegiance thrice a day
She forc'd on her numerous Family ;
And weekly chang'd their Offices, that they
Might have no time to ripen Treachery.
Strange *Officers*, yet fitting to attend
So sovereignly-odious a *Fiend*.

206.

The first was *tall* and big-bon'd *Cowardise*
 Whose lazy Neck on her fat shoulders lay ;
 Her gross head screen'd by both her hands ; her eyes
 Horribly winking, at the dint of Day ;
 Her ears as flat as dread could lay its prize ;
 Her sneaking tail hid 'twixt her shivering thighs.

207.

The next, stern *Cruelty* supported by
Advantage and *Revenge* ; prime *Engine*
 To all the Generals of Tyranny.
 What Whips, what Racks, her fell *Inventions* were,
 What broad *Perfidiousness*, what groundless Wars,
 What *Insultations*, and what *Massacres* !

208.

Close in the corner stood pale *Thoughtfulness*,
 Seald on whose lips regardless *Silence* sate :
 Her business was a thousand things to guess ;
 She stamp'd, her head she scratch'd, her breast she beat,
 Her wearied eyes she nail'd to the ground,
 And in her endless self her self she drown'd.

209.

About the room ran furious *Discontent*,
 And when all other scap'd her causeless war,
 She wag'd it with her self ; her cloaths she rent,
 Her cheeks she gash'd, and madly tore her hair.
 But *Malice* slyly crept, and dealt her spight
 To friends and foes in a conceal'd fight.

210.

Yet slippery *Guile* was nimbler than the rest,
 Whose quaint attire was of *Chamelions'* skins ;
 Who in two minutes could become at least
 An hundred *Virtues*, and as many *Sins* :
 She *Polyplus* in feet outv'y'd, and was
Portune's true Echo, *Proteus'* Looking-glass.

211.

Her mate was complemental *Flattery*,
 Whose mouth's rich mine bred more than golden words ;
 Her hand she always kiss'd, and bent her knee,
 Whilst in her mantle lurk'd two pois'n'd swords.
 These were the courtiers, and of their condition
 A thousand more who waited on *Suspicion*.

212.

When *Lucifer* had rak'd many Dens
 And found no *fury* who so furious was
 As his new-bru'd Design ; at last he runs
 To this foul sink : where when his sulphury face
 The flashing Tokens of his presence threw,
 The rous'd Grot its awful *Sultan* knew.

213.

The Boat flew from its chain to meet his feet,
 And waft him over to the *privy Watch* ;

Whose swords fell down, whose hands went up, to greet
 Their *Sovereign's* coming and to draw the latch.
Suspicion started as they op'd the door,
 Wondring her *Mastiffs* bark'd not before.

214.

But dread and awe had stopp'd their mouths ; as now
 They seal'd Hers, to see grim *Lucifer* :
 She fear'd the worst, and thought that in his brow
 She read some deep-writ lines of spight to her.
 But from his face he wip'd the fire and smoke,
 And with a Kiss's preface, thus he spoke.

215.

Madam, be not afraid, for well I know
 My friends, and thee as best of them esteem ;
 Witness that precious trust my love will now
 Treasure in thee ; it is my *Diadem* :
 My *Diadem* is lost if thou dost not
 Procure Destruction to *Mary's Brat*.

216.

Herod will do his best, I ken him well,
 If aided by thy desperate *Inspiration* :
 There's not a heart that lives, where more of Hell
 Hath taken up its earthly habitation.
 O had I store of such *Viceroy's* as He
 To rule my Earth, how Heav'n would baffled be !

217.

Yet *Herod's* but a Man ; and should he stand
 On foolish points of nice *Humanity*,
 That *Brat*, by being such, might scape his hand.
 But if his strength with thine thou backest, He
 Will quickly grow most salvagely complete,
 And bravely venture on the *barbarous feat*.

218.

Nor need'st thou any Maid but *Cruelty*
 To dress thy Project ; take her then and go :
 Fetch but that *Baby-God's* heartblood for me,
 And with a Crown I'll raise thy worthy brow,
 Mounting thee on an everburning throne
 Where thou shalt reign *Queen of Perdition*.

219.

Glad was the *Hagg* to hear the business, and
 Promis'd her *Lord* all devilish faith and care :
 Who clapping on her head his sooty hand,
 Cry'd, take Hell's blessing with thee ; O my Dear
 Success attend thy *Loyalty*, and may
 Heav'n's envious Tyrant not disturb thy way.

220.

Forthwith her path through *Asphaltite's Lake*
 She tore, and in the middle boyled up :
 The sulphure trembled, and the banks did shake,
 Down to the bottom fled the frighted top ;
 That most victorious *Stink* which till to day
 Dwelt there, her stronger Breath blew quite away.

221.

Deep *Horror* all the Elements did seize,
 And taught the rest, as well as Earth, to quake.
Blasting deflour'd the Meadows and the Trees;
 Her noise made Ghosts of thousand Witches wake,
 Ill-boding Nightrav'ns croak, shrill Scritchows squeak,
 Hogs whine, dogs howl, Snakes hiss, and mandrakes
 shriek.

222.

Men, Beasts, and Birds fled from her frightful face;
 And Heav'n it self would fain have run away
 Had it but known to what retiring place
 Its now too vast Expansions to convey.
 Yet *Phæbus* made a shift to lurk and croud
 His eyes behind the curtain of a cloud.

223.

But when she mark'd how *Nature* fear'd her look,
 So to be seen she was as much afraid;
 For in Invisibilitie's sly cloke
 Stealing to *Herod's* Court (where *Cære* had laid
 The Tyrant fast asleep) into his breast
 Her Consort and her damn'd self she thrust.

224.

As when a viper squeas'd into his wine
 By *Treason's* hand deceives an heedless King,
 About his Soul the poison's powers twine,
 And with a war of Pangs his entrails wring:
 So did these *Monsters* with tempestuous smart
 Rage in the bowels of fell *Herod's* heart.

225.

Dark dreadful fancies, and self-thwarting Cares
 Worry'd his breast, and chas'd sleep from his eyes:
 For up he starts, his greasy beard he tears,
 And round about his chamber cursing flies:
 He curs'd himself, and Heav'n, and all its Stars,
 But chiefly that which pointed out his fears.

226.

Squander'd have I, said he, my time till now
 On petty bus'ness, whilst my Crown and Head
 Lie at the stake! have I let treason grow
 And gather strength, upon my Life to tread!
 Fy *Herod*, fy! wert thou that wary He
 Whom *fame* extoll'd for sharp-ey'd Policy.

227.

What stupor made thee suffer those bold *Kings*
 Who blas'd the Birth of that *Jessean Prince*,
 To prate in *Salem* of such dangerous things?
 Hadst thou not fire and sword to chase them thence?
 Could not that flaming *Steel* have shin'd far
 More potently than their enchanting *Star*.

228.

And could thy Kingdom, and thy larger wit
 With other Messengers not furnish thee,

Whose loyal Cruelty might have been fit
 To bear a death-designing Embassy;
 But on thy errand thou thy foes must send;
 And whilst thou bat'st thy *Rival*, him befriend?

229.

But due to thee is every *fury's* sting
 For trusting their bare word for their Return.
 Ar't *Herod* still, both *Crafts'* and *Jewries' King*,
 Who by thy Brain didst for thy Temples earn
 The Crown they ware! and canst thou cosen'd be
 By three old doting Men's poor subtility!

230.

See now how well thy credulous Courtesy
 Repay'd is: Those *Kings* the News have spread
 Through all the Regions of wide *Araby*;
 Which joyn'd in Zeal's bold League, have made an head
 To tear fool'd *Herod* from his throne, and set
 That *Infant*, as a wiser Prince, on it.

231.

Me thinks I smell the Battel drawing near,
 And *Vengeance* aiming at my careless Brain;
 Me thinks the thunder of their Arms I hear,
 And see the Lightning flashing on the plain;
 Loud in mine ears, me thinks, the name doth ring,
 The shouted Name, of *Israel's newborn King*.

232.

The Priests' falsehearted pack will strait comply
 With those new *Powers* against despis'd Me;
 And triumph that their reverend *Prophecy*
 In my dethroning they fulfill'd see.
 My *Idumean Stock* too well they know,
 And much ado I had to make them bow.

233.

As for the giddy *Multitude*, whom I
 Have squeas'd with my oppressing Taxes' load;
 All change to them will seem felicity,
 But most, if baited with the *Name of God*.
 And when Religion calls to Innovation,
 What banks can curb a popular *Inundation*!

234.

The Cause, the Cause, however causeless, will
 Fire them to such a prodigality
 Ev'n of their blood, that they their lives will spill
 In hopes that Dying, yet they shall not die;
 And turning Superstition's maddest slaves,
 Trust They shall prove immortal in their Graves.

235.

My Nobles all will this advantage take
 Longing to serve some gentler Prince than I;
 Good Lands have They to loose, for whose dear sake
 Bidding farewell to costly Loyalty,
 They'll to the stronger Eastern Armies run,
 And idolize with them the *Rising Sun*.

236.

'Tis true, *Heav'n's* over all; but I confess
 'T has often vex'd me that it should be so;
 And since my stomach thus against it rise,
 What hopes from thence of friendly succours to
 Distress'd *Herod*! No the case is plain:
Write him for foe, on whom y'have thrown Disdain.

237.

Much Gold, I grant, I on the Temple spent;
 But in devotion solely to my own
 Ador'd Ends; (the only true Intent
 Of Politicians' seal:) And well 'tis known,
 For all my mask of *Jewish Piety*,
 My aim was always *mine own God* to be.

238.

None have I left to trust, but only Thee,
 O thou my high, and once heroick Heart!
 Why may not some Exploit of Cruelty
 Above example rais'd, force *fate* to start?
 Why may not *Herod's* Sword cut out that leaf
 Of *Destiny* which has enroll'd his Grief.

239.

It must, and shall be so: I will not own
 A *Tyrant's* Name for nothing. Let the Head
 Of *Cesar* wear the World's Imperial Crown
 With love and gentleness embellish'd:
 It shall my manly Glory be, to write
Sovereign of Rage, and Emperor of spite.

240.

And let *Heav'n's* Monarch thank himself, if I
 Torment him with a stronger Sin than yet
 Earth in his scorn'd face e'r taught to fly.
 Who bid Him wake my fears? who bid him set
 An ominous *Comet* to outstare my Rest,
 And light *War's* journey hither from the East?

241.

From two years old, and under, every Brat
 That sucks in *Bethlehem*, and its confines, breath,
 Upon the altar of my royal Hate
 Shall sacrific'd be: and if no Death
 Amongst all those can find my *Rival's* heart,
 Then let him scape; I shall have done my part.

242.

But sure it cannot miss: and then I wonder,
 What can the vain *Arabian* forces do!
 If their foundation once be split in sunder,
 Their Building needs must stoop to ruin too.
 If I their *Infant* in his bud can crop,
 Surely the dangerous Weed will ne'r grow up.

243.

'Twill never grow to taint the Paradise
 Of my *Content*; which cheer'd and fatn'd by

This hostile blood, may venture to despise
 Earth's strongest cunningest Conspiracy;
 Add laugh at frustrate *Heav'n*; no Star from whence
 Shall dazel any more my Confidence.

244.

This said; he nods his special *Secretary*;
 (An Engine rarely qualify'd to stand
 At fiercest *Satan's* elbow,) who right merry
 To hear his barbarous Sovereign's sad Command,
 The black *Commission* writ, which was to be
 In blood transcribed by the Soldiery.

245.

For *Herod* kept an arm'd Crew, which He
 With cruel care and cost had pick'd and chose
 From *Idumea*, *Scythia*, *Barbary*;
 Men ruder than their Homes; profess'd foes
 To all humanity; their looks of Brass,
 Their hands of steel, their heart of marble was.

246.

As practis'd Tigris in the Theatre
 Let loose to their own keen and hungry spight,
 With dreadful joy haste to their wish'd War;
 Where with their murderous looks the slaves they fright
 Out of their lives, then with their teeth they tear
 And slay again what first they kill'd by fear.

247.

These bloodier *Caytiffs* so to *Bethlehem* ran
 With swords and faulchions arm'd, and with their more
 Inhumane weapon, their *Commission*,
 Counting Delay their torture: with a Roar
 The Town they enter'd, which alarming Thunder
 With Dread smote all the People's hearts in sunder.

248.

Strait in the Name of awful *Herod* they
 Proclaim'd their office was, a List to take
 Of all the *Infants* which from such a Day
 In *Bethlehem* and its coasts were born; for lack
 Of punctual appearance, threatening wrath
 To every Mother, to each Infant death.

249.

These Summons through the Town and Country flew;
 And when the next Day's Sun had reach'd his height
 Into the Market every Mother drew,
 Who in her bosom lagg'd her sucking weight:
 A sight which might all Beasts unbarbarize,
 Yet mov'd no pity in these *Soldiers' eyes*:

250.

Who guards at every corner having set,
 With all extremities of salvage rage
 Their monstrous Charge in execution put.
 Great Titan's eye ne'r yet beheld a stage
 So red with Tragedies, nor Hell set forth
 In Pageants so portentuous on earth.

251.

In vain the lamentable Mothers' Cries,
And Tears, and Prayers, and shrill Expostulations,
Mix'd with their Infants' shrieks; in vain the skies
And stones they rent with ruful Exclamations.

For still the unrelenting *Soldiers'* ear
Nothing but *Herod's* fell *Command* would hear.

252.

Their preys they by the arm, or leg, or head,
From their soft native Sanctuaries tore;
Whose blood as in that barbarous strife they shed,
They daub'd the Mothers with the Children's gore;
And in their face their bowels threw, and sware,
And curs'd, and hollow'd, and amar'd the air.

253.

The Townsmen, who this Massacre beheld
Could lend no aid to Babes' or Mothers' Cry;
By stiff astonishment some being kill'd,
Others by cruel fear inforc'd to fly;
Not knowing but the *Soldiers'* dire *Commission*
Might add the Fathers to the Child's perdition.

254.

Here *Sarah* kiss'd an arm, *Rebecca* there
A leg; all that was left of either's Son:
Rachel's impatient lamentation here
Defy'd all powers of Consolation,
She having but two mangled hands to show
Of those sweet Twins which suck'd her breast but now.

255.

Thus this most harmless flock of tender Lambs
An heap of fragments suddenly became;
Their milky fleeces, and their whiter Names
Being dyed deep in ruby Martyrdom.
Thus fruitful *Rams* now made childless, mourn'd;
Thus all the Market was to shambles turn'd.

256.

One Nurse was there, who when the Soldier caught
Her precious *Charge's* throat, cry'd out, Beware,
'Tis *Herod's*, *Herod's* Son; and if you doubt,
An hundred Witnesses are ready here.
She cry'd; but e'r sh' had pronounc'd that word,
The Infant's heart was bleeding on the sword.

257.

Talk not of *Herod's* Son, but *Herod's* Will,
Reply'd the Ruffian: though your tale were true,
And no fond tender-hearted Lye; yet still
This wound to that babe's heart I'm sure was due.
The *King* shall answer't: 'tis sufficient that
He knows why He his Son excepted not.

258.

Thus provident *Vengeance* met the Tyrant in
The forefront of his Crime, whilst blinded by

His hasty fears, his fury he began
At his own bowels: *Herod's* Son must die,
And *Heav'n's* escape, although for Him the Net
Of that wide-spread *Destruction* was set.

259.

And this, when *fame* at *Rome* the Slaughter toll'd
And *Cesar's* ear with just amazement fill'd;
Made him cry out, O how much rather would
I be the Hog of *Herod* than the Child.
But *Cesar* dream'd not what that Infant gain'd,
Nor that more than himself thenceforth he reign'd.

260.

These roseal *Buds* of early *Martyrdom*
Transplanted were to *Paradise*; and there
Beyond the reach of *Herod's* rage, became
Flowers of Eternal bliss, whose Temples are
Imbrac'd with crowns of joy, whose hands with palms,
Whose eyes with beams, whose tongues are fill'd with
Psalms.

261.

Nor do they only live and flourish there,
But gloriously verdant are below:
For in the *Church's* sacred Garden, where
In *Festival's* fair bed's *Renown* doth grow,
Their annual Memory revives, and in
December's whitest frost is fresh and green.

262.

But when the *Bloodhounds* back to *Herod* went,
And brandish'd on their stained Swords the sign
Of their own guilt: the sight with high content
Tickled their Sovereign's hopes that his divine
Rival was now dispatch'd, and that his Crown
In spite of all *Arabia* was his own.

263.

Yet sure to make 't (for in damn'd *Tyrtius'* breast
More restlessly his *Vulture* ne'er could know
Than torturing *Doubts* in Tyrants' bosoms feast :)
The Jews he summons by a rigid Law
Without the least exception to swear
Allegiance both to Him and to his Heir.

264.

Alas he little thought his slaughter'd Son
Was now a stronger foe than all the Bands
Of *Araby*, his own Suspicion
Had arm'd against himself; or that his hands
And brains were both too weak to stand a fight
With *Bethlehem's* massacred *Infants'* Might.

265.

For now their *Blood* to righteous *Heav'n* sent up
A louder Cry than their sad *Mothers'* Moan:
Nor doth the great *Creator's* Justice ope
A readier ear to any Plaintiff's Groan,
Than unto this; *Though sure Mortality*
On Man attends, *Man's* Blood can never die.

266.

Next neighbour to the *Dead Sea's* pois'nous shore
Frowneth a gloomy Grove, where cheerly *Day*
Could ne'r find room to shew her face, such store
Of Cypress, Box, and Yew, damm'd up her way ;
Whose fatal boughs impeopled were with fowles
Of nature sutable, Batts, Ravens, and Owles.

267.

Besides, a Mist of Stincks makes bold to stick
Close on the wretched Air, and her defloure ;
Unwholsome Vapours gathering black and thick
Drop morn and even into a venomous show'r ;
Which by the womb of that adulterous Earth
Drunk up, brings bastard Weeds and Poisons forth.

268.

Amidst these dismal shades, is sunk a Grot
Through whose black door pass endless *Cries* and
Groans ;
In mourning curtains all the Windows shut
Their joyless eyes ; the Walls lament ; the Stones
Hang thick with tears, and their compassion to
Their Habitation's doleful *Genius* show.

269.

The *Mistress* of the house her weary bed
Perpetually loads ; which hedg'd about
With melancholick screens, aforehand led
Her thoughts in to her grave, and nearer brought
Her Coffin's blackness to her mind, though it
Already by her couche's side was set.

270.

Her Pillows were of softest Down, but yet
On churlish thorns and stones she seem'd to lie :
Oft did she toss, and turn, and tumble, but
Could never shift her sturdy Grief ; which by
That Motion only wakened was the more,
And made her Weakness stronger than before.

271.

Wild Hemicranies ragéd in her head ;
A desperate Quinsey choked up her throat ;
The tawny Jaundise in her eyes was spread ;
Strange arrows through her jaws the Toothach shot ;
Stark raving Madness sate upon her tongue ;
Ten thousand Cramps her shrivell'd body wrung.

272.

The Fever, Pleurisy, Collick, Strangury
Gout, Apoplexy, Scurvy, Pestilence,
Stone, Rupture, Phthisick, Dropsy, Tympany,
Flux, Surfeit, Asthma, and the confluence
Of all divided Deaths, united were
In one sad Mass, and learn'd to live in her.

273.

The odious Scab, the everknawing Itch,
The stinging Bile, the wasting Leprosy,

The baneful Pocks, the Wolf and Canker (which
Fatnéd on her their dreadful Luxury)
Conspir'd with every sort of boiling Sore
To cloth her round with most infectious Gore.

274.

Pots, Papers, Glasses, sweet and stinking Things,
Were marshall'd on a Cupboard standing by ;
Which *Artists* brought to mitigate her pangs,
Or work some cure on their own Poverty.
Costly Additions unto pain were these,
And only eas'd her Purse's Pleurisies.

275.

For though full many a dear *Doctor* there
Talk'd words as strange as her Diseases, yet
Her pertinacious Torments would not hear
Either their Drugs of Nature or of Wit,
Or mind their stories, or regard at all
Their Oracles out of the Urinal.

276.

Her whining Kindred round besieg'd her bed,
And though alas her case were too too plain,
With tedious love still ask'd her *How she did*,
Heaping that Crambe on her other pain :
Their fond Remembrances would never let
Her any one of all her Woes forget.

277.

Down to this loathsome *She*, stern *Justice* came ;
Tall was her Person and her Looks as high ;
Strength in her martial sinews made its home ;
Darts of keen fire stream'd out from either eye ;
For Men at length that She has eyes will find :
Alas Earth's *Justice* and not Heaven's is blind.

278.

Her right hand rul'd a sword of two-edg'd flame,
Her left a Ballance ; in one scale was thrown
A mighty Mass inscrib'd with *Herod's* Name,
A Mass of Pride and Blood, which press'd it down
To gaping Hell ; the other hover'd high
Bubbling with light and vain Vacuity.

279.

When *Sickness* spy'd (so naméd was the *Elf*)
Her sovereign Queen, she rais'd her heavy head,
And to obeysance forc'd her crazy self :
Forthwith black streams of vexéd Poison fled
Out from her sores, and with outrageous stink
Ran down into her bed's contagious sink.

280.

But as her boiling lips she op'd (from whence
A cloud of steaming Plagues broke with her breath,)
To ask what cause brought her immortal *Prince*
Down to this baneful Porch of cruel death :
Talk not said *Justice*, but get up and dress ;
My bus'ness now for speediest speed doth press.

281.

Though weak thou art, yet thou canst potent prove
 Whene'er on Mischief's errand thou art sent :
 Time was when thou a tedious way didst rove
 Invidious *Hell* and *Satan* to content ;
 Though bold Usurpers they : and sure 't will thee
 Befit to do as much for *Heav'n* and Me.

282.

Into the land of *Uss* They made thee trudge,
 And pour the bottom of thy worst despight
 Upon the best of Men, if *Heav'n* can judge
 Of pure celestial Sanctity aright.
 More beautiful was *Job* in *Heav'n's* esteem
 Than thou to Earth didst make him horrid seem.

283.

He heap'd this Scale as full of *Virtue*, as
 Fell *Herod* has replenish'd it with *Vice* :
 That other, which mounts up so lightly, was
 His score of Slips, his empty Vanities,
 Thin as the Air ; which though sometimes it be
 Dusky with clouds, regains its purity.

284.

See, see thou recompence that Injury
 By righteous Vengeance upon *Herod* ; here
 My leave unbridles thy Extremity
 To run in full and uncontroll'd career.
 Run then, and make the Tyrant feel that now
 The Mistress of his health and life art Thou.

285.

So spake the *Queen of everlasting Dread*,
 And in her black Cloud mounted home again.
 When *Sickness* leaping from her nasty bed,
 And in fierce haste forgetting her own pain,
 Furnish'd her self with every choicest sting
 To execute the now condemn'd *King*.

286.

Then to her gloomy Chariot she went,
 A Chariot fram'd of a pois'nous Steam :
 Her Speed was headlong, so was her Intent,
 And soon to *Herod's* royal Den she came :
 By no slowpacer'd Coursers thither drawn,
 But by a pestilential Tempest blown.

287.

Unseen she came, and with such cunning guided
 Her stealing Chariot's silent wheels, that she
 Quite down the Tyrant's throat as slyly glided
 As do's his unsuspected Breath, which he
 Lets in to fan his heart : and thus, alas,
 He swallow'd what his own Devourer was.

288.

For now the *Fury's* work it was to fry
 His black soul in the furnace of his breast ;

Forthwith his entrails sing'd and scalded by
 An hidden fire, frighted away his Rest :
 He'd fain have risen, but he felt his Pains
 Had mix'd with their light firebrand's heavy Chains.

289.

His strength deceives him, and his bed remains
 His only Throne, where he the worthy King
 Of mighty Torments miserably reigns ;
 For flaming Pangs his ulcer'd bowels wring,
 And Water swelling underneath his skin
 Adds scoffing torture to the fire within.

290.

His shameful Parts become more odious by
 Right down *Corruption*, which proves fertile there
 With monstrous Vermin ; whose impatient fry
 In righteous rage their Prey beforehand tear ;
 The leisure of his grave they scorn to stay,
 But undermine his heart, and eat their way.

291.

And yet a deadlier *Worm* than those was got
 Thither before, his Conscience deeply knowing ;
 To stifle which he long had struggled, but
 The trusty Torment more resolv'd growing
 Woun'd round about his guilty soul so close
 That no Invention's power could get it loose.

292.

His Sinews shrunk and all his Joints forgot
 The ready service of their wonted motions.
 The Air, which he had long defil'd, would not
 Wait on his Lungs ; but frequent Suffocations
 Forc'd him to pay those Deaths for which his great
 Riot in Blood had ran him deep in debt.

293.

His Friends he often call'd ; but neither they
 Nor his Physitians durst come near his bed :
 For his hell-breathing stink damm'd up the way
 To Physick and to friendship. Never did
 Damn'd *Dives* more for *Pitie's* influence cry,
 Nor find less drop down on his Misery.

294.

The dismal Scene of *Bethlehem-slaughter* now
 Displayed was before his burning soul ;
 The *Mother's* *Fright* with greater Dread he saw,
 And felt the Blood of all the *Infants* rowl
 Into his bosom in a violent stream ;
 Yet not to quench, but higher raise the flame.

295.

An hundred *Furies* at hot contestation
 He spies, which first should seize his bloody heart ;
 And Hell's wide mouth, and mighty Preparation
 To entertain him with most sumptuous Smart ;
 He hears all Ages pour whole seas of shame
 And cursing detestations on his Name.

296.

And what shall now tormented *Herod* do?
To Heav'n he will not, and he cannot sue,
Since he had giv'n such proud Defiance to
That *God*, whose *Son* in his desires he slew :
And since the World below abhors him too,
He 'gins to hate himself, and love his Woe.

297.

Ingulf'd deep in this dire Agony,
He wildly gives the reins to *Desperation* :
And now resolv'd in spight of life to die,
Contrives how he may his own murder fashion,
And once at least be righteously cruel,
Making himself his *Tyrannie's* last fuel.

298.

He thought of *Poison* ; but could move no friend
To lend him that destroying Courtesy.
Besides ; he fear'd no *Venome* durst contend
With his all-bane-transcending *Malady*.
At length, by woful fortune, he espy'd
His faulchion hanging by his couche's side.

299.

Which as he snatch'd, a venturous Page ran in
And stopp'd the stroak ; but could not stop his throat,
Which strait he opened to a broader Sin,
And in the face of Heav'n spew'd out his hot
Impatient blasphemies : with which, he threw
His curses upon all the World he knew.

300.

Mean while to prison, where his Son in chains
The Tyrant kept, his Death's false news was spread ;
Which whilst *Antipater* gladly entertains,
His smiles became the forfeit of his head.
'Twas basely told to *Herod* ; who in mad
Spight shows that Worms his bowels eaten had.

301.

Yet shall that Villain know that I, said He,
Have life and rage enough him to destroy :
Now by these dying spirits, which pant in me,
I swear his life shall answer for his joy.

Fetch me his head, that with these Vermin here
Their Fellow-Traytor I all torn may tear,

302.

Their Fellow-Traytor, and their Fellow-Son,
For from my body sprung both He and They ;
Nor breeds their knawing more vexation
To generous *Herod*, than his Smiles : away,
Fetch me his head, that having bless'd mine eye
With that Revenge, I may the chearlier die.

303.

Yet not content with this sole Sacrifice
To his vast fury ; he a way contrives

How all his *Nobles* to his Obsequies
By sudden massacre might pay their lives :
That so his Hearse might follow'd be with tears
If not for his own sake, at least for theirs.

304.

But Heav'n prevented this fell Plot ; and He
Now having five days liv'd, and felt his death,
In stead of Prayers, his wonted Blasphemy
Repeated, and blew out his final breath.
So ag'd Dragons, when their Spirits flit,
Breathe their last poison, and their Life with it.

305.

When at his Coming, lo, th' infernal Pit
Was mov'd ; where every damn'd Prince arose
From his sulphureous throne of pangs, and met
This more deserving *Tyrant*, unto whose
Incomparable Salvageness they knew
Damnation's Prerogative was due.

306.

Hell had his Soul no sooner swallow'd,
But pious *Joseph's Guardian* hither came ;
To whom, repos'd on his sober bed,
The mighty News he painted in a Dream ;
Bidding him now return to *Jewry*, where
The storm was over, and the coast grown clear.

307.

The *Angel* thus at once both justify'd
His own word, and the *Prophet's* Vision ;
For great *Hosea* had of old descri'd
That out of *Egypt God* would call his *Son*.
Joseph awakes, and strait to *Mary* shews
The long-expected, and now welcome News.

308.

Then packing up his thrifty household-Stuff,
And tenderly Providing for his dear
And double *Charge* ; he shakes *Doubt's* counsellors off,
And scorning all objections of fear,
In humble Faith's assur'd valor sets
Onward his way before the Day permits.

309.

For now the *Morn* lay long before she rose,
And dull *Aquarius* made it late e'r he
Would wake the Sun : thus did thy hardy *Spouse*
Take his long journey when the Day we see
Is short and sad ; to teach Thee what to do
At any time when Heav'n shall bid thee go.

310.

This Winter was the ninth which seal'd the Earth
With Ice, and covered his seal with Snow,
Since by his own, to wonders *He* gave Birth
Who in a soil no less congeal'd grew :
Bate but the cold and churlish qualities,
And what 's a Virgin's Womb, but Snow and Ice ?

311.

This age had ripened Him with strength to bear
A speedy journey, and did much allay
The former scruples of his Parents' Care,
Who now with greater haste devour'd their way,
Then when they into *Egypt* pick'd their path;
And thus in peace they reach'd their *Nasareth*.

312.

Their *Nasareth*; for sacred *Prophecies*
By adamant chains are surely ty'd
To their *Effects*: the fire shall sooner frieze,
The truth of Gold in banks of Snow be try'd,
The Sun because of Night, of Drought the Rain,
Than falsehood any *Prophet's* tongue can stain.

313.

Those Heav'n-Blown *Trumpets*, (though mysteriously
That East resounded) long ago foretold
His humble Title *Nasarenes* should be:
A Name of holy Dignity of old,
And sitting fair on pious heads until
It was outshined by the *Christian* stile.

314.

And *Psyche*, what should we do longer here?
Love bids thee follow their dear steps, to see
Some further *Marvels* of thy *Spouse*, and where
He prosecuted *Love's* sweet *Mystery*.
This said; he gave his *Steeds* the reins; and they
Together with the wind snuff'd up their way.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ARGUMENT, l. 3, '*dint*' = stroke.

Stanza 3, l. 1, '*astuating*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.

St. 13, l. 6, '*Appirations*' = apparitions.

St. 23, ll. 1-2, '*not one, but every Gate was Beautiful*'—cf. Acts iii. 2.

St. 28, l. 1, '*Yohasar*'—a merely legendary name.

St. 31, l. 3, put hyphen, '*a-mourning*.'

St. 34, l. 4, '*hanher*'—I fear this is the unhappy 'h' before 'anker' as = anchor.

St. 38, l. 2, '*sacriſt'd a kiss*' = offered a kiss as a sacrifice.

St. 47, l. 4, '*rend*' = render?

St. 54, l. 2, '*sumpture*'—cf. cvii., st. 258, l. 1.

St. 64, l. 1, '*coily*' = coyly.

St. 66, l. 2, '*coursers*'—misprinted 'courses' in the original.

St. 70, l. 4, '*passant*' = passing, journeying: l. 5, '*list*' = course or pathway.

St. 73, l. 6, '*junto*' = council or assembly—deteriorated into = cabal.

St. 76, l. 3, '*tenter'd*' = watched.

St. 79, l. 4, '*glibbest*' = smoothest.

St. 80, l. 3, '*List*' = boundary, course.

St. 86, l. 6, '*a storm*,' etc.—one of the most terrible of desert dangers, as I can personally testify.

St. 102, l. 1, '*Grifſen*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.

St. 113, l. 4, '*Eversion*' = overturning.

St. 115, l. 3, '*dint*' = stroke, as before.

St. 124, l. 1, '*Contreplot*.' Cf. c. ix., st. 75, l. 6 = counter-plot.

St. 128.—It is a touching thing in Wady Feiran, over-against stupendous Serbal, to note the long-forsaken cells of the old monks of the Desert. I counted them literally by the hundred.

St. 134, l. 3, '*Sirenian*' = of the Syrens.

St. 139, l. 4, '*Luffed*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.

St. 143, l. 4, '*religious Tree*'—it is still shown at a little distance from Cairo. When I was there its trunk was a mass of iron from the nails driven into it by would-be fruitful mothers, who are led to expect a cure for hopeless sterility by coming hither and driving in a nail.

St. 149, ll. 5-6—reminds me of the poor clergyman who was comforted in the destruction of his study, including all his sermons, that they had in their destruction done more to enlighten the community than ever they had done or could have done from the pulpit.

St. 150, l. 4, '*sell*' = threshold.

St. 154, l. 5, '*Essay's*' = Isaiah's.

St. 168, l. 6, '*snarl'd*' = entangled, intertwined.

St. 180, l. 5, '*breed*' = bred.

St. 189, l. 5, '*unfathomable*' = unfathomable.

St. 190, l. 3, '*conjur'd*' = by spell or conjuring.

St. 191, l. 6, '*Geese*' = the mythical 'geese' of the Roman legend suggest them.

St. 192, l. 1, '*meanders*' = mazes.

St. 194, l. 4, '*latches*' = door-fasteners.

St. 203, l. 3, '*boulted*' = sifted.

St. 207, l. 6, '*insultations*' = boastings.

St. 217, l. 5, '*salvage*' = savagely, frequently.

St. 249, l. 4, '*lugg'd*' = lugged, bore about heavily.

St. 250, l. 6, '*portentuous*' = 'portentous' elongated.

St. 271, l. 1, '*Hemicranies*' = headache on one side of the head.

St. 276, l. 4, '*Crambe*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.

St. 305, l. 5, '*Salvageness*' = savageness, as before.
G.



CANTO IX.

The Temptation.

THE ARGUMENT.

*LOVE by the Desert's love-aborring Beasts
Meekly acknowledg'd and ador'd is.
Bold Famin forty days upon Him Feasts ;
To whose sharp teeth shy Satan joyneth his
Soft Tongue's deceit ; yet nothing by their great
Attempts effected, but their own Defeat.*

1.

What reach of Reason e'r could fathom why .
Slight *Dust* and *Askes* ; vile *Corruption's Son*,
The Heir apparent to the Misery
Which lives in Death, and blends Destruction
With all its Life ; the poor *Worm's* uterine *Brother* ;
His *Grave's* first *Cosen* ; his own *Ruin's Mother* ;

2.

The odious *Riddle* of unhappy *Shame*
Whom foulest *Beasts* abhor ; that *Rebel* who
In monstrous madness fear'd not to proclaim
A War with his own *Bliss*, but strove to wooe
Immortal *Vengeance* ; and himself to fell
Whither *Damnation* would or no, to *Hell* :

3.

Should so inamour *Heav'n*, as to obtain
The dignity of highest *Favorites* ;
And in his *Maker's* grace so freely reign
As by those *Spirits* to be serv'd, whose bright
Extraction no acquaintance knows with *Earth*,
Nor did *Pollution* e'r defloure their birth ;

4.

Had not Almighty *LOVE* vouchsaf'd to take
This *Lump of Clay* and mould himself in it ;
Which precious *Union* hath power to make
The total *Mass* of worthless *vileness* fit
To dwell in *Honor's* throne, and there receive
The *Service Angels* blush not now to give.

5.

Hence comes high *Heav'n* content to stoop, and spare
Part of its *Quire* to wait on *Us* below ;

Knowing its *Master's Brethren* sojourn here,
Who by their very *Dust* that Kindred show :
This is our *Badge* of shame advanc'd to be
The stamp of our sublime *Nobility*.

6.

In love to their incarnate *Sovereign*, who
Upon the loftiest crest of all *Creation*
Hath fix'd for ever our poor *Nature*, so
That under her high feet full *Adoration*
Has room to kneel, their ready service they
Ev'n to the meanest of his *Kinsfolks* pay.

7.

Whilst pompous *Princes* build their royal *Pride*
On th' arm'd Protection of their numerous *Guard* ;
Their simplest vilest *Slaves* are dignifi'd
With *Heav'n's* illustrious *Host*, to watch and ward
Their several *Charges* ; who though scorn'd Things
Below, are yet above design'd for *Kings*.

8.

With Arms display'd, and with open breast
They stand to catch us when we falling are
Into this hard and dangerous life ; and least
That fall should hurt us, they with tender care
Their *Wings' soft* feathers spread, that in those beds
Of Sweetness we may rest our infant heads.

9.

Those heads from which no breeding hairs can peep,
But in their catalogue they note them, and
A strict account of their just number keep,
By *Heav'n* committed to their trusty hand.
And O, about our hearts how busy are
Their *Pains*, who thus attend our idle hair !

10.

Alas our other *Nurses' cares* were vain,
So were our yearning *Mothers' arms* ; did these
Dear *Fosterers* not help them to maintain
Their proper parts : and though their *Fervor* cease,
These still pursue *Love's Task* ; hard *Mothers* may
Forget their *Babes*, but that will never *They*.

11.

O no : These faithful *Guardians* are Things
Of try'd and never-failing Tenderness ;
Such as their everlasting snowy wings,
Such as the living smiles and Joys which dress
The court of heav'n, such as the dainty Air
Which makes sweet Paradise both soft and fair.

12.

Yet when just cause awakes their noble Might,
No *Scythian Rock* stands half so stiff as they ;
No *Lybian Lyon* marcheth to the fight
With higher courage, nor afflicts his Prey
With deeper fright : for in their battel's rear
Brave *Triumph's* self triumpheth to appear.

13.

Nor needless is this Aid : for feeble We
Have foes whose metal is all *Spirit*, and
The *Powers of Darkness*, and Artillery
Of *Hell* in pitched field against Us stand ;
Whom *Belshazzar* their General, with Spight
And ever-flaming Rage fires to the fight.

14.

How shall poor Lambs outface the Tigre's Wrath ;
Or Partridges abide the Griffen's Might ;
How shall a Cockboat guide its even path
When rising Tempests make Seas stand upright ;
How, how shall *Dust* block up the *Serpent's* road
When ravenous He hasts to his sentenc'd food ?

15.

But with his *Blackness* these bright *Champions* fought
Of old, and so complete a conquest got,
That ever since that heav'n-renowned Rout
Wild *Lucifer*, in sad remembrance put
Of his vain Spight, is in their presence tame,
And like the burnt Child trembles at their Flame.

16.

He trembles ; if the Boldness of our Sin
Wakes not fresh courage in his failing heart ;
For then on Us He by our selves doth win ;
Nor can our *Guardians* exercise their Art
With due success, when by self-treason We
Our forces join with Hell's Conspiracy.

17.

When to mad *Fancy* sleep yields Reason's rein,
Against polluted Dreams *These* stop the way,
That no highfed and tickling Thoughts may stain
The clouded Soul : for who, alas, can say,
I *always am my self*, and though asleep
The constant watch of Chastity can keep !

18.

These rescue lend us when sly *Danger* near
Our strait-besieg'd Soul or Body draws ;

These intercept bold *Chance* ; these by the clear
Lustre which flows about their blessed brows
Light us the way to Peace, and by their own
Kind wings relieve our feet when weary grown.

19.

These, active in the bosom's secret forge,
Blow up Devotion's holy fire, to mint
Refin'd pellucid Thoughts, and purely purge
That Rust and Dross which might pollute the Print
Of *Jesus's* Image, that bright Image which
Will none but finest richest Ore enrich.

20.

These teach th' embrav'd Soul to tower above
Those gross, yet empty things which flag below :
These steer us through the *Miracles of Love*,
And teach us in heav'n's Ocean how to row.
These all are Brethren unto *Phylax*, who
What He for *Psyche* did, for us will do.

21.

Their aim his *Steeds* had now recovered
And *Palestine* regain'd : when He aside
Slop'd his bridle, and his journey sped
Into another Desert, wild and wide
By whose dire Drought affrighted *Jordan*, though
Well stor'd with streams made haste away to flow.

22.

As *Psyche* mused at the rueful Place,
Amongst whose desolate Nothings soon she lost
Her questioning eye ; with his divine embrace
Phylax encourag'd her : and, though thou dost
Not yet behold, said he, the Price of thy
Long voyage, thou shalt find it by and by.

23.

Here stopping his fleet Coach, He thus drove on
His sweet Discourse : O my thrice dearest Dear
(Because His precious Darling on whose throne
My Adoration waits,) this Desert here
Is but another Scene wherein thy *Lord*
More fuel for thy wonder did afford.

24.

It was repriev'd from bearing other fruit,
That it in *Miracles* might fertile be ;
In *Miracles* whose far-resounding bruit
Shall match the race of *Time* as long as He
Has legs to run ; and when He drops into
His grave, in triumph o'r his tomb shall go.

25.

When thirty times thy *Spouse* has seen the Sun
Change all his *Issus*, whose golden Signs are hung
Upon the Zodiac's girdle ; reverend *John*
Gave *Penance's* Alarm so shrill and strong
As rous'd the dullest Souls, and mustered store
Of wondering People upon *Jordan's* shore.

26.

But they their reverential wonder on
The glorious *Baptist* fix'd; not knowing they
Had muffled in their own throng's clou'd a *Sun*
Fairer than that which gilds the World with day;
A *Sun* before whose Rise illustrious *John*
Did only like the trembling twilight run.

27.

For, first hid in his own Humility,
Jesus himself had mix'd with the Crowd;
In which blind Tumult's open Torrent He
Unto that River undiscover'd flow'd:
So purest Airs in a confused Cry
Though most melodious, breathe no Melody.

28.

How He baptiz'd *Baptism*; how a Crown
Of heav'n's best beams perch'd on his fairer Head;
How his coequal *Spirit* flutter'd down,
And what Applause his *Father* thunder'd;
I would repeat, but that it hugs thy heart,
For with this *Story* now thou *Girded* art.

29.

But by that nimble *Dove's* eternal Wings
Being hither wafted from that River's shore,
He Purity unto the dry Land brings
As to the Water he had done before.
Yet nothing else he brought; nor drink nor meat;
He hither came to fight, and not to eat.

30.

He came to fight; and bravely to revenge
The World's old Quarrel, which subdued lay
E'r since through Man's unwarey heart the strange
Bullet burst ope its death-deriving way;
Which, as it smiling hung upon the *Tree*,
Fond He an harmless *Apple* took to be.

31.

He came to fight: and sturdy foes he found
Arm'd round with Power but much more with Rage:
Less than *the Greatest* had He been, this Ground
Had prov'd his Tragedie's unhappy Stage:
But so He fought, that here He forc'd at last
A *Feast of Triumphs* to attend his *Fast*.

32.

For any Combat never chosen were
More dreadful Lists: observe that parch'd Hill,
That Throne of Barrenness and Squallor, where
Against the hungry North thou see'st a Cell;
Which long hath gap'd but could never find
Any Relief but sapless bitter wind.

33.

That Den's the Dwelling of that *Champion* who
First ventur'd on a Conflict face to face

With *God incarnate*; one as like to do
The feat of Spight, as any of the race
Of Hell-begotten Fiends; yet prov'd as feeble
As all the fearful world esteem'd her able.

34.

Our noise had rous'd her now: see *Psyche*, see
Her goodly Ushers; those seav'n-born'd Things
Though like to nothing but themselves they be;
Must go for Kine: spermatick *Nile*; which brings
Choise Monsters forth, in their strange birth alone
Hath all his other Prodigies out-gone.

35.

These lowing to the *King* in silent night,
(Whom clear-ey'd *Dreams* through *Fate's* dark closets
led,)
He starts and wakes; but of the frightful sight
He knew not how the Characters to read;
Nor why those sharpest *Portents* leaner shewed
When *seav'n* *fat* *Kine* their stomachs had subdued:

36.

Till *Joseph* clear'd the Mist, and taught him what
By those new Hieroglyphicks' *Destiny*
Deign'd to unfold. But when the *Beasts* had got
Their full and starv'd septennial Victory;
They to this Cave for entertainment came,
Resolv'd to serve a correspondent *Dame*.

37.

Behold their Hair is shrivell'd up and dry;
Their ugly Hides aforehand tann'd and tough;
Their sharp-affrighted Bones stand staring high;
Their wretched flesh's Reliques sink as low;
Their Bellies to their Backs close ty'd are;
And sear and knotted sticks for Legs they wear.

38.

All Shape is shrunk to such Deformity
That did their Horns not point them out, nor Thou
Nor *Pharaoh* could have dream'd they should be
Descended from a Bull and honest Cow.
And yet wellfavor'd Beasts are these to Her
Their dismal *Sovereign*, who comes raging there.

39.

Just at the word the *Hag* appear'd, with Look
More keen than *January's* breath; or than
Revenge's visage; or the piercing stroke
Of barbarous North-begotten *Bornas*, when
He his most massy chains of Ice hath hurl'd
O'r Sea and Land, and stupify'd the World.

40.

The sudden Dint shot into *Psyche's* heart
Such terrible Amasement, that it slew
Her heat and courage: but a counter Dart
Of ready succour *Phylax* thither threw,
And suppling her cold breast with soft and warm
Comforts, proceeded thus her Soul to arm.

41.

Thy Weakness much applauds thy *Spouse's* might
Who stoutly grappled with this dreadful foe ;
The only glimpse of whose portentous sight
Could all thy trembling Spirits overthrow.

But yet thy *fiar* this *Terror* strengthened, and
Assaulted thee by none but thine own hand.

42.

If well thou mark'st what clogs the *furries'* train,
Fair may'st thou read thine own security ;
For heavy at her heels she drags a chain
Of Adamant, whose other end is by
Heav'n's arm, in which all powers in triumph ride,
Fast to thy mighty *Saviour's* footstool ty'd.

43.

Fiercely indeed at first she darted out ;
But now her curbed pace is tame and slow :
She knows her Compass, having often fought
In vain against her chain's eternal Law.
True to its duty is her trusty Tether,
Nor can her strength persuade it to reach hither.

44.

Thus when the greedy Mastiff leapeth from
His nasty kennel, spurr'd by hungry wrath ;
The sullen Chain, which will not go from home,
Checks his adventure and cuts of his path ;
At which the wretched Cur lets fall his ears,
And tall, and spirit, and whines, and grins and lears.

45.

For upon every wild and restless *fend*
Sure sits this Curse, that they cannot forbear
To whet their Hunger and their Thirst to grind,
And in keen fury for the fight prepare
So soon as they have any prey descry'd ;
Although, mad fools, they know their feet are ty'd.

46.

Mark how her Eyes are fled into her head,
Afraid upon her curs'd self to look ;
For in that leaf alas what could she read
But what the Transcript is of *Terror's* book ?
Her skin's the paper (O how ghastly white !)
Where *Pain* and *Horror* their black Legends write.

47.

All upright staring stand her startled Hairs
Of one another's touch in jealous dread ;
Two close shrunk Knots of Gristles are her Ears,
Severely tying up her starv'd head :
Her keenness is epitomized in
Her pinch'd Nose, and her sharp-pointed Chin.

48.

Like chalky Pits her hollow cheeks appear ;
Her sapless lips are parch'd and shrivell'd up ;

Her Ivory Teeth's too-cleanly ranges glare
With cruel whiteness, and stand always ope
That her dire Tongue may ever dangle out
To catch the rain and quench its burning drought.

49.

Her trembling clung-up Neck has much ado
Under her head's light burden not to crack :
By its slight nodding flow'r oppress'd, so
Shivers the famish'd and withered Stalk.
For Arms, she shows two yards of skin and bone
O'rpow'd and tir'd with their own weight alone.

50.

Her fleshless Hands are more than Vulture's Claws
Tallon'd with never-pruned Nails ; and they,
The barbarous Sergeants of her greedy jaws
By their first touch for ever damn their prey.
Her legs are two faint crinkling Props ; her feet
Already mouldring, haste their grave to meet.

51.

The fatal *Bunch of Corn* which fills her hand,
(O no ! which makes *Vacuity* be there :)
Are those *Seav'n Bars* which once on *Nilus'* strand
To mock those hungry *Oxen* rang'd were ;
And now becomes her Rod, on which there grows
No Grain, nor any other fruit, but Blows.

52.

Was ever such Contraction seen, as there,
About a waste, whose girdle *Thinness* is !
The strait-lac'd Insect's slender Brood could ne'r
Shrink up themselves into a scander dress.
Her Belly's sunk and gone ; and spare she may
Her storehouse, who no store has there to lay.

53.

See'st thou her rufal Thighs and shouldiers known !
Imagin not that any Beast but she
Her self was guilty of the fact : her own
Keen Tusks have grav'd those lines of Cruelty ;
For since she wanted other Cates to eat,
She desperately made her self her Meat.

54.

Little it was she from her self could tear ;
And yet where nothing else was to be had,
That little seem'd full and dainty Cheer.
But there alas, before she long had fed,
Her banquet fall'd between her teeth, and she
Instead of flesh, chew'd meer *Vacuity*.

55.

This in her bosom ras'd that tempest's waves,
Which, could thou hear it, would amaze thine ear :
Her *stomach* gripes, and pricks, and roars, and raves,
And all its misery objects to Her :
So do her Bowels, bound in their own chains,
And ty'd, and twisted up in knots of Pains.

56.

Three *fends* of choicest Power and Spight there are
Whom daréd *Vengeance* sends to lash the Earth ;
The hidden *Pestilence*, wide open *War* ;
And *famine* this fell Hag, whose Drought and Dearth
Burn with more Poison than the *Plague*, and kill
With sharper wounds than *War's* relentless steel.

57.

This is that Engine which breaks ope its way
Through flesh and bone, and riots in the heart ;
Yet leaves all whole, that so her fury may
Mock whom it tortures, and by cruel art
Seem to forbear all Violence, whilst she
Wakes *Ruin* by her silent Battery.

58.

That *living Death* by which unhappy *Man*
Is forc'd himself his funeral to begin ;
Whilst past hope's sphere he wanders faint and wan
Wrapp'd in the winding sheet of his pale skin,
And seeks his grave through whose cool door he may
Into a milder Death himself convey.

59.

That peerless Tyrant, whose impatience hath
No possibility her Prize to spare ;
The dire Dispenser of the Dregs of Wrath ;
Of Torments Queen ; the Empress of Despair ;
That enigmatick foe, whose Ammunition
Is nothing else but want of all Provision.

60.

Expect not to behold her family,
Or what Retinue on her court attends :
No Servant ever strong enough could be
To bear her presence, much less her Commands ;
Being assur'd they never should her will
Unless her Belly too they could fulfill.

61.

Indeed dry *Languishment*, pale *Ghastliness*,
Cold *Desolation*, her Handmaids be :
But of an essence so jejune are these,
That in her company deserted She
Nothing but *nothing* meets, or, what is worse,
The *wretched fulness* of an *empty Curse*.

62.

But yonder Table which is hung so high
Above her Cavern's door will tell thee what
Were her exploits. When *Mercy* passed by,
This monitory sign she fix'd, that
Mortals might learn what *fend* was kennell'd here,
And of this *Den of greedy Death* beware.

63.

Lo what a smocking Hurlyburly 's there
Of gallant Ruins tumbling on the ground.

These once high-built and goodly Cities were,
Which when *War's* mighty Ram could not confound,
This *Hag* with no *Pikaxes* but her own
Fierce Teeth, min'd all the walls and tore them down.

64.

See there she chaseth frogs, and rats and mice,
And hunts the dogs themselves ; ambitious by
These strangely-precious Dainties to suffice
The loud Demands of her stern Boulimy.
Discreetly there the prudent Painter has
The Earth of Iron made, and Heav'n of Brass.

65.

But there her Girdle and her shoes she eats
For that acquaintance which they had of old
With Beef and Mutton and such classick Meats :
There out she turns the silly useless Gold,
And clapping on its poverty a curse,
A savory Meal she maketh of her Purse.

66.

She rouses there the sleeping mire, and by
A strict examination makes it tell
What hidden treasures in its bosom lie ;
Nor is she daunted by the unlikely shell,
But ransacks still, and finds the gem within ;
For she the Oyster first fish'd out for Men.

67.

The Dunghil there she rakes, and pries for fresh
Strong-scented Excrements ; right glad when she
By lucky search achieves so rare a Dish
Which needs, being reeking hot, no cookery.
That Glass in which she drinks, and drinks up all,
No other is but her own Urinal.

68.

Her Jaws against that Fort of stone she try'd,
When once she was immur'd in streights : and see
How she compell'd and tore *Success* ; those wide
And ragged holes, her Tusks stout breaches be :
Her hasty bolstrous Stomach would not stay,
And wanting other food, she eat her way.

69.

That heap of Bones is all her Rage has left
Of her own Parents, whose dear flesh she made
Her barbarous feast, and them of life bereft
By whom she liv'd ; such is the salvage trade
Of desperate *Vipers*, who their fury fatten
Ev'n on the Womb in which they were begotten.

70.

And yet no *Vipers* venture to devour
Their proper Brood ; 'tis *Nature's* strictest Law,
That with Traduction Love should join her power,
And like the Rivers, down hill strongest flow :
Only this *Fiend* all *Vipers* dares excuse,
And in her Children's blood her teeth imbrues.

71.

For those bemangled Limbs which scatter'd be
About the Picture's verge, the ruins are
Of sev'n unloved lovely Babes, which she
Fear'd not with her remorseless claws to tear,
And back into her bowels force ; if yet
She any bowels had, who thus could eat.

72.

This Comprehension of all Portents, this
Most despicable, starv'd, but potent *Hag*,
Was that bold Combatant whom *Desperateness*
Clapp'd on the back, embracing to a brag
And jolly confidence that mortal Might
Could never with her Teeth maintain a fight.

73.

Resolv'd thus, she rushed from her grot
To seize thy *Sponse* : but started when she saw
Her strange Antagonist, and ventur'd not
To try on mighty Him her aw'd Claw :
Yet mad with hunger, she contrives to make
Her Craft the office of her fury take.

74.

For though her Looks deep-dy'd in Horror's grain
Such strong Affrightment round about had shed,
That not the boldest Beast of all the Plain
But from those direful Emanations fled,
Leaving the *Desert* more than doubled, where
Was nothing now but earth and stones, and air :

75.

Yet here discovering one who seem'd prepar'd
To meet and scorn the worst of Dangers, she
Grew jealous of the Champion, and fear'd
Some wily stratagem might plotted be
Against her rightdown force ; which made her choose
By Countremine his Project to oppose.

76.

For waiting warey opportunity,
And being thin and subtle, with the wind
She mix'd her self, and then resolv'd to try
How she might steal upon him by a blind
And unperceiv'd Charge. So Cowards fight
By base Advantage, not by generous Might.

77.

But He, who all her cruel counsel saw,
From her abstruse career disdain'd to start ;
And wellcom'd with stout constancy the Blow
Fiercely directed full against his heart ;
Giving her leave her spiteful self to shoot
Into his stomach through his yielding throat.

78.

So when the Waves march in a raging tide
Against his Cavern's mouth, the fearless *Rock*

Makes good his ground, and never shrinks aside
To shun the peril of the violent shock ;
But lets the *Storm* come in, and roar its fill
In all the bowels of his resolute Cell.

79.

Thus entred, up and down she rends her way,
And seizeth with immediate greediness
All those Reserves of Nutriment which lay
Stor'd up in every close and dark Recess ;
And these she conquer'd without any stop,
For as she met them strait she eat them up.

80.

No Drop she left nor Crumb, to make reply
To that most earnest Call of thousand Veins,
Whose pritty craving mouths incessantly
Su'd for their due relief : her dearest gains
She counts by their Undoing, and makes all
Their Cries, the Musick of her Festival.

81.

The robb'd stomach thus too cleanly free
Of all things but the Thief : she broacheth there
The flood of all that corsive Cruelty
With which her pin'd self she us'd to tear :
A flood, to which most fretful *Vinaigre*
Is gentle *Oile*, smart *Gall* is dropping *Myrrh*.

82.

As when incens'd by the furious flame
The Furnace 'gins to rage ; if you deny
The Cauldron some fresh Liquor's help to tame
The insolent Heat's excess, and mollify
Its rampant Thirst ; how soon, alas, the poor
Copper it self will boil, and burn, and roar !

83.

So fares it with the Entrails, where the *fire*
Which Nature kindled, if it wants its fuel,
On what comes next to hand will wreak its ire,
And grow against the Stomach's substance cruel :
For all its Life consists in constant Meat ;
And when it dies, it do's but cease to Eat.

84.

And yet with adamantyne Bravery
Thy *Sponse* in this Conspiracy of Pains
His Patience arms ; and though his bowels frie
In mutinous flames, he valiantly refrains
From all Complaints and sighs and sighs that he
Felt what he felt, stern *Hunger's* tyranny.

85.

He by this *Fart's* sharp Med'cine pleas'd was
To cure the Eating of the fatal *Trees*
Where grew that *Death* which was entail'd to pass
On *Eve's* and *Adam's* wretched Progeny :
He freely what he might receive, refused,
Because, what they forbidden were, they used.

86.

(Thus must chaste Water curb the lusty flame ;
 Thus Cold's strict bands must chain licentious Heat ;
 Thus sober Weight must idle Lightness tame ;
 Thus wholesome Sour must prune luxurious Sweet ;
 Thus honest Day must chase out thievish Night ;
 Thus Contraries with Contraries must fight.)

87.

And by his venerable Practise he
 Has consecrated and advanced this
 Despis'd thing, to that sublime degree
 Of glorious delight, that *Fasting* is
The Dainties of the Saints, to which they can
 Invite their hearts, and feast the *Inner Man*.

88.

For whilst they at this mistick banquet sit,
 The saucy Flesh learns to be meek and mild ;
 The boiling Blood grows cool, and every fit
 Of wilful Lust forgetteth to be wild ;
 The Passions to Reason crouching stand ;
 The Brain grows clear, and all its clouds disband.

89.

Their free unhamper'd Contemplations towre
 Up to the crest of their divine desires,
 And through those everlasting Wonders scoure,
 Which shine as far beyond the starry fires
 As they above this Mass of Earth are whirl'd,
 Which grovels in the bottom of the World.

90.

Thus from that Slavery they redeem'd are
 Whose knots their teeth had tied ; thus they throw
 Their clogs away, and on free pinions rear
 Themselves into themselves : being quicken'd now
 By brisk Devotion's Flame, and not by that
 Gross kitchen-Heat which warms their spit and pot.

91.

Nor is the Body forc'd to bear the pain,
 Whilst all the pleasure to the Soul accrues,
 But in its kind reaps full as sweet again :
 For its intirest vigor this renews,
 And by fresh lively feathers quits the coat
 Of all those rotten moulting plumes it lost.

92.

For when high-fed Distempers sneak away ;
 And that dark Seed of crude Infirmities
 Which in the bodie's furrows nestling lay,
 Before its birth most seasonably dies ;
Fasting the physick gives : yet generous She
 (O cheap Physician !) never takes a fee.

93.

She *Nothing* takes ; and would have Man do so ;
 For all her *Recipes* are only This :

She turns the deep Complaint of bitterest wo
 Into an high-strain'd Dialect of Bliss,
 And for this reason dares the Sick assure
 Of Health's return, that *Nothing* them can cure.

94.

O *Sovereign Nothing* ! which so deeply could
 Thy *Spouse* inamour, that on it He fed
 Twice twenty days and nights : though Sleep so bold
 Might grow to venture on his Eyes, it did
 Not once presume to touch, much less to fight
 The noble Paradox of his Appetite.

95.

That generous Appetite, which strictly kept
 This long long Watch without one wink of rest ;
 Yet since it suted with his pleasure, reapt
 From this severest Restlessness, the best
 Of Ease's sweets : though fasting, He could fill
 Himself ; for now his Stomach was his Will.

96.

Unknown were those exuberant Dainties He
 Ev'n in the midst of Emptiness enjoy'd :
 'Twas always Meat and Drink to him to be
 About his *Father's* glorious work employ'd.
 O precious Piety, which furnishest
 Without the Kitchen's help so rich a Feast !

97.

The Fury spent her own his Strength to tire,
 But fretted, gnaw'd, and vex'd her self in vain.
 Hast thou not heard how *Moses*, all on fire
 With stout Devotion, did of old sustain
 As many days and nights on *Sin's* head,
 A stranger all the while to drink and bread ?

98.

If by approach to God faint Man could grow
 So much above the temper of a Creature ;
 If by attendance on the *Moral Law*
 He could forget the urgent *Law of Nature* ;
 What might *He* do, to whose great *Moses's* Face
 In all its splendors still, but dusky was !

99.

What might *He* do who did not only draw
 So near to God, but who *Himself* was *He* ;
 No Instrument, but Author of the Law,
 By Virtue of his proper Deity.
 No Proxy *He*, nor stated in his Might
 Barely by Patent, but by *Native Right*.

100.

He who their pow'r to Salamanders gave
 Safely to scorn the siege of any flame,
 And in the furnace's red bosom live,
 Making the hostile fire become their tame
 And friendly food ; might well *Thirst's* drought sub-
 due,
 And turn its burning wrath to cooling Dew.

Y

101.

He, to whose Bounty's Hand Chamelions ow
 Their Virgin Privilege, by which they may
 Contemn all gross unweildy Meats, and grow
 Fat upon sapless Air ; can find a way
 As pure a diet for himself to get,
 And force the Winds to blow him in his Meat.

102.

Nay, since the soul of *Bread* is dull and dead,
 And no assistance can to Life afford,
 Unless it self be fortify'd and fed
 By God's all-forming all-supporting Word ;
 He well can spare its aid, yet want no food,
 Who is himself th' *Essential Word of God*.

103.

Witness his most authentick Might ; for now
 An intimation of his Royal Will
 With terror struck the gnawing *Fury* thro',
 Commanding her not to disturb him, till
 He gave her leave ; Who busy ment to be
 With other Beasts of better worth than she.

104.

Soon saw the *Hag* how rashly she had thrown
 Her warriest strength into a conquering Net,
 Where her fell Teeth and Nails were not her own,
 But His whom she design'd to make her meat.
 Against her self she therefore madly bent
 Her spite, and both her hair and heart-strings rent.

105.

But safe and unmolested He went on
 To seek those *Beasts* which from the dreadful Grot
 Of this intolerable *Fiend* had run
 To shroud their trembling Lives ; and thought it not
 Beneath himself, since He the *Saviour* is
 Of *Man and Beast*, to care for what is His.

106.

When Oxen he and Asses had descry'd
 Lowing and braying their desires of grass,
 He kindly thought of what did him betide,
 When in their house he entertained was ;
 How *Bethlehem* stable with the hay and manger
 Welcom'd the New-born-men-rejected *Stranger*.

107.

A herd of Goats then met his Eye ; which in
 His gentle Bosom rais'd a pitying sigh,
 To think of those whom bold and odious sin
 Had made of stinking kin to these : yet by
 His gracious look his love to them he spake :
 He hates no Goats but those he did not make.

108.

A flock of Sheep went bleating after them,
 Whose sucking Sons made him reflect again

Upon himself *God's* everlasting *Lamb*,
 Born in proud *Salem's* shambles to be slain.
 He blest them all ; and for their sustenance,
 Ingag'd his Magazine of Providence.

109.

Then friendly to a Pool with them he came,
 The only Water which that Desert knows ;
 (If yet that Pool defile not Water's name,
 Which only with deep muddy poyson flows.)
 The banks were throug'd with savage Beasts, which
 lay
 Panting and gasping, and forgot their prey.

110.

For parching thirst had now drunk up their ire ;
 And hungry hunting would but more increase
 That too-prevailing fury of their fire,
 Which only Water's mildness might appease ;
 Yet though their Tongues lay frying on the brink,
 They durst not quench them in that dangerous Drink.

111.

For yet the long-expected *Unicorn*
 Delay'd his coming ; He who always by
 The piercing Antidote of his fair Horn
 First broach'd the wholesom *Liquor* which did lie
 Imprison'd in the poyson's power, and then
 A health to all his fellow-beasts begin.

112.

Nor was his tardiness that day by chance,
 The only day in which he could be spared ;
 For now *Salvation's Horn*, who could dispense
 That sovereign vertue which was deeper fear'd
 By every Poison, than what breaketh from
 The potent *Unicorn's*, was thither come.

113.

Great was the Congregation ; for there
 The princely Lyon lay, the angry Dog,
 The mountainous Elephant, the shaggy Bear,
 The hasty Wolf, the foaming Boar, the Hog
 His grumbling Wife, the roaring frowning Bull,
 The Porcupine of ammunition full.

114.

The spotted Panther, stiff Rhinocerot,
 Swift-footed Tigre ; and a thousand more :
 Whom wilder thirst had thither forc'd, in hot
 And panting throngs beleaguere'd the shore,
 Crowding as stoutly Water now to get
 As *Noah's* frightened Troops to 'scape from it.

115.

But when thine unexpected *Spouse* appeared,
 With reverent amazement every Beast
 The sacred spectacle both lov'd and feared,
 And by ingenuous bashfulness confest
 Whom they beheld, and how unworthy they
 Esteem'd themselves to drink his Aspect's ray.

116.

Vet that first Glance did such refreshment dart
That all the forces of their Thirst it slew.
So when unto a long-afflicted Heart
Jays their unlook'd-for sudden count'nance shew,
The blessed Glimpse frights gloomy Grief away,
Buries black Night, and wakes up beauteous Day.

117.

These Beasts were heirs to them who when as yet
Time and the World were young, in *Paradise*
At *God's* own summoning together met,
To pay their homages in humble guise
To princely *Adam*; who sat mounting high
On his fair Throne of native Monarchy.

118.

Well then they mark'd their Sovereign's Eyes and Face,
And all his Person's lovely Majesty,
Which stream'd on them with such potent Grace,
That they durst not Allegiance deny
To so sweet Violence, but to his beck
And gentle Yoke bow'd down their loyal Neck.

119.

But when unwary *Adam's* fall had spread
Guilt's veil upon his bruised Face; with wonder
The Creatures gas'd, and fain would there have read
Their former Lesson of Majestick splendor :
But seeing all was blurr'd, Abhorrence sworn
And open Foes of Subjects made them turn.

120.

Their Sons and Generations after them
Succeeded in their hate to human Sin :
And all these barbarous Beasts which hither came
Had in that Quarrel born and nurtured been ;
Who whensoe'r Chance shew'd them a *Man*,
To him as their condemn'd prey they ran.

121.

For never spy'd they any one, but in
His self-betraying countenance they saw
The odious characters of deep-writ Sin ;
Which their commission was their powers to draw
Against the foul Apostate, and withal
Their fury answer *Vengeance's* loud Call.

122.

But when on *JESU's* face they try'd their Eyes,
No blur or sign of guilt they could descry :
His looks were purer than the virgin skies,
Polish'd with Beauty's best serenity,
Array'd with princely Stateliness, and dight
With Love, with Life, with Grace, and Royal light.

123.

This wak'd those ancient seeds of Memory,
Which prudent *Nature* in their hearts had set ;

And which by wise Instinct did signify
That their *unspeck'd Monarch* they had met.
They had indeed ; for this was *Adam* too :
Alas that Beasts much more than Men should know !

124.

Men knew him not ; but Beasts distinctly read
In him the *Protoplast's* all-graceful feature :
Such were the gallant Glories of his Head ;
Such was the goodly measure of his Stature ;
Such were the reverend Innocencie's beams
Which from his flaming Eyes pour'd pleasure's streams.

125.

Such radiant awfulness Men fancy in
Th' apparent heirs of earthly Kingdoms, that
They think the *King of Beasts* by royal Kin
To their condition groweth courteous at
Their sight, and quite forgets his cruel sense
Of being Salvageness's dreadful Prince.

126.

What wonder than if thus it happen'd now
The mighty only *Heir of Heav'n* was here ;
He, for whose high and best-deserving Brow
Eternity was busy'd to prepare
That Sun-outshining Crown, which flaming is
Upon his Incarnation's lowliness !

127.

No longer durst the princely Lyon in
His wonted State, but in submission, rise ;
His never-daunted Tail till now, between
His Legs he humbled, and let fall his Eyes :
Confessing to the Beasts that made his train,
That he was not their *only Sovereign*.

128.

Approaching thus, he couch'd on the ground,
And with ingenuous devotion
Kiss'd *JESU's* Feet ; rejoicing he had found
Juda's Majestick *Lyon*, who alone
Wore in his noble Looks fair-writ the Name
Of *Emperor of this created Frame*.

129.

By his devout example all the rest
Their now engag'd Duty learn'd, and did :
In decent modest order every Beast
His service by a meek kiss offer'd :
And then they all before him prostrate lay,
Humbly expecting what their *Lord* would say.

130.

He in a Mystick Dialect, which soon
They understood, his Royal pleasure spoke :
For in that energetick Language on
All their First-fathers' necks he laid his yoke ;
A yoke without regret drawn ever since
By their most tractable Obedience.

131.

Nay, not those Animals alone ; but Trees,
 Shrubs, Plants, *Pomona's* Fruits, and *Mais's* Flowers,
 The Earth, the Air, the Fire, the boistrous Seas,
 The Winds, the Hails, the Frosts, the Snows, the
 Showers,
 The Dews, the Lightning and the Thunder, Hell
 And Heaven, and all things ken his Language well.

132.

For being that *Eternal Word*, from whom
 What ever is, receives it self ; He knows
 In what intelligible way to come
 To all his Creatures, and pronounce his Laws.
 A *Word* of boundless bounds and potency
 To every thing significant may be.

133.

To every thing ; and more than so : for *He*
 On empty *Nothing* his Commands can lay ;
 And long before, ev'n in their Seeds they be,
 Summon what Worlds he pleases ; nor dare they
 Plead ignorance of what he says, but by
 Instant Existence to his Call reply.

134.

(O how portentous is that Deafness then
 Which dammeth up the most rebellious ear
 Of those unhappy Heav'n-defying Men,
 Whom their own welfare cannot woo to hear
 Almighty *Mercie's* sweetest-tuned Charms,
 Nor *Vengeance's* long-thundering Alarms !)

135.

What 'twas He spake, tho' they best understood,
 Yet if my guessing may presume of leave,
 He charg'd them to confine their thirst of Blood,
 And for his *Incarnation's* sake reprieve
 Those who were linked by that Mystery
 To Heav'n and him in near affinity.

136.

For now he came to ope a gentler Age
 To all his World than heretofore had run,
 To banish Spight, and Salvageness, and Rage,
 And to establish endless *Peace's* Throne ;
 He came degraded Man to re-ordain,
 And make him Prince of all below again.

137.

To re-ordain him, that he would but yield
 Not to be vassal unto *Sin* and *Hell* ;
 If he would be content his strength to build
 On 's *Maker's* Power, if he whose treacherous Will
 Enslaves himself, would by Heaven's Pleasure rein
 His Passions' freedom which is Reason's chain.

138.

And to encourage their Obedience, He
 Told all their Beasts, their expectation and

Long-panting Groans should shortly answer'd be,
 For he himself would haste to break the Bond
 In which *Corruption* kept them slaves, and them
 With Heaven's dear Heirs to Liberty redeem.

139.

This done ; his sacred Hand he lifted up
 And round about on his devotes dealt
 His bounteous Blessing ; strait they 'gan to hop
 Their thankful dance, when in their hearts they felt
 The joyful influence which, they knew not how,
 From his dry Hand's widestreaming fount did flow.

140.

Then with the fairest manners plain Beasts had,
 Shaking their tails, and louting low their heads,
 They took their reverent leave ; not only glad
 Their hardest breasts were sown with gentle seeds,
 But that they in their *Sovereign's* lovely dread
 A *Lyon* and a *Lamb* together read.

141.

Thus left alone he hasts to make due use
 Of privacy's rich opportunity.
 What fitter place could wise *Devotion* chuse
 Where she with freedom through all heav'n might fly ?
 What is the Desert, but an Harbour, which
 No storms of this tumultuous world can reach ?

142.

Besides ; his active Soul now lightned by
 His fast, and fairly pois'd on sprightly wings,
 Was well appointed up to tower, and try
 The altitude of Heav'n's sublimest things.
 Not that he needed this advantage, but
 To Man this useful Copy deign'd to set.

143.

As when more fuel 's heap'd upon the hearth
 Than well the Chimny's stomach can digest ;
 The flames their wonted bounds despising, forth
 With fury rush, till all the Room oppress
 With bright and dark billows of fire and smoke
 In that dry Sea's unruly storm they choke.

144.

So when intemperate Man ingorgeth more
 Than corresponds with his Capacity ;
 With burning Vapors that superfluous store
 Riots about his heart and head. But he
 Who trades in fasting, keeps his Spirit's sphere
 Calm and unclouded : as did JESUS here.

145.

Through that unfathomable Treasury
 Of sacred Thoughts and Counsels and Decrees,
 Built in the Palace of Eternity
 And safely lock'd with three massy keys
 Whereof himself by proper right keeps one,
 With intellectual lightness now he ran.

146.

And there he to his humane Soul unvall'd
The flaming Wonders of Divinity ;
A Sea through which no *Seraph's* eye e'r sail'd,
So vast, so high, so deep those secrets be
(*God's* nearest Friend, the *Soul of JESUS* is
Whom he admits to all his Privacies.)

147.

There, in an adamant Table, by
The glorious hand of *Goodness* fairly writ
He saw his *Incarnation's* Mystery,
The Reasons, Wonders, and the ways of it.
There freely rang'd his Contemplation from
His scorn'd Cradle to his guarded Tomb.

148.

His Soul rejoic'd all the way it ran,
And taught his Fast to turn a sumptuous Feast :
Each Grief, each Pain he took delight to scan,
And what the bitterest was he relish'd best.
Not for a World would he have wanted one ;
But could have wish'd a crueler Passion.

149.

Thus having exercis'd the day ; when night
On heav'n's wide face her sable mantle spread,
He other Work began : no leaden weight
Of Drowsiness lagg'd down his watchful head :
So strong his Fast was grown, that no dull cloud
Durst to his brain out of his stomach croud.

150.

Those silent hours he spent in ardent Prayers,
His evening and burnt sacrifice ; and by
The quick ascent of those mysterious stayers
Climb'd back again to heav'n's sublimity ;
Where his Ejaculations busy grew,
And thicker than th' Angelick Legions flew.

151.

There pray'd he that the world might not disdain
The gentle yolk he meant on it to lay ;
Nor force Heav'n to come down to Earth in vain,
But to its now obtruding Bliss give way ;
That since *God* to *Humanity* did stoop,
Man would into *Divinity* get up.

152.

That generously-ingenuous Souls would dare
To trace his hardy steps, though flesh and blood,
With all the Pleas of Tenderness and Fear
Full in the way of their adventure stood :
That *Piety* might *Rest* in *Watching* find,
And learn by *Fasts* to *fatten up the Mind*.

153.

But now no less than forty times the *Sun*,
The Giant of the day, had from the east

Prick'd forth his Golden-trapp'd Steeds, and run
His never-wearied race into the west ;
And watchful *Vesper* dress'd as oft with light
The silver tapers, and trim'd up the night.

154.

When thy wise *Spouse*, who all the seasons knew
Of *Heav'n's* abstrusest Dispensations, gave
Th' unbridled *Monster's* Raving leave to shew
Her teeth's full power. And how profound and brave
This Counsel was, thou by and by shalt see ;
For he on yielding built his Victory.

155.

As when the greedy Dog, who long had lain
Mussel'd and chain'd in presence of his meat,
The freedom of his feet and chaps doth gain ;
For all the time he lost, he strives to eat,
Flying like lightning on his breakfast, which
His hasty paws and jaws together catch :

156.

So *Famine* now releas'd to her own will,
Revenge'd her long restraint with rampant spight ;
And had it but been possible to kill
Life's unconsenting *Lord*, her furies' Might
Had from the far less raging villainies
Of People, Priests, and *Pilat*, snatch'd their prize.

157.

For with such fell remorselessness she ne'r
Had heart'ned up her Tallons and her Teeth,
To wage her monstrous hunger's war, as here ;
Nor with more confidence e'r promis'd *Death*
To save his *Sithe* the labour : and some ground
The *Hag* in *JESUS* saw her hopes to found.

158.

His tortur'd Stomach roar'd, his bowels clung,
The heav'nly Graces of his count'nance fell ;
Thirst parch'd his beauteous lips and burnt his tongue ;
But by his own permission all : for well
He knew that if he grew not faint and wan,
Hell would suspect him to be more than Man.

159.

Hell's jealous *Prince* had conn'd all *Prophecies*
Which pointed out a greater *King* than He ;
A *King* decreed from *Yessu's* Root to rise,
And quite extirpate his long Tyranny ;
Upon his guard he stood, and watch'd to see
The dangerous time, and who the Man should be.

160.

At first, thou know'st, that *Quire* which sung to Earth
Good Will and Peace, through Him did Terror dart ;
The glorious rumor of the *Infant's Birth*
No sooner stroke his ear, but broke his heart ;
He *Simeon's* Jubilation echoed by
A Groan, and *Anna's* Preaching by a sigh.

161.

With curs'd misgiving thoughts he chew'd upon
 The *Benedictus* of old *Zachary*;
 The East's sweet *Star's* irradiation
 Blinded with horror his amazed eye ;
 His guilty Soul was rack'd in sad suspense
 To hear the *Magy's* pious Confidence.

162.

But when those fatal Items rous'd his pride
 To take some course this danger to repress,
 And he had *Herod's* desperate Sword employ'd ;
 He hop'd, and bragg'd, he had not stroke amiss :
 Besides, now thirty years could not discover
 Any great fear, he dream'd the worst was over.

163.

And much it cheer'd him to remember that
Messias was to be a *Virgin's Son* :
 Thy *Lord*, his insolence term'd *Joseph's Brat*,
 The silly Carpenter's poor Urcheon ;
 Who likelier was some simple house to build
 Than raise a Kingdom and a scepter weild.

164.

Yea to that fond excess of boldness he
 Hardned his thoughts, as to imagin that
 Great *Daniel's* most punctual *Prophecy*
 Had plainly miss'd its mark : nor car'd he what
 The other *Prophets* talk'd, now He who set
Messias' time, so foully fail'd in it.

165.

But when on *Jordan's* bank he heard and saw
Heav'n's glorious Testimonials of its *Son* ;
 His sturdy Impudence began to thaw,
 New Terror through his curs'd bones did run.
 Long 'twas e'r he could recollect a thought
 His drift of Mischief how to bring about.

166.

So when the flood-gates which have long stood ope,
 Their mouths with sudden resolution shut ;
 The check'd streams, which flow'd with more than hope
 Of being Masters of that Pass, are put
 Unto their deepest plunge, and swell and roar
 In doubt which way their fury they shall pour.

167.

At last he hither trac'd him and set
 That fury *Famine* to begin the fight :
 Deep desperate anguish made him vex and fret,
 To see the vain contention of her spite
 For forty days together : but at length
 When she prevail'd, his pride renew'd its strength.

168.

On *Chance's* vain account he scor'd it up
 That *JESUS* had sustain'd the fight till now :

As he had done, when from their pillars' top
 To dust he saw his *Egypt's Idols* bow ;
 Because since then he found some new ones able
 To stand, and *Memphis* once more *Isis* stable.

169.

And now his cue was come, to Hell he stepp'd
 And op'd a Box, which by his couch's side,
 He as the dearest of his Treasures kep'd :
 Ten thousand quaint Delusions there were ty'd
 In one another's gentle snarles so strait
 That *Craft* her self from hence might learn deceit.

170.

There lay smooth-burnish'd words, and quick mutations,
 Sleight-handed Tricks, importunate Courtesies,
 Sweet looks, delicious shapes, and dainty fashions,
 False loves, invenom'd fawnings, holy lies ;
 Those gorgeous frauds by which he lured *Eve*
 For one poor Apple Heav'n and *God* to leave.

171.

And those by which he holy *Aaron* made
 More silly than the *Calf* his fear erected ;
 Those which unconquer'd *Samsun's* strength betray'd ;
 Those which the Fort of Chastity dejected
 In *David's* heart ; and those whose witchery
 Charm'd his wise *Son* to fond Idolatry.

172.

This also was the curs'd nest of those
 More wily wiles he forg'd to entice
 The brave Inhabitants of Heav'n to close
 With his Conspiracy, when in the skies
 He drew his army up and ventur'd on
 Against the Thunder's mouth, and *God's* own *Son*.

173.

All which he takes, and squeezes into one
 Conflux of more than quintessential Guiles :
 With which insidious Extraction
 His thirst he quenches, and his bosom fills ;
 And so returns into this Desert, well
 Stuff'd with the best, because the worst, of Hell.

174.

Imperial was his Retinue, for
 A thousand burly *Peers of Phlegeton*
 Had robb'd earth, air, and sea of all their store
 Of braveries, and proudly put them on :
 All which were answer'd by the rich attires
 Both of their haughty Horses and their Squires.

175.

But as the Cedar on tall *Liban's* head
 Dishonors dwarfly shrubs that creep below ;
 And as th' illustrious Peacock's glories spread
 Disgrace upon the sparrow, or the Crow ;
 So now majestic *Satan's* Port transcended
 Whatever in his *Lord's* might be commended.

176.

Twelve sable steeds, smug as the old Rav'n's wing,
Of even stature, and of equal pride ;
Sons of the wind, or some more speedy thing,
To his fair Chariot all abreast were ty'd ;
That in this royal Range each first might be,
And jointly shew their several gallantry.

177.

Perpetual sparks of Vigorousness they shot
From their two fountains of prospective fire ;
Their mighty Neighings easy conquest got
Of every noise, and made god *Mars* his quire ;
And thus through Clouds both black and big as they
Thunder and Lightning use to rend their way.

178.

As ebon-shining Bows, so bended were
Their sinewy Necks ; their stomachs boiled over
In restless foaming scum, which far and near
Flung their disdain ; their Pawing did discover
With what impatience on the earth they trode
And coveted to trace th' ætherial rode.

179.

Their shoes were Silver, and their bridles gold ;
Thick pearl their velvet trappings studded ; their
Luxuriant mains in curl'd volumes roll'd
Down to the ground, their starting Ears did wear
Proserpine's favors with rich jewels tip'd ;
The way their full Tails for their Sovereign sweep'd.

180.

The Wheels were Cedar, clouded round about
With Gold's more precious Rival, *Chrysolite* ;
The Charet Almng, sumptuously wrought
With an embroider'd confluence of bright
Well-order'd Gems : upon which princely Seat
Prouder than it, sate *Belshazzar the Great*.

181.

So *Titan* mounted on his flying throne
Of flaming glory, sweepeth through the skies,
Outglittering all the combination
Of his bright Coach's raies by his own eyes
And by 's imperial proper fire, exceeds
The ardor of his Heav'n-devouring steeds.

182.

What Pomp in *Alexander's* count'nance reign'd,
Or swell'd upon *Nebuchadnezzar's* brow ;
Improv'd and to a loftier Tumor strain'd,
To his own Aspect he transplanted now ;
Having compounded in one stately ly
The universal looks of Majesty.

183.

Disdain and *Frowns* the chief ingredients were,
And long ago he learn'd to manage them :

Yet *Grace* and royal *Mildness* too were there,
If need should be some soft Deceit to frame,
With awful gravity deep flow'd his beard ;
And he some wise and ancient Prince appear'd.

184.

A tripple crown of diamond on his head,
Wherein was graven Earth, and Air, and Sea,
His Empires provinces decipher'd ;
So shameless his Presumption is, that he
Counts *Adam's* Right his own, and writes his stile
E'r since he snar'd him by the *Apple's* Guile.

185.

Down from his shoulders stream'd to his feet
A Mantle of estate, with *Ermyns* lin'd :
Whose texture's glorious face so thick was set
With oriental Gems, no eye could find
What web it was, it being bravely lost
In that magnificence of too much cost.

186.

Three troops of Pages on his wheels did wait,
The first in Azure, and in Green the next,
The third in darkest Purple : which conceit
Was but the Comment on his Crown's proud Text.
Ten thousand Curassiers, his dreadful Guard,
Before him trotted, and his passage clear'd.

187.

Of Sumptures, Wains, and Carriages a Sea
Mannerly roll'd its plainer flood behind :
Which seem'd the Transmigration to be
Of all the Earth, engag'd now to find
Some other World whose larger bounds might give
Leave to those straitned Swarms at large to live.

188.

Yet dar'd no justling Tumults interpose
Amongst their throngs, whom silent Discipline
Led on in decent state, though all sworn foes
To modest Order's Rules which fairly join
Troublous Disparities in Union's rest :
Confusion's Prince well knows this Peace is best.

189.

In this magnifick Port, his Progress He
Gravely pretended through his Earth to take :
That beaten Circuit, where incessantly
Some hellish bus'ness kept his Rage awake :
But now more dangerous was this *Lyon* grown
Than when he rang'd *Roaring* up and down.

190.

For though that barbarous *Roar* loud Terror spoke,
Withal it gave fair warning to beware ;
But when majestic Grace and Order cloak
His thievish Enterprise, He charmeth fear
Too fast asleep, to think a King in so
Great pomp, a stealing would, and cheating go.

191.

See'st thou that rueful place, that garden where
 Eternal Barrenness deep-rooted grows ;
 Where unrelenting flints and pebbles are
 Both soil and fruit? that Scene thy *Saviour* chose
 Wherein to wrestle with keen *Famine*, and
 Grant her free leave on her own ground to stand.

192.

And hither march'd that Pompous *Pagentry* :
 Whose surly Van when they with JESUS met,
 Deign'd not poor looking Him the charity
 Of half an eye, but prouder forward set :
 For those inferior vulgar *Fiends* had not
 Been privy to their *Sovereign's* *Cheater's* Plot.

193.

But *Satan*, though his spiteful heart did leap
 For joy to see how in his fallen cheeks
Hunger had writ her cruel conquest deep ;
 With fain'd princely pitty yet off breaks
 His course : the Steeds, in foaming scorn to stay,
 Their bridles champ'd, and stamp'd upon their way.

194.

But He more gentle seem'd than they were fierce ;
 For, fixing on thy *Lord* his yearning eyes,
 His breast he smote in shew of deep remorse,
 His gracious head he sadly shak'd thrice,
 And then as oft to heav'n he look'd up,
 And cunning tears at every look did drop.

195.

He hop'd the pin'd Man would bend his knee
 (Too feeble long to stand,) and succour crave
 Whilst yet he could receive : he hop'd that He
 Would ope his mouth, since so did now his Grave :
 But Him too stout he found to buckle down ;
 He nobly held his tongue, and held his own.

196.

With that, the royal *Tempter* thus began :
 My Pity never was till now neglected
 By any He who wore the face of Man ;
 Much less by such whom *Famine* had dejected
 Below the looks of human life. And yet
 Perhaps some *Mystery* I now have met.

197.

That with contented patience thou canst be
 The miserable Prey of *Famine*, and
 Forbear (if not disdain) to ask of me
 Who with all courteous Succour ready stand,
 Implies thy strength, whate'r thy face appear,
 Higher to move than in an human sphere.

198.

Where-e'r she had it, *Rumor* sent of late
 A strange Relation to my ear, which she

Profest she took both from the leaves of *Fate*,
 And from experimental Certainty :
 'Twas, that the *Son of God* had chang'd his Home,
 And privately on earth to sojourn come.

199.

She added, That his garb was plain and mean,
 Since he was but a Pilgrim here below ;
 And rather came to see than to be seen,
 As wisest Travellers are wont to do.
 But more she told me not ; perhaps, that I
 And my good fortune might the rest descry.

200.

I would be loth it should reported be
 In heav'n, to my Realm's everlasting shame,
 That this renown'd celestial *Prince*, when He
 To any of my territories came,
 Should taste no argument to make him know
 And say at home, *The World is kind below*.

201.

For much my Honor it concerns, and me,
 That worthy Entertainment should attend
 Such mighty *Strangers* : and, if thou be He,
 Take notice thou hast met a royal friend ;
 A friend both able and resolv'd to prove
 That thou all Glory hast not left above.

202.

But yet these deep-plow'd wrinkles ill would suit
 My solemn forehead, and this reverend Snow
 My head and beard, if Rashness should confute
 Those sage and sober Tokens ; if I now
 Who purchas'd long ago the high esteem
 Of *Grave* and *Wise*, should Light and Credulous
 seem.

203.

Then since my princely Credit pleadeth for
 A clear Probation, you may not deny
 Some rational Assurance who you are ;
 Nor can that Evidence be seal'd, but by
 Some potent Demonstration, that to you
 As to their Sovereign, *Nature's* *Statutes* bow.

204.

If you be that great He, *God's* mighty *Son*,
 (And *God* forbid you such a Truth should hide,)
 Let it suffice your fast thus far has run,
 And now a breakfast for your self provide :
 Lo here a Board with Pebles ready spread,
 Speak but the word, and make them loaves of bread.

205.

The *Tempter* so. JESUS wisely saw
 How he suspended was in jealous Doubts,
 And by this Artifice contriv'd how
 To extirpate his snarl'd perplex'd thoughts :
 His heav'nly Prudence therefore took a course
 On 's hellish Craft a darker Mist to force.

206.

For as a noble Champion when the Blow
 Fleeth with deadly aim against his heart,
 With wary buckler back again doth throw
 The intercepted and deceived Dart :
 So did thy *Spouse* by *God's* unconquer'd *Word*,
 His ready shield against the *Tempter's* Sword.

207.

'Tis *written*, that the life of Man, said He,
 Shall lean not only on the staff of Bread,
 But on a stronger steadier Prop, and be
 By *God's* more wholesom *Word* securely fed.
 What need we loaves our Hunger's rage to still?
 From *God's* Mouth floweth that which Man's will fill.

208.

O most impenetrable Buckler ! how
 Slender an Help is tripple steel to thee !
 Seav'n-times-redoubled Adamant must bow
 To thy less vulnerable Durity.
 O *Scripture* ! what vain straws and feathers are
Goliath's Arms, if they with thee compare !

209.

This *Psyche*, this is that victorious *Shield*,
 Which sure Protection can on thee bestow,
 Though all Hell's Troops pitch'd in a martial field
 Conspir'd have, and sworn thy Overthrow.
 Its noble use thy *Spouse* declar'd to thee,
 Who fought with none but this Artillery.

210.

With this he fought, who Thunder had at call
 And all Heav'n's Hosts attending his Command :
 No strength would he employ, but what might fall
 Within the reach of thy short feeble hand.
 Thou canst not thunder : yet his sacred *Word*
 Thou well mayest wield, and wound ev'n *Satan's*
Sword.

211.

But as the greedy Wolf, once beaten back ;
 By that repulse is but enrag'd to
 Rebound with doubled spight, and fiercelier make
 His fresh encounter : angry *Satan* so
 Brus'd by this fall, and vex'd at the pain,
 Plucks up his spirits and ventures on again.

212.

Yet as he charg'd, he on the sudden felt
 His Confidence's foot begin to slip ;
 Bold was his Will, but timorous his Guilt ;
 And, though he thought not on 't, he bit his lip.
 His Jealousy at last advis'd his Wrath
 Calmly to march, and in the safest path.

213.

His Plot now therefore slyly driving on,
 He plausibly pretends this sullen Place

To be the Stage where Heav'n's illustrious *Son*
 Should act his Greatness, too unworthy was ;
 And in high courtship hasts to change this mean
 And despicable, for a gallant Scene.

214.

For as a stragling Cloud came by that way,
 He, as th' usurping Monarch of the air,
 His leisure sternly beckned it to stay,
 And so gat up into his flying chair ;
 Taking thy *Lord* with him, who was content
 To try what by this new design he ment.

215.

Nodding the next Wind then on him to wait,
 He through the welkin scour'd, and quickly came
 (For now his way all open lay and streight,) *To this long journey's but, Jerusalem ;*
 Where on the Temple's highest Spire he set
 Him who, he fear'd, might prove the *God* of it.

216.

Then to his work alone he fell ; his Train
 Being left behind, and charg'd to attend
 Their King's return : for much he did disdain,
 In case he could not now atchieve his end,
 His envious Elves again should witness how
 A starv'd Man Hell's Sovereign overthrew.

217.

He wisely ponder'd that the Arms whereby
 Thy *Spouse* had him repuls'd, the mightiest were ;
 And therefore cunningly resolv'd to try
 If he could *Scripture* bow to serve his war.
 O wit of deepest Hell, which makes a Sword
 Of *God's* own *Word*, to fight with *God the Word*.

218

Appointed thus : I grant, said he, that thy
 Reply was true, yet answer'd not my Doubts.
 Lo here a scene where thou may'st satisfy
 By one Experiment all scrupulous thoughts.
 If *God* thy father be, leap down from hence,
 In witness of thy filial Confidence.

219.

Is it not *Written*, that He shall command
 His Angels' trusty Care to wait on thee,
 And with a watchful ready-stretch'd hand
 In every Danger's sute thy bail to be,
 That no rude stone with churlish shock may meet
 (So tender is He) thy secur'd feet ?

220.

Mark *Psyche*, mark the *Cheater's* craft, how he
 Mangles the *Text*, and skips what spoils his plot :
In all thy ways they shall thy Keepers be ;
 So ran the tenor of that *Scripture* : but
 He knew that desperate Precipices were
 No *Ways* for Men who walk'd in holy fear.

Z

221.

Be sure it move thee not, if henceforth thou
 See'st any of his Urcheons *Scripture* spit :
 Who by their Master's juggling copy know
 Both how to clip and to adulterate it :
 Or else such peevish cunning glosses make
 As it against it self shall force to speak.

222.

They this Authority will quote, to throw
 That royal Power flat it first set up ;
 And from their thrones urge sacred Kings to bow,
 And to their reverend lyes make Scepters stoop :
 By this the *Church* her self they from her own
 Fair pinnacle will try to tumble down.

223.

But with another *genuine Text* thy *Lord*
 Nobly confuted him, and thus reply'd :
 This Law's enacted in th' authentick *Word*,
Thou shalt not tempt thy God : and Heav'n forbid
 That I should dare his Providence, and think
 When down I plunge my self, I cannot sink.

224.

Perhaps thy wonder asks, why *Satan*, now
 He had on Danger's brink thy *Savior* set,
 Bridled his fury, and forbore to throw
 Him headlong thence : but thou must not forget
 That still his guilty breast was jealous least
 His foe at force of arms might get the best.

225.

Alas the chain of all his power is short :
 Believe it *Psyche*, there's no mortal *Wight*
 But, if resolv'd to hold his *Virtues'* fort,
 May tire his siege, and all his onsets slight :
 But silly Cowards to his strength make way
 Whilst they by lazy fears themselves betray.

226.

Repuls'd thus, the *Tempter* in his heart
 Stiff'd his grief and smother'd his shame :
 And now inforc'd to act another part,
 Leap'd on the cloud upon whose back he came,
 With which he through *Air's* wondrous regions swum
 Hurrying thy patient *Lord* along with him.

227.

To his expecting *Train* he swum ; for now
 Put to his last reserve of plots, he ment
 To venture all at one great cast ; and though
 Still loth his *Elves* should see him foild, he went
 With desperate resolution to the fight ;
 Dear was his credit, but more dear his spight.

228.

Up to a *Mount* he march'd, whose stately head
 Despis'd *Basan*, *Carmel*, *Libanus*,

The *Alpes* where *Winter* always keeps his bed,
 With *Pendle*, *Calpe*, *Atlas*, *Caucasus*,
 And all the proudest cliffs of *Ararat*
 Where *Noah's* floating Ark first footing got.

229.

A *Mount* which on the highest Clouds look'd down,
 And saw all kinds of Weather far below ;
 A Mount which rose like Earth's imperial Crown,
 Where never any Wind aspir'd to blow ;
 A *Mount* which bravely reach'd at heav'n and made
 Far distant Countries subject to its shade.

230.

Arrived there ; with three new plates of brass
 His never-blushing front he fortify'd ;
 Being now upon an Enterprise which was
 Brother to that in impudence and pride
 When arm'd with spiteful fury and disdain
 He ventur'd to assail *Heav'n's* *Sovereigns*.

231.

The same great *Son* it was of *Glory's* *Father*,
 To whom his stomach then refus'd to yield
 Free and ingenuous homage, choosing rather
 To try it with him in a pitch'd field.
 Fool, who though beat at first, no warning took
 For what he was, in following fights to look.

232.

A massy throne of beaten gold upon
 A pavement of refin'd silver stood ;
 Which round about that gorgeous region
 Poured the plenitude of *Glory's* flood.
 Triumphant Arcs and Columns on each side
 In Laurel wreaths hid and display'd their pride.

233.

Ten thousand splendid things, which bravely check'd
 The brightest Diamond's count'nance, as obscure ;
 With dazeling Awe and Majesty bedeck'd
 A spacious Canopy, which fastned sure
 Upon the Stars, its neighbours, hover'd right
 Above the throne, and valid it o'er with light.

234.

Here *Satan* pitch'd him down : when lo, the crew
 Of his attending Imps in humble guise
 Themselves before his radiant footstool threw
 Adoring him with millions of Lies :
 Nor durst they from the pavement stir, until
 His Nod had signify'd his gracious Will.

235.

Then reaching forth his hand, he gave the sign
 To that brave *Apparition* which he
 By sprightly art had tutor'd to combine
 With his profound but glorious Forgery :
 One moment did the feat ; for all the Scene
 Before his hand was quite stretch'd out, came in.

236.

A mighty *Globe* roll'd fairly up the hill,
Where, upon Poles unknown, it turn'd before
His throne's proud face, and to that bulk did swell
That all the World's full countenance it wore.
No Conjurations ever grew so strong
As in this Witcherie's universal Throng.

237.

There might you see the East's illustrious shore,
The Western Columns and th' *Atlantick* Sea ;
The Snow's and Ice's never thawing store
High heaped in the north Extremity ;
The Dogstar's Empire ; and the *Lybian* strand
Where endless Summer boileth in the sand.

238.

There precious *Indus* wash'd up his gems,
There wealthy *Tagus* pay'd his shores with gold,
There *Vistula* look'd brave in silver streams,
There *Ganges*, *Ister*, and *Orontes* roll'd,
Hydaspes, *Tanais*, *Rhone*, *Rhene*, *Niger*, *Po*,
Euphrates, *Tigris*, *Nile*, and thousand more.

239.

In milk and honey there swum *Palestine*,
There shadow'd with her odoriferous Cloud,
Arabia's Felicity did shine ;
There *Scythia* in her furs her self did shroud ;
There *Neptune* chose thine *Albion* for his bride,
And plac'd her, as a better World, aside.

240.

There dwelt all Countries which your Traffick knows,
And more than yet must to its knowledge come :
But when young *Avarice* past her nonage grows,
And thinks her thirsty Purse hath more than room
For this scant World, another shall be found,
Which yet the *West* in ignorance hath drown'd.

241.

But in this ample Pageant was display'd
That fatal World which future times shall see
By venturous *Columbus*' art betray'd
To Christian Covetousness and Cruelty.
(O why should Christians' Estimation hold
The Western Souls less dear than Western Gold !)

242.

Yea, and those vaster *Regions*, which far
From *Africk* and from *Asia* ran away,
And the *South's* remoter bosom were
Lock'd up and treasur'd so close, that they
Shall longest 'scape Discoverie's reach, and be
From Navigation's bold incroachments free.

243.

No sooner had the *Globe* turn'd round about,
And every Kingdom's proudest Glory shown :

But from his *Rome* *Tiberius* stepped out ;
And humbling from his head to 's hand, his Crown,
With fear and reverence his approaches made
To *Satan's* footstool, where his lips he laid.

244.

Then having prefac'd by that lowly kiss,
Behold, dread Sir, my Diadem, said he,
Bows to thy royal Pedestal : by this
The highest of Assurances, to Thee
I, who am in thy *Roman* World thy great
Viceroy, my homage tender at thy feet.

245.

Impow'd by thy sovereign Might alone
Th' *Assyrian* *Lyon* made the World his prey :
By thee the *Persian* *Bear's* Dominion
Through all the forests of the earth made way :
By Thee the *Gracian* *Leopard* snatch'd all this,
And stoutly wish'd another World were his.

246.

By Thee the *Iron-jaw'd ten-horn'd Beast*,
The martial *Roman*, so prevailing grew,
That having torn and swallow'd all the rest,
He with the Sun victoriously flew
About the World, which now sits safe and sings
Under the shadow of our *Eagle's* wings.

247.

By Thee great *Julius* did our *Empire* found ;
By Thee *Augustus* fully rais'd its frame ;
By Thee were these my loyal Temples crown'd
With this, the shadow of thy Diadem.
O may thy Vassal with thy favour, and
Thy Blessing, wear the Gift of thine own hand.

248.

So with a thousand Holocausts will I
Make fat thy holy Altars morn and night :
So my imperial yoke shall always lie
Upon my Subjects' shoulders firm, and light,
Whilst I by thy auspicious Influence
Reign both of Justice and of mildness Prince.

249.

Tiberius here some gracious nod expected,
As his Commission to resume his Crown.
But strait he saw his flattering Suit rejected,
And his fair hopes damp'd by a cloudy frown :
Which cloud into a sudden Tempest broke,
Whilst *Satan* thus his indignation spoke.

250.

Thou hast depos'd thy self, *Tiberius*, by
Acknowledging that I thy Sovereign am :
For how shall I intrust a World in thy
Luxuriant lazy hand, who hither came
Upon no business but a *Visitation* ;
Which bids the *Earth* now look for Reformation.

251.

And well it may : Alas poor *Earth*, that I
So long delay'd to visit sickly Thee,
Through most unhappy confidence that my
Viceroy had his *Office* known, and *Me*.

But though ignoble He betrays his trust,
I still must be my self, and that is *Just*.

252.

Then since my Name, my Honor, and my Care
Of my dear World all summon me to find
Some *Hero's* worthy Temples, which may wear
That Crown according to my princely mind,

Be 't so : and thou *Tiberius*, thank my love
That I with it thy head do not remove.

253.

Here turning to thy *Spouse* his kinder eye,
My courteous fortune I must thank, said He,
Who in my Progress hath so luckily
To my not poor acquaintance offered thee.

I little thought, till this survey I took,
That I a new *Lieutenant* had to look.

254.

By Him I see how easily Princes slide
Down the glib paths of heedless Luxury :
And what can silly People do, whose guide
Leads them the way to Ruin have not I

Just cause to choose some sober Man whose care
May stop that vicious desperate career !

255.

Now whether thou art *Son to God*, or no,
Surely thou spring'st from some heroic Race ;
The noblest Rays of Honor sparkle so
In thy though pinéd yet most princely face :

Although thy *Modesty* conceals thy Birth,
And Parentage, it cannot cloud thy worth.

256.

And yet that *Virtue's* precious too ; for well
I know that stomachful Ambition threw
From Heav'n's high Turret to profoundest Hell
Disdainful *Lucifer* and all his Crew.

But still the miracle which doth advance
My wonder highest, is thy *Temperance*.

257.

That *Excellence*, alone can never dwell,
But proves the fertile spring of all the rest.
How readily a temperate Prince may quell
Sin's breeding Surfeits in their nasty nest,

Whilst all his Life's an exemplary Law
Which sweetly leads, when Statutes cannot draw !

258.

And such a Prince, and none but such, can cure
The wide Contagion which rank vice hath spread

On this poor Age : nor can my love endure
Longer delay, since I am furnishéd
With *Thee*, whose merits on my Justice call
To make thee *Deputy of all this All*.

259.

Nay more than so : Thou seest how Age doth grow
Upon my weary back ; and I confess
I cloyed feel my self and tired now
With *Glorie's* Sweets and Honor's Weight, no less
Than with my years, and could contented be
To end my days in quiet Privacy.

260.

Nor must it be in vain, that I have found
An *Hero* on whose shoulders safely I
May trust the Burden of my Cares, and ground
Just hopes of all my World's felicity.
Wherefore this free and solemn Act I make
Before Heav'n's face which I to witness take :

261.

First, I bequeath to Thee *Tiberius' Crown* ;
To which imperial *Rome's* vast Pow'r is ty'd :
Next I surrender to thine Head mine own
High Diadem : for thou henceforth shalt ride
In this my royal Chariot, and run
In *thine own Orb* together with the *Sun*.

262.

For wheresoe'r he sets or rises, He
Shall upon none but thy Dominions shine.
His *Master* long ago bequeath'd to me
This Monarchy below ; and what is mine
Though I to whom I please might give, yet thy
Desert binds up my choice's liberty.

263.

These Glories which enrich that rolling *Ball*
Are but the beams of that which shall be thine.
The Kingdoms which are spread from pole to pole,
Shall in thy universal Realm combine :
And in requital of thy noble *Fast*
The World shall join its store to dress thy feast.

264.

My Legions here shall swear, so shall my Peers,
(And I my self will tender them the oath.)
Allegiance both to Thee, and to thy Heirs.
Yea to complete my grand Donation, both
My shrines and Temples I to thee resign ;
No *Name* shall there adoréd be but *Thine*.

265.

Nor will I any constant homage tie
To this my *Grant* ; for all I mean to ask
Is one bare token of thy thanks, which I
As ample Pay will construe ; and this task
Shall be as short as easy : *fall but down*
And worship me, and all the World's thine own.

266.

So spake the *King of craft*: whose staring Train
Question'd the honesty of their own eyes,
In which this *Prince elect* appear'd so plain
And poor a worm: for these strange fallacies
O wily *Belshazzar* were too profound
For their short Apprehensions to sound.

267.

But as the gentle sweetly-swelling *Sea*
Which rolls above the Spheres, when daring Men
Affronted *God* with towering Villany,
Forgot its ever-polish'd smiles, and in
Tempestuous violence breaking through the shore
Of Heav'n, a flood of death on earth did pour.

268.

So thy provoked *Spouse*, who never yet
Had suffer'd frowns to gather on his brow,
An angry look against the *Tempter* knit,
And with disdainful Answer made him know
That all his Pageantry could not conceal
His ugly self who fouler makes his Hell.

269.

Bold *Satan*, 'tis enough that I, said he,
Thus long have seen and born thine insolence:
Lo I defy thy foolish Baits and Thee
Vainer than they: hence fond Impostor, hence
Behind my back, and there thy shameless pride
(If any place may hide it) learn to hide.

270.

Do's not Religion's Law, the *Scripture*, say,
Thine Adoration thou to *God* shalt give,
And at his feet alone thy service pay?
All Heav'n forbid that I should *Him* bereave
Of his due homage, and imberil it
Upon the *Tyrant* of th' infernal Pit.

271.

As when on *Sodom's* Impudence of old
Heav'n pour'd its fire to purge their lustful flames,
The wretched Town repented not, yet howl'd
And mix'd its tears amongst the brimstone streams;
But all in vain, for Men and City in
One funeral pile were buried with their Sin.

272.

So at the Lightning of thy *Lord's* Reply
This frightened Globe of Cheats made haste to melt
And nothing of this Universal Lye
Remain'd, but Ashes; whose strong vapor smelt
So hideously rank, that ev'n the steam
Of *Stinch* her self, to this would Odours seem.

273.

Confounded *Satan* backward from his throne
Fell down the Mount, and tumbled towards hell:

To all the Deeps he by his bellowing Groan
Dismally rung his woful Comming's knell.
And in his fall, his Horns, and Tail, and Claws
Brake out; so did the Sulphure from his Jaws.

274.

His yelling Peers and lamentable Crew
Of Legions, justled headlong after Him:
Presenting to thy *Lord's* victorious view
A Copy of that sight, when from the brim
Of highest Heav'n their King with them He beat
Down to the bottom of their damn'd Seat.

275.

Thus chang'd was the scene: and *Satan* who
Sought by his *God* to be ador'd, pay'd
That *God* this seemly Adoration. So
Great JESU, may all Treasons be betray'd;
So may all Rebels find their shameless feet
Snarl'd for evermore in their own Net.

276.

In these three Conflicts, *Heav'n* with tender eye
Upon its *Champion* waited; yet reliev'd
Him with no Seconds, till the Victory
By his own single valour was achiev'd:
But then flew down an *Host*, whose highstrain'd Lays
Back to the spheres return'd the *Victor's* praise.

277.

O *Psyche*, had'st thou heard their royal Song,
Thou might'st have learn'd how we above employ
Our blessed time, where on each warbling Tongue
Sit endless Raptures of excessive Joy;
Whilst every hearty *Angel*, as he sings,
Claps his Applause with his exultant wings.

278.

Their Gratulation ended; on their knees
A sumptuous Banquet they to him present,
Stor'd with the choice of all varieties
Which best might recompense his rigid *Lent*:
And He, in whom all princely graces reign,
Was pleas'd their ministry not to disdain.

279.

But when He thus had broke his mighty *fast*,
The *fury* which so long possess'd his breast
Impatient fretting *Famine*, out he cast,
Remanding her unto her odious Nest;
And bid an *Angel* tie her in that chain,
When he had kick'd her to her den again.

280.

There must she dwell past hopes of gitting loose
But when *He's* pleas'd (because displeas'd,) to let
Vengeance break out on his relentless foes
Whom lusty fatness makes too bold and great
To be his Subjects, and adore a Prince
Who in his Laws enacteth *Abstinence*.

281.

But from the Lists of this renowned fight.
Th' eternal *Spirit's* Conduct wafted Him
To *Galilee's* known coasts : to which he might
As soon on his own Power's wings have swum ;
But *Heav'n* was studious to attend him, and
In his great bus'ness joy'd to have a hand.

282.

Another World of wonders will appear
When we shall launch into that Legend's Sea ?
But now repose and cheer thy spirits here
Against that Voyage : for thy Piety
Shall take at leisure solemn time and place
Wherein thy *Spouse's* fasting steps to trace.

283.

This said ; He spread his ready wing before
His Pupil, and on that fair table set,

Out of his own unseen but copious store
A neat supply of chasty-pleasant meat.
She blest her *Lord*, whose favour granted her
A Banquet on his own Fast's theater.

284.

But whilst on those external Cates she fed,
Her Soul was sitting at a secret Feast
With all this *Storie's* Dainties furnished
Which faithful *Memory* anew had drest.
And well she knew (which much advanc'd the Cheer)
Her *Spouse* did fast not for Himself but Her.

285.

And now, since *Phæbus* hastned to his rest
And smok'd already in the Western Deep,
Phylax his chariot curtains drew, and prest
The *Virgin's* eyes to do as much by Sleep :
One wing beneath, and one above her head
He laid, and turn'd her Board into her Bed.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Stanza 7, l. 3, '*Their simplest vilest Slaves*,' i.e. being Christians. The 'slave' inscriptions in the Catacombs and family-tombs of Rome are extremely interesting and pathetic.

St. 14, l. 2, '*Griffen's*' = vulture? but see Glossarial Index, s.v. : l. 6, '*sentenc'd food*' = Genesis c. III. v. 14.

St. 15, l. 6, '*like the burnt Child*,' etc. = the proverbial saying 'The burnt child dreads the fire.'

St. 22, l. 6, '*voyage*' = journey.

St. 30, l. 6, '*Fond*' = foolish.

St. 32, l. 2, '*Lists*' = courses.

St. 38, l. 5, '*to Her*' = compared with her.

St. 41, l. 3, '*portentuous*' = portentous elongated, e.g.

St. 49, l. 1, '*clung-up*' = shrivelled.

St. 50, l. 5, '*crinckling*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.

St. 60, l. 6, '*fulfill*' = fill full.

St. 63, l. 1, '*Hurlyburly's*'—see full note in Glossarial Index, s.v.

St. 64, l. 4, '*Boulimy*'—*ibid.*

St. 69, l. 5, '*Vipers*' = the old myth that they gnawed their way to 'birth' and so killed their parent.

St. 70, l. 3, '*Traduction*' = descent, kin.

St. 81, l. 3, '*corssive*' = corrosive.

St. 86, l. 5, '*thievish Night*'—so 'thievish minutes' (All's Well, ii. 1).

St. 100, l. 1, '*Salamanders*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.

St. 101, l. 1, '*Chamelions*'—*ibid.*

St. 106, l. 1, '*Asses*'—misprinted 'Ashes' in the original.

St. 111, l. 1, '*Unicorn*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.

St. 129, l. 3, '*decent*' = becoming—and see st. 128, l. 3.

St. 139, l. 2, '*devotos*' = devotees.

St. 140, l. 2, '*louting*' = stooping.

St. 149, l. 4, '*lugg'd*' = lugg'd, as before.

St. 174, l. 2, '*burly*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.

St. 176, l. 1, '*smug*'—*ibid.*

St. 180, l. 1, '*clouted*' = thickened, as in 'clouted cream,' etc.

St. 187, l. 1, '*Sumptures*' = magnificence, as before.

St. 205, l. 4, '*snarl'd*' = entangled.

St. 207, l. 3, '*stronger*'—misprinted 'strongest' in the original.

St. 208, l. 4, '*Durity*' = durability.

St. 215, l. 4, '*but*' = goal (arrow-mark).

St. 221, l. 2, '*Urcheons*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.

St. 225, l. 1, '*Alas*' = an interjection not always meaning regret or sorrow.

St. 228, l. 4, '*Pendle*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.

St. 232, l. 5, '*Arcs*' = arches, being printed 'arc's' in the original.

St. 234, l. 2, '*Imps*'—see full note in Glossarial Index, s.v.

St. 245, l. 5, '*Gracian Leopard*' = Alexander the Great.

St. 254, l. 2, '*glisb*' = smooth—see Glossarial Index, under 'glibbest.'

G.

CANTO X.

The Marvels.

THE ARGUMENT.

*LOVE to convince the World in whom to lay
The treasure of its Hopes and Confidence,
Proves by a full and glorious Display
What undeniable Omnipotence
Dwelt in his Hand, which always shelter spread
On those who to its Sanctuary fled.*

1.

IT is not *Beauty*, which its blush doth owe
To Pix and Pencil's almes : it is no *King*
Who maketh on the stage a russling show,
And thunders big imperious words which ring
With awful noise about the Scene, when he
By his next *Exit* must a Beggar be.

2.

All is not *Gold* that in a glistering ray
Fairly conceals its foul hypocrisy.
The garish *Meteors*, though they display
Right-boldly-shining Proofs, will never be
Own'd by the *Stars* for bretheren ; nor can
The *Apo*, with all his tricks, be genuin *Man*.

3.

To *Maximilian* when the *Almain Eagle*
On her strange wings Art's stately homage bare,
The brave Dissembler only did inveagle
Spectator's faith : for though her pinions were
Tutor'd by sprightly springs the air to cut,
Alas, ev'n whilst she flew she liv'd not.

4.

The heady *Rebel*, though all Texts he skrews
To force from Truth confession of a Lye ;
Though at the bar of *Nature's* Laws he sues
To justify unnatural *Liberty* ;
Though Conscience and Religion, the things
He overthrows, he for his groundwork brings ;

5.

Though from *Success* (a firmer Argument
For all th' *Odryian* Christian-hating *Race*,)

He pleads the sanctity of his Intent,
And makes Heav'n Patron of his hell-bred *Cause* :
In vain strives to transform his hideous *Sin*,
Which makes him still to *Lucifer* akin.

6.

The staring *Wizzard* never yet could by
His mumbling Charms, his heav'n-affronting Wand,
His barbarous Words and Figures, form a *Lye*
Able against the face of *Truth* to stand :
Nor can his Master *Satan* though all Hell
He rends or blends, atchieve a *Miracle*.

7.

Oft has he ventur'd and strove hard to tread
In those almighty Steps of Heav'n ; but still
The Faces were so wide, that all he did
Was but the proof of his aspiring Will.
His *Wonders* never reach'd above *Deceits*,
With which imprudent eyes and hearts he cheats.

8.

For how can he who is himself a Part
Of *Nature's* empire, and must rank'd stand
In his created class ; by any art
His finite Orbs activity transcend !
What Power of his own can help his Pride
Over his Being's bounded head to ride !

9.

God, *God* alone is *King of Nature* ; and
Nature no *Sovereign* but her own will know :
Her ear no sooner drinks in His Command,
But strait her knees, and heart, and statutes bow :
For, all things must be *Natural*, says she,
Which my *Creator's Voice* injoineth me.

10.

That *Voice* the Fountain was whence first she sprung,
And ever since hath been the Rule whereby
She steers her loyal course. That *Voice* which rung
So loud as to wake *Vacuity*
Into a full and mighty World, at ease
May in its Parts work *Metamorphosies*.

11.

Yet seldom it unsheaths its Power, but when
Some high and singular Design's in hand,
Some *Mystery* of potent *Love*: and then
The Center dares not in its passage stand,
But must and will give way, and to the top
Of Heaven, in meek submission hasten up.

12.

For what's the Center's close-shrunk knot; or what
All Heav'n and Earth which round about it cling,
If in an equal righteous ballance put
With *Love*, that little Word but mighty Thing?
Since they, themselves to *Love's* sole pleasure ow,
How can they to his Will refuse to bow?

13.

Full low they bow'd to it, when from the yoke
Of cruel *Pharaoh*, *Israel's* Seed it drew:
Ten famous blows it gave, and every stroke
Some part of Nature in proud *Egypt* slew:
At length it roll'd the Sea upon an heap,
And op'd the Rebel's graves amidst the Deep.

14.

This fertile made the dry-starv'd *Wilderness*
In *Miracles*: *This* of Heav'n-kindled flames
For *Sinai's* Temples wreath'd an awful Dress:
This taught th' unlikely *Rock* to melt in streams,
Bidding the Desert flow, as it before
Had charg'd the Sea to start from either shore.

15.

This order'd Heav'n to rain down *Angels' Bread*,
And every morning faithfully fulfil
That wondrous task; whence Earth's wide board was
spread
With candel'd Cates, which Banquet lasted till
The liquorish Sun delighted with the tast
On that Ambrosia, daily broke his fast.

16.

This made the *Wind* turn Caterer, and blow
The People Flesh: *This* gave the *Cloud* command
By day as usher in their front to go
With cooling shades: *This* built that walking, and
Bright-flaming *Pillar*, whose conveying Light
Commission had to banish Night from Night.

17.

The *Priest's* dread feet *This* aw'd *Jordan* to
Forbear to touch, though through his heart they past:
This arm'd meer *Sound* against proud *Jericho*
And storm'd the City by poor Trumpet's Blast,
Whilst those huge Bulwarks which all Rams did scorn,
Fell prostrate down, and yielded to the *Horn*.

18.

By *This* more Power to a feebler Sound,
The single *Voice* of *Yorua*, was given;

Which domineer'd amidst the starry Round,
Against *Day's* *Gyant* barracadoing Heav'n.
This made the Clouds their gentle drops forget
And storms of Stones on *Israel's* Enemies spit.

19.

For two and forty Months *This* gave the Keys
Of Rain's vast store-house to *Elias'* hand;
No humid Traveller durst trace the skies
Without a Pass from Him, whose stern command
Quite hardning Nature, plated all the Face
Of Earth with iron, and of Heav'n with brass.

20.

This *This* impower'd *Elisha* to repeal
Fate's adamantine Laws, yea even when
Himself lay pris'ner under Death's cold seal:
For in his Grave, Mortality's own Den,
Life's Dispensation he manag'd,
And by his rotten Bones awak'd the Dead.

21.

Yet all these *Wonders* but Preludiums shew'd,
And glimmering Dawns of that all-darling *Day*,
Which was to crown *Time's* happy Plenitude,
And *Miracle's* ripe age on Earth display:
For then the *Word* it self came down, and broke
From human necks the crueler *Egypt's* yoke.

22.

Decorum's Law requir'd this *Time* should be
Time's Excellence: Those forgeries by which
The height of all Poetick Industry
Coin'd the *Golden Age*, and made it rich
With fancie's gallantry, could never rise
To match this *more than Golden Age's* price.

23.

Phylax resolv'd this bright Truth to shew
To his indear'd *Charges*, with whom (for she
Had now awoke) in his swift Coach he flew
High through the yielding clouds, and instantly
Reach'd *Palestine's* design'd Zenith, where
He curb'd his Steeds, and fix'd th' obedient Air.

24.

Psyche admir'd to see the Chariot stand
Firm on so thin a floor: But then, said He,
This Region lies not only in the hand
Of *Satan's* Power; No, our Authority
Is clearer far, though that *Usurper* here
The name of Sovereign presumes to wear.

25.

Alas, time was (as he remembers well)
When tumbled headlong from our highest Home,
He could not stop himself, but helpless fell
Through all this Air to his infernal Doom.
Indeed he often crawlth back this way,
Yet 'tis but like a Thief, to steal his prey.

26.

But from this lofty Prospect Thou shalt see
The Stages where thy *Lord* his *Wonders* did ;
Not all : their number is too vast to be
In one *Day's* little volume fully read :
And yet as many as shall amply prove
That all his business in this World was *Love*.

27.

That Tract is *Galilee*, yon little Town
The place where first his *Might* abroad he set,
Where he was pleas'd a *Marriage Feast* to crown
Both with his presence, and approve of it :
He, though a *Virgin's Son*, was careful to
Assert himself not to be *Wedlock's* foe.

28.

No ; he at first himself contriv'd it,
A strong and delicately-sacred Tie,
By which indissolubly he might knit
Two Bosoms in one *Love's* Conspiracy.
Wedlock's that reverend Knot, by which alone
Two are no longer Two, but *Both are One*.

29.

A Knot thy *Lord* delights to imitate,
Though in a purer and more mystick way ;
Concentring with his *Spouse* so sweetly, that
He blends his Heart with hers, till amorous they
Cleave in such unity, as makes the *Creature*
Strangely partaker of its *Maker's Nature*.

30.

A Knot which only hard and troublous proves
When knit unequally, and to atchieve
Unworthy ends ; when free and genuine Loves,
(Whose skill is here the best) may not have leave
To manage their own trade ; when *Lust* doth wear
Affection's face, and *Passion* domineer.

31.

A Knot to which, until the *Protoplast*
A pris'ner was, not all the Joys which grew
In bless'd Paradise could dress a Feast
Of satisfaction for his Soul : his true
And proper *Eden* was his precious *Wife*,
In whom alone he liv'd his dearer Life.

32.

A Knot of silk, yet stronger far than that
Which rais'd the fame of *Gordius* so high ;
A Knot which to no weapon yields, but what
The *World's true Conqueror* welds ; a Knot which by
His uncontroll'd Sithe alone is cut
Whom Fate to mow down all the Earth hath set.

33.

A Knot which cementeth Affection close
Between the Branches and the Root, and binds

Up Families in peace ; which hanging loose
By *doubtful Lines*, as oft as waspish Minds
By Discontent's proud itch were spurred on,
Would split, and into mischief's shivers run.

34.

A Knot which *Satan* gall'd so deep, that he
Bewitch'd grave *Plato's* high-esteem'd Pen
To preach the Doctrine of *Community*,
As far more proper for the Weal of Men.
But falling in the moderate *Pagan's* Plot,
A desperate *Christian's* likelier tongue he got.

35.

His *Antiochean Monster* ventur'd to
Spit poison on this wholesome *Mystery*,
Avouching *Nuptial Union* to flow
From jarring Hell's invention : Hell, said He,
Was that black Shop where *Belshebul's* own hands
First forg'd and fashion'd *Matrimonial Bands*.

36.

Unhappy *Saturninus*, how hast thou
Proved thy self an urcheon of Damnation !
What gainst thou else by fetching from below
Thy *Being's Root*, which was of Heaven's Plantation ?
O most adulterous Soul, whose rank offence
Deflowers the Beds of all the World at once !

37.

But now, kind JESUS, sitting at the Feast,
And adding living Cheer to that dead Meat,
(For on his Face the Eyes of every Guest,
As on the richer Dainties all were set.)
A fit occasion him beseech'd to joyn
To that dry *Banquet of his Face* some Wine.

38.

The Wine was out : when lo the *Virgin Mother*
In courteous pity of the *Bridegroom's* want
(Which she more studious was than he to smother)
Strait to her *Son*, the fount of all things, went,
And in a blush more lovely than the Bride
Could shew her Groom, the bus'ness signify'd.

39.

But then her *Son*, (because not hers alone,
But also *Heaven's*, and purposing to show
A token of that high Extraction.)
Waving the precious Name of *Mother* now,
Reply'd, *Woman*, let the Purveyor see
To that defect, *what is 't to Me or Thee ?*

40.

But marking then how Her abash'd Eye
Begg'd pardon for her hasty Intimation,
He mollify'd his seeming sharp Reply,
By adding this serene Interpretation :
'Tis not thy Charity that I repress,
But its unseasonable forwardness.

41.

The Bus'ness noble is ; for Heav'n and I,
 Before thy thoughts it enter'd, plotted it :
 But yet thou needst not lend us wings to flee,
 Who haste enough can make when haste is fit.
 The wheels of *Time* though speedily they run,
Mine hour as yet they have not roll'd on.

42.

Know, *Psyche*, that *His hour is Mercy's Cue* ;
 And at *Extremity's* last gasping Call,
 She loves her seasonable Power to shew.
 The want of Wine was yet not known to all
 The company, whose Souls it did concern
 By that, thy *Lord's* wise Potency to learn.

43.

But when that want was grown notorious, He
 With ready Goodness issued his Command,
 That six capacious Water-pots should be
 Fill'd with their own accustom'd Liquor, and
 Drawn for the Guests : when lo, at every spout
 The Miracle into the Bowl gush'd out.

44.

He who dull Water taught, by thrilling through
 The conduit of the Vine and of the Grape,
 To turn to brisk and joyful Wine ; did now
 Teach it as much by running through the Tap.
 The cool and Virgin *Nymph* drawn from the Pot,
 All over blush'd, and grew sparkling hot.

45.

The Master of the Feast amaz'd at
 Her looks and spirit, wonder'd whence she came.
 Never had his judicious Palate yet
 Discover'd such a purely-sprightly Dame.
 Not knowing she was made to grace the Feast
 By *Him* who nothing gives but what is *Best*.

46.

And sure I am that in thy pious Ear
 The bare narration relisheth so well,
 That with thy thirsty Soul thou drink'st thy share,
 And tast's the sweetness of this *Miracle*.
 But for these *Pots*, that thou but turn'st thy Eye,
 An *Ocean of Wonders* thou mayst spy.

47.

Lo, yonder flows the *Sea of Galilee*,
 Upon whose sandy shore, which He had set
 To curb and discipline its waves, as He
 Vouchsaf'd to walk, his Eyes an object met
 Which mov'd his unrequested Piety
 To wooe the *Fisher's* to a nobler Sea.

48.

Peter and *Andrew* in that thresom Main
 Catching their Living with their Fish he spy'd :

In whom he read the tedious state of vain
 And muddling *Man*, who in the briny Tide
 Of this unstable World, his days doth Waste,
 And with his Net, Himself into it cast.

49.

So certainly *Uncertainty* upon
 Life's lubrick stage, has learn'd to domineer ;
 Proud *Change* in such confounding sport doth run
 Here sometimes flowing, sometimes ebbing there ;
 That solid *Earth*, no less than fluid *Sea*
 Seems at unsettled *Luna's* beck to be.

50.

This made Him call aloud, *Come, follow me*,
 And I will you embark upon the shore,
 Yet in a safer, profitabler *Sea*
 Than you have ever fish'd in before.
 Let those *mute Things* alone, and I will teach
 You *speaking Fishes* readily to catch.

51.

The *shoals of Men* which in this Age's stream,
 Busily scud, as thick and fast shall flow,
 Not to those frail and feeble Nets, but them
 Which Heav'n's Almighty hand shall weave for you ;
Immortal Nets, which know not how to break ;
 Nets which the universal World shall take.

52.

Scorn, scorn that crazy Hulk of yours ; for I
 Am come to rig a *Royal Ship*, in which
 You round this mighty Globe, being steer'd by
 My watchful Providence, shall safely reach.
 When Heav'n fears being shipwreck'd, then shall this
 Stout *Barb*, which nothing but *Heav'n's Kingdom* is.

53.

Hast thou not heard how *Syrrens' Airs* have blown
 Fond Fishers from their Boats into the Sea ;
 In whose sharp billows they their Captives drown,
 Drown'd before in their soft Harmony ?
 Well then might this strong *Charme* those Men invite
 Into the Ocean of safe Delight.

54.

Once more their Nets they cast, but *Cast away* ;
 Meekly ambitious to be *Fishes* now,
 And render up themselves his joyful prey,
 Who thus his *Net of Love* about him threw.
 Never adventure had they made like this,
 Where being caught themselves they catch'd their
 Bliss.

55.

They catch'd their Bliss ; and though their Anchors held
 Their Vessel fast, yet could it not detain
 Its ravish'd Owners, who made haste to yield
 To this new Trade of more assur'd gain.
 But, *Psyche*, yonder Place will tell thee how
Wonders by Land as well 's-by Sea did flow.

56.

For there was seiz'd a fairer harder Prize,
And seiz'd from *Exaction's* sturdy throne;
Where *Levi* sat, Lord of a strange *Excise*,
The heavy mark of *Rome's* Dominion:
A Knight was he, for none but such were held
Fitting that *Legal Cruelty* to wield.

57.

That kindly call'd by thy lovely *Lord*,
Fishers were well content their *Bark* to leave,
Less ground to sober wonder doth afford;
Their cold and wet and dirty Trade might drive
Them to an easy *Faith*, their old Degree
Of Life, by any new advanc'd would be.

58.

A *Faith*, which in the dregs of *Time*, so far
Abus'd would be, that bold *Mechanicks*, who
In poor and painful toil engag'd were,
When *Sloth* and *Pride* make them too worthy to
Buckle to work, their tools away will throw,
And by this *Call*, inspir'd *Men-fishers* grow.

59.

But what, what Charms can *Golden Chains* outvy,
And break those strong and precious Links which now
Held *Levi* in such dear Captivity,
That ev'n his Soul close pris'n'r was: or how
Can this *Poor Master* such a *Man* persuade
To leave Great *Cesar*, and his thriving Trade.

60.

A stubborn Mountain may more easily be
Convinced to resign his native place,
And heave his mouldering bulk into the Sea:
The Sun may sooner from his princely face
Be won to tear his golden Tire, and damp
With Midnight nasty foot his highnoon Lamp.

61.

Yet, passing by the *Office*, He no more
Artillery, but this only *Word* let fly,
Come, Follow me; which forthwith overbore,
In spite of all reluctant Policy,
The startled *Seal*, the *Profit*, and the *Man*,
And turn'd into a *Saint* the *Publican*.

62.

He spins out no prudent stay to clear
His busy Book, to set his Reck'nings right,
And all his parcels up to sum: for here
His dearest *Total* walk'd in his sight;
And no *Account* he makes but only this,
That now from *Money* he remov'd to *Bliss*.

63.

The World's opinion he revolv'd not,
Nor how *Tiberius* this Affront might take;

He weigh'd not what would be lost, or what
Would not be gain'd; he begs no time to seek
His Friend's advice how he his fame might keep,
Nor lingereth to look before he leap.

64.

As from its clogging horrible Abyss,
The World at *JESU's* Call its head did rear;
So from the blacker deeper mass of his
Confus'd *Mammon* *Levi* mounteth here,
And bravely follows *Him* without delay
Who was himself his *Leader* and his *Way*.

65.

For Love like Lightning from thy *Sponse's* Eyes,
Shooting its active sweetness through his Heart,
Into its own obedient Sacrifice,
Whate'r it met did instantly convert.
So sublimate and so refining was
That Fire, that all the *Gold* it turn'd to Dross.

66.

Doubts, *Fears*, and *Cares*, and secular *Relations*
It quite burnt up; and in his flaming Breast,
Left nothing but the noble *Exultations*
Of valiant *Zeal*, which, should its course be crost,
Though with the cumbrous bulk of Earth and Sea,
Would rend its way through all, and Victor be.

67.

Love, *Psyche*, *Love* is that most *Potent Thing*,
To which all other Strength its head submits.
Hence 'tis, that though the *Universe's* King
Omnipotence's glorious *Title* fits,
Yet in this sweeter *Name of Higher Might*
(For *God is Love*) he takes his prime delight.

68.

Thy *Lord* his *Ordinary Chaplains* thus
Call'd out; and *Twelve* their *Mystick* number was:
For with this *Zodiack* He contriv'd to dress
His *Grace's* *Orb* through which He meant to pass;
That in as many Signs Himself might run
About his World as do's the other *Sun*.

69.

In which *selected Twelve* there wanted not
A peevish *scorpion* too, which daily bit
The Hand that him had foster'd; and his hot
Invidious venom at his Patron spit;
Proving at length in matchless height of Evil
Against *Incaruate God*, *Incaruate Devil*.

70.

Yet such was *JESU's* most untired Love,
That still he persever'd all stones to roll,
Which might that one in *Judas' Bosom* move,
And mollify his most obdurate Soul.
For Heav'n forbid that *Pity's Lord* should fashion
A way to plunge him deeper in Damnation.

71.

O no ! may those black Mouths for ever be
Damm'd up with silence, and with shame, which dare
Faither the foulest deepest *Tyranny*
On *Love's great God* ; and needs will make it clear
From his own *Word* : thus rendring Him at once
Both *Cruelty's* and *Contradiction's Prince*.

72.

A Prince whose mocking Law forbids, what yet
Is his eternally-resolv'd Will ;
Who woos and tantalizes Souls to get
Up into Heav'n, yet destines them to Hell ;
Who calls them forth whom he keeps lock'd in ;
Who damns the Sinner, yet ordains the Sin.

73.

Right *Egypt's God*, the barbarous *Crocodile*,
Whose weeping Eye the preface drops to that
Destruction, which his own devouring will
Determin'd has. But, *Psyche*, never let
That thought thy bosom taint, That Heav'n contrives
Those Crimes and Punishments, for which it grieves.

74.

When goodly *Vines* shall *Thorns*' vile *Mothers* be ;
And glorious *Titan Father* of dull *Night* ;
When ugly *Ink's* obscure Nativity
Is lineally descended from the white
Womb of *Sarmatian Snow* ; then ; nay not then,
May *God* the Parent be of *bastard Sin*.

75.

But all the rest were faithful Souls, who stood
True to their *Master's Cause*, and joy'd to write
Its confirmation in their dearest Blood,
As *He* had done in his : the sharpest fight
They counted sweetest ; glorying that they
His *Death* might by their own in part repay.

76.

The first of these was *Zebedee's first Son*,
To whom proud *Herod's Sword* the way cut ope,
And gave him leave that noble Race to run,
Which leadeth straight to Heav'n's illustrious top.
How little dream'd the *Tyrant* that he did
Put on his Crown when off he took his Head !

77.

The next was *Philip*, who with zealous heat
Flew to the North, and hunted out the Ice
From those dull Hearts which ne'r with Heav'n did beat,
But in congeal'd stupid Ignorance freeze :
For his large scene was rudest *Scythia*, where
December takes his walk through all the year.

78.

When He that Winter all on Fire had set
With *Christian flames* ; his Fervor brake into

A Clime which warmer *Temper* promis'd, but
At his *Life's price* he found them colder grow :
He found that more than *Scythia's* barbarous Ice
Bound up the Heart of *Hierapolis*.

79.

Jove's Name had left no room for *JESUS* there
And when he tells the People, of the *Shames*,
The *Nails*, the *Cross*, his *Lord* for them did bear,
He his own Torment's list beforehand names :
Enough of *JESUS* now, said they, for we
Will quickly make as good a *God* of thee.

80.

Then piercing, first with cruel Taunts his Ear,
And next with Nails his sacred Hands and Feet,
With acclamations up his Gross they rear ;
Where being plac'd as their fury's Butt,
Of flints (less flinty than themselves) upon him
Pouring a tempest, into Heav'n they stone him.

81.

Thomas, whose *Doubts* had fix'd his *Faith* so fast,
That neither Life nor Death its root could shake ;
With *JESUS* in his Mouth through *Parthia* past
And charm'd what *Rome* could never pliant make.
Then having also rous'd the *Ethiops*, He
Resolv'd to reach the World's extremity.

82.

He sadly mark'd how the greedy *West*
Into the *East* was drawn by thirst of Gold,
Which had the Sun's and Nature's courses crost,
And into *Indus' Mouth* the *Ocean* roll'd :
And will none venture, there said He, to win
A fairer prize than that, the *Souls of Men* ?

83.

Sure *Indian Souls* of purer metal are,
Than that which *Avarice* so far adores.
Thomas will thither trade, though *India* were
Distant more worlds than one from *Jordan's* shores.
For in his zealous sails *God's Spirit* blows,
And not to fetch but carry *Gold* he goes.

84.

If *Gold* be not too poor a Name to print
Upon such royal Wares as Glory, Bliss,
Love, Patience, Purity, divine Content,
And every Sweet of sweetest *Paradise* :
For these, and more than these, inshrined lie
In *JESU's* Name, Heav'n's best Epitomy.

85.

With *this* he traded to make *India* rich,
And not himself, who now could not be poor,
As having more than All, though not so much
As any thing lay'd up in prudent store :
He knew his *Lord* was *Plenty's King*, and He
Counts as his own his *Master's Treasury*.

86.

Close to this noble Work the Heroe fell,
And having fairly op'd his Merchandize,
Come buy, saith he; for though these Wares excel
Your glittering Ore's too much ador'd price,
Yet you on *Trust* may go for all this Bliss,
Give but your *Faith*, and yours the Treasure is.

87.

A Treasure so inestimably pure
As neither moth can fret, nor rust devour :
A Treasure most invincibly secure
From pilferers' sly and robbers' open power.
Yet though so precious; 'tis not I, but He
Deserves your thanks, who sends it you by me.

88.

The *Brackmans* wonder'd at the *Generous Man* ;
So did the Sage *Gymnosophists* : until
Blindness with spight combined, hurried on
A barbarous Faction, to seize and kill
The wondrous *Merchant* ; who as ready stood
To pour it forth, as they to suck his Blood.

89.

Arm'd with their King's consent, and with their Spears,
Into his Heart they ope their murderous way :
Which wounds he with contented patience bears,
And for his *doubting Hand* returns this pay ;
Remembering well how deep, till thus he dy'd,
It stood in debt to his Dear *Master's* Side.

90.

The younger *James*, whose noble Pedigree
Advanc'd him to be *Brother to his Lord*,
Much nearer grew of kin by Piety :
No Saint with stouter fervor Him ador'd,
Nor with more resolute constancy than he ;
Witness his reverend *Forehead* and his *Knee*.

91.

His *Knee* ; thick plated with Austerity,
Which day and night all naked dwelt upon
The Temple's floor, till it arriv'd to vie
In hardness with its cushion of stone.
There never grew on painful Camel's Knees
A stiffer *Proof of Patience*, than on His.

92.

His *Forehead* ; deeply seal'd with the same
Stamp of severest seal, whilst prostrate He
Accustom'd to his Soul's his Body's frame.
O sacred Impudence of Humility !
As wicked *Foreheads* arm themselves in Brass,
His pious Front in *Brass* immur'd was.

93.

(A *Brown*, which shall hereafter check their Pride
And senseless Superstition, who in *New*

Devotion pertly will the *Old* deride,
And hold no *Worship* from the Body due ;
But, in pretence their *Conscience* tender is,
Maintain their dainty *Flesh's Tenderness*.

94.

Who on the Spirit boldly score up all
Religion's work ; and whilst they sit at ease,
Would have the World believe they humbly fall
On their adoring Soul's devouter knees :
Forgetting that the Tree must needs be dead,
Whose sap into no open fruit will spread.)

95.

His dearest meat and drink was to obey
His *Master's* pleasure : Ne'r did Blood of Grape
Stain his abstemious Cup, and slyly lay
An ambush for his Reason : mean and cheap
His liquor was, for Virgin Fountains were
His only Cellars, and his only Beer.

96.

Ne'r could the rampant *Flesh*, of Birds, or Beasts
Get leave to reak upon his temperate Board :
Chaste *Moderation* cook'd all his Feasts,
And well she knew how to content her Lord ;
His highest fare were sober modest Fishes ;
Where Water serv'd for Beer, the aptest Dishes.

97.

His Skin perfum'd Unguents ne'r bedew'd
With supple Flattery of delicious sweat :
Unmanly Baths his Body never stew'd,
Cheating his Vigor with effeminate heat :
His Limbs in active linen lov'd to dwell,
And ne'r were muffled up, and lost in Wool.

98.

Nor was that Linen Robe, though coarse and plain,
Contemn'd in the People's Eyes, for they
On bended knees were suters to obtain
His Grace, their off rings on its Hem to lay,
That on that *Altar of Humility*,
Their Lips and Kisses they might sanctify.

99.

O how imperious is *Meek Piety*,
Whether it will or no, commanding all
Spectators into Love and Reverence ! He
Who at true Honor reacheth, must let fall
His other Plumes, and wisely learn to dress
Body and Soul in humble Holiness.

100.

For when did *Pride* and fond *Ambition* scape
The vengeance both of *Hatred* and *Disdain*
And when did *Glory* fall her self to heap
Upon his Head, who meekly could refrain
From climbing *Honor's* ladder, and his own
Desert by rigid Wisdom press'd down ?

101.

Nay, surly *He* who on the *Priesthood's* crest
Sits perch'd, of *James* his Worth convinc'd is ;
And finding Him the *higher holier Priest*,
Makes free the *Oracle* to his access.

Thus Heav'n's abstrusest Cabinet, the Glory
Of all the Earth, became his Oratory.

102.

James was the truer *Priest* indeed : for now
The ancient *Priesthood* with the *Vail* was torn ;
The Diadem too was fall'n from *Judah's* brow,
And *Salem's* royal Splendor lay forlorn :

This made him there erect the sacred throne
Of his Episcopal Dominion.

103.

Yet are the Northern Winds, and *Irish* Seas
More trusty things than *Jews* : the *Jews* to day
Can heap their kisses and their courtesies
On him whom they to morrow will betray :
Jews' mouths this hour upon thy Praises' text
Can fairly preach, and suck thy blood the next.

104.

With acclamations they this *Saint* had set
In state upon their Temple's battlement ;
And there no sooner he asserts his great
Ascended *Lord*, but in one mad consent
Of rage they throw him down, and from his veins ;
His heart, his head, dash blood, and life, and brains.

105.

Zelotes, and *Thaddaus*, that brave Pair,
When He in *Egypt* preach'd had, and He
From *Tigris* to *Euphrates*, join'd were
To reap in *Persia* their felicity :
This was the Crown of Martyrdom, which in
The Quarrel of *Heav'n's King* they nobley won.

106.

Peter, the Leader of that glorious Troop,
When he had fix'd the *Antiochean Seat*,
His more renown'd *Throne* set stoutly up
In *Cesar's* conquering City ; where the great
Irradiations of his fame did call
Rome's brightest *Strength* to try with him a fall :

107.

That *Strength* was *Simon*, whose Apostasy
From Truth in Magick's Deeps had plung'd him down ;
But more in desperate Lies and Blasphemy,
Whilst all that 's *God's* he claim'd as his own,
And left no *Trinity* in Heav'n, but by
Strange impudence usurp'd that *Mystery*.

108.

The *Father* in *Samaria*, the *Son*
In *Jewry*, and in all the World beside

He vouch'd himself the *Spirit* : yet alone
Pretended not ability to guide
His own creating Hand, but when he made
His *Angels*, granted he had *Helen's* aid.

109.

He knew the surest way he had to gain
His *Whore*, was to exalt her to his throne,
And in his Godship let her Partner reign.
Besides, to help on his Production
Of blasphemous heretick Portents, *Hell*
Thought *Females* useful then ; and always will.

110.

And so the World will say, when once 't has known
Priscilla, *Maximilla*, and the Pair
Of *Philumens*, with *Elxas's* double Spawn
Marthus and *Marthan*. For her wretched share
In such *Deceits* some *Eve* will still come in,
As *Helen* here did into *Simon's* Sin.

111.

He woo'd his Scholars in *Himself* and *Her*
To treasure up the hopes of their Salvation ;
And heedless Souls the surer to insnare,
He freely loos'd the reins to every Passion ;
No matter how you live or die, said He,
If once your Faith builds on my Grace and Me.

112.

For what, alas, are all the fairest-faced
And goodlyest-featur'd *Works* which men achieve,
But hideous *Sins*, unrighteously graced
With Righteousness's Name? But they who leave
Those putrid Props, and trust in Me alone,
Engage my Power to become their own.

113.

This was that Champion, by whose magick skill
Him *God* indeed, befook'd *Nero* thought,
And pray'd him by some signal Miracle
To dash those daring Wonders *Peter* wrought.
To which request his Credit bid him yield,
And set the Day when he would fight the field.

114.

The Day is come ; and *Simon* boldly makes
The *Challenge*, which was, *Up to heav'n to fly*.
With that, his Arms he weighs, and spreads, and takes
His unwing'd flight : but throws his scornful eye
Down upon *Peter*, whom into the hands
Of *Nero's* justice proudly he commends.

115.

The Clouds had gather'd thick about the sky
To guard fair Heav'n against his foul Intrusion ;
Yet their battalia he broke, and by
His working arms unto his high *Delusion*
Forc'd ope the way. The People, as he went,
Their wonder after him, and worship sent.

116.

But as the never-beaten fencer lets
His bold capricious Combatant grow high,
Before he will in earnest strike, and gets
A later but a nobler Victory :
So *Peter* suffers him to sore, till he
Might high enough for's fatal Downfal be.

117.

Then posting after him with mighty Prayers,
His Coach of unseen Devils from him he tore :
Forthwith down headlong his aerial stayers
The *Conjurer* fell, and sprauléd on the floor ;
Where batter'd, brus'd, and in himself imbrewed,
His black blood and his blacker soul he spewed.

118.

So when heav'n-daring *Lucifer* himself
Try'd in the flaming face of *God* to fly,
His singéd wings betray'd the venturous Elf,
And down he plung'd into the Misery
Of endless Death. And may his followers all
For ever towre up to no other fall.

119.

Strait in the People's Mouths the *Devils* cry,
Peter our *God* hath by enchantments slain :
And by this loud unreasonable *Lye*,
For Him who earn'd a Crown, a *Cross* obtain.
Unhappy *Rome*, who hast converted thus
Thy highest Gain into thy deepest Loss.

120.

For thou no sooner gainst thy *Freedom* from
That *Wissard's* cheats, but thou betray'st thine own
Deliverer : if wretched *Simon*, whom
Thou seest by *Peter's* mighty Prayers thrown
Beneath a Man, were yet a *God* ; O why
Is *Peter* not the greater Deity ?

121.

Yet He cries out, This Altar is too rich
For Me, so poor and vile a Sacrifice :
Was't not the *Cross*, the glorious *Cross*, on which
My *Master* pay'd the World's renowned Price !
Sure were some gallant *Scraph* here to die,
This Engine would his Passion dignify.

122.

Yet if I must thus high aspire ; may my
Unworthiness at least have leave to show
That I desir'd not in this pomp to die :
So hang me that my reverend Head below
May pay its final kisses on the Feet
Of my most Royal *Savior's* dying Seat.

123.

Nero to such Requests as these was free,
And glad besides that he had learn'd a way

To cross and double *Crucifixion* : He
Commands his Sergeants not to disobey
The Wretch's wild desire, but, so he dy'd,
To let him any way be crucify'd.

124.

Thus nail'd on his reverséd Tree, with Eyes
Quite turn'd (as was his Heart) from things below
The *Saint* looks down to Heav'n, and smiling dies ;
Malgre his Nails' resistance, able now
That Place, at which his Feet were aim'd, to gain ;
A Footstool *Simon's* ventur'd at in vain.

125.

Andrew, his Brother both in Nature's and
In Zeal's and Piety's (much straiter) knot,
Display'd through *Thrace* to *Scythia's* furthest Strand
The beams of Grace's Day, so fairly that
It startled, and surpris'd with holy fright
The dark *Barbarians* in their northern Night.

126.

Thence into *Greece* the restless Preacher came,
Arrogant *Greece*, who though she ranks her own
Quite counter to the scorn'd *Barbarian Name*,
Yet now more cruel was and salvage grown
Than *Thrace* or *Scythia* : O that famous Arts
Should raise Men's Wits, and yet debase their Hearts.

127.

Achaia smil'd, and with disdainful mirth
Patra confuted all that *Andrew* said ;
His *Beggar-god's*, poor miserable *Birth*
And viler *Death*, they scoffingly upbraid.
Nor blush'd *Ageus*, though *Proconsul*, he
Forward to spur the People's villainy.

128.

A *Cross* they make him of a new-found frame,
His meek Ambition, or their wanton Spight
Projecting it, which thenceforth bare his *Name*,
As *Him* it did that day : a *Cross* not right
Erected and transverse, but slopingly
Thwarted into the figure of a *X*.

129.

A *X*, the blesséd Letter, which began
His *Master's* Title, and his own : his *Cross*
It self proclaims he dies a *Christian* :
And though the holy Omen to his gross
Yet learned Foes were unperceived, He
Rejoycéd in his *Cross's* *Mystery*.

130.

A *Cross*, which shall inherit such Renown,
Wearing his *Name*, upon it crucify'd,
That it the *Scottish Heraldry* shall crown,
And on the top of all its Banners ride.
What Glories then shall *Saints* themselves obtain,
If in such state their *Suffring's* *Badges* reign !

131.

Nail'd fast to this strange Honor was the *Saint*,
 Array'd in Scarlet from his own rich Veins :
 Fond *Gracia* took it for a torturing Paint,
 And thought his *Cross* a fertile Tree of pains ;
 But to a Pulpit He converts that Tree,
 A Pulpit which did preach as well as He.

132.

That preach'd his patient Magnanimity,
 His meek Obedience, and his brave Content :
 But more illustrious was the Homily,
 Which flow'd from his own Lips ; so eloquent
 And so divine, that *Life* it self upon
 His dying Tongue seem'd to have built her throne.

133.

Long held this Sermon, for his last it was ;
 Two days it measur'd ; yet in truth was short :
 For what are two poor fitting days, alas,
 To that which doth Eternity import ?
 He preach'd Eternity, to whose fair light
 He strove his blinded Torturers to invite.

134.

But then observing *Death* forbear to make
 His wonted haste, it forc'd him to complain :
 Not that his Pains his Patience had broke,
 But that his Heart now long'd its *Home* to gain ;
 Counting himself, where-e'r he was, *abroad*,
 Till happily arriv'd at his *God*.

135.

And am I nail'd in vain, dear *Lord*, said he,
 To this stout Pillar of renown'd *Death* ?
 Though not poor I, yet Thou deserv'st for me,
 That in this honor I may yield my *Breath*.
 These potent Words to Heav'n with Violence flew,
 Whence they of flashing Light a Convoy drew.

136.

As in the bosom of his chariot's flames,
 Blest *Phœbus* sails through his Celestial road ;
 So in the arms of these officious Beams
 The *Saint* was carry'd to his high Abode :
 But yet with this most glorious difference, that
 Here *Andrew* riseth never more to set.

137.

On seal's undaunted wings great *Barthol'mew*
 To meet *Day's* flame where first it kindled is,
 To *India's* remotest regions flew ;
 And taught the *East* to bless their wakening eyes
 By worshipping a nobler *Sun* whose face
 Was both the Spring of *Glory* and of *Grace*.

138.

Then having left his goodly *Picture* there,
 By *Matthew's* Pen drawn fairly in a Book :

He posted back into *Armenia*, where
 The same illustrious Work in hand he took.
 But when of *Peace's* King he 'gan to talk,
 The *Prince* grew wroth and thus his Fury spake :

139.

Bold wretch, who pratest of the idle throne
 Of vainer *Christ* ; I'll make thee know that I
 In my *Armenia* will have but one,
 And that's the Seat of my own Majesty.
 If *Jesus* be a *God*, he must be fain
 To seek some Realm of Beggars where to reign.

140.

'Twere special credit for *Armenia's* King
 To honor as a mighty *Deity*
 A stable-born and manger-cradel'd Thing,
 Whose ignominious *Death* did justify
 The vileness of Birth, because a poor
 Resolv'd doting wretch doth him adore.

141.

O no ! the *Gods* by whose great blessing I
 Possess my Throne and Crown, are *Gods* enough :
 Fully enough I'm sure for me : and why
 Should I go trouble heav'n with more ; or throw
 Away Devotion on this *Jesus*, who
 At best but for an *useless* *God* must go.

142.

He *useless* is ; and so I fear art Thou
 His correspondent Priest : and yet a way,
 Perhaps, my Officers may think on how
 To make of thy vile Nothing Something : say
 Sergeants, will not this *Carrión* serve to *flea* ?
 Though *he* be *naught*, yet *good* his *skin* may be.

143.

That only Word sufficient was to let
 The *Tigres* loose ; who strait the *Saint* undress
 Both of his cloaths and *skin* which at the feet
 Of their remorseless Lord they throw ; for his
 Due right it was the *Martyr's* *skin* to keep
 In token that he slew the harmless sheep.

144.

But *He*, though fled, now fairer than before,
 As stars when strip'd from clouds, with such excess
 Of lustre sparkled in his glorious Gore
 As dasell'd by his sacred Nakedness
 Vex'd *Satan's* eyes, who wish'd,—to hide the stain
 Of his own shame,—the *skin* were on again.

145.

In vain he wish'd ; for *Barthol'mew* was now
 Fit for the *Robes* of *Immortality*,
 Which *Yesu's* hand as ready was to throw
 On his deserving back ; and happy He
 Might well expect an easy entrance in
 At heav'n's strait gate who first put off his *skin*.

146.

But *Matthew* into *Ethiopia* ran,
 Ventring upon a wondrous Enterprize,
 To purge the swarthy Crow into a Swan,
 To candy Ink, and Pitch to crystallize,
 Sables to make traluced, Shadows bright ;
 I mean, to wash the *Pagan Negros* white.

147.

Yet this by *Baptism's* searching streams he did,
 Which drown'd their hearts in Life and Purity.
 Hence came the torrent of his Name to spread
 And in the chanel of the *Court* grow high.
 The Court soon catch'd the News, but little thought
 That in the News's net it self was caught.

148.

Caught was its dearest Gem, the virgin Heart
 Of *Iphigenia*, daughter to the King :
 And now not all the flattering frowning art
 Of royal *Hircacus* from her could wring
 The least consent her *mystick Spouse* to leave,
 And unto him by nuptial cement cleave.

149.

No : though the throne of her deceased *Sire*
 Was now become his own ; for noble She
 Would to no other Royalty aspire
 But what she found in *Christian Piety* ;
 And in that holy Realm she reached high
 To gain Perfection's sublimity.

150.

My solemn *Vow*, cry'd she, is past, and I
 My body to my *Maker* must restore
 As I receiv'd it ; my Virginity
 Is now intirely His, and mine no more :
 And such a Queen why will thy Wishes seek,
 Who to thy bed through Perjury must break ?

151.

If Me you love, O then love what I am ;
 Love *Love* himself, or else you love not Me :
 Be truly Royal, love the *Christian* Name,
 And let my *sacred Vow* still *sacred* be.
 For I may to no earthly Spouse be ty'd
 Who to an *heav'nly Bridegroom* am affy'd.

152.

With wrath and folly blind, the *Tyrant* saw
 Not how this *Match* most matchless was, nor that
 She had already chose a *King* : and though
 Humanity and Courtship suffer'd not
 His Rage to tear the *Princess*, yet he swore
 Her Tutor's blood should pay his Scholar's score.

153.

His choicest thirstiest Bloodhounds he dispatch'd
 With sutable Commission to the *Saint* ;

Whom at the *mystick Table* having catch'd,
 The floor with *his* and his *Lord's Blood* they paint :
 And at the Altar thus the *Martyr* dies,
 Both holy *Priest* and willing *Sacrifice*.

154.

Matthias, whom heav'n-witness'd Faith commended
 To traitor *Judas* his escheated *Place* ;
 Persuing *Matthew's* great Design, contended
 To *Ethiopia* : but his final Race
 In *Jewry* was, where not with sweat, but Blood
 Besmear'd, his *Master's* steps to heav'n he trod.

155.

John was the last ; but first and highest in
 His dear esteem who is himself *Most high* :
 O blessed *Soul*, in whose delicious shrine
 Divinity so much rejoyc'd to lie !
JESVS indeed lov'd all the rest ; but He
 Not only lov'd, but was in love with Thee.

156.

He was in love with thy Virginity
 With blooming Graces youthfully bedeckt :
 Of all his *Twelve* indared *Consorts*, He
 Did for his *amorous favours* Thee select :
 His softest nearest *Spouse* wert Thou, in whose
 Ingenuous eyes he lov'd his own to loose.

157.

He was in love with that reflection
 Of his own Sweetness shining in thy face ;
 With sympathetick joy he dwelt upon
 His iterated self in that pure Glass,
 Resolv'd on it all Lovers Arts to prove :
 Most happy *Saint* with whom *Love* fell in love !

158.

From off the troubled main He lured Thee
 Into the calmest Sea of living Pleasures ;
 The bosom of supream Serenity
 To which the Ocean is but poor in treasures :
 His own alprecious Breast He open'd wide
 And welcom'd Thee to joy's ne'r-ebbing tide.

159.

There did'st thou lie and learn thy Soul to glow
 By that dear copy of thy Pillow's heat ;
 A Pillow in whose soft protection Thou
 Laidst all thy Cares and fears asleep, and yet
 Sleep'dst not thy self ; for how could any eye
 Indure to close when *Jesus* was so nigh !

160.

There didst thou lie all next the heart of *Love*,
 Heav'n bowing round to shelter thee from harm ;
 Heav'n, not so sweetly now display'd above
 As folded up in His incircling Arm :
 Which forc'd all wise Spectators to conclude
 Thou wert *aforehand* with Beatitude.

161.

Those Stories where the Quire of *Seraphs* dwells
Exalted in felicity's bright sphere,
Thy dainty Habitation excoels;
For at his footstool they lie prostrate there:
Amidst the sweets of whose all-balmy breast
Thine only Head enjoys its glorious Nest.

162.

How vast an Army of most strong Delight
Beleaguered thy Soul on every side,
Whilst thy inamor'd *Spouse* try'd all the might
Of Heav'nly tenderness on his dear *Bride*:
What healing wounds gave his Affection's Dart,
How many living Deaths, to thy soft heart!

163.

How deeply sealed He himself on Thee
By those intire Expressions, which can by
No heart be understood, but such as He
Instructs in *Love's* profound *Divinity*.
On his own bosom how did he repose,
When his embraces there did Thee inclose!

164.

How did He study to epitomize
His *Incarnation's* amorous Design,
And sum the best of Mercy's Mysteries
Up in thy single soul! in which divine
Experiment, it was thine only grace
To fill his universal *Church's* place.

165.

Thus while He liv'd He sweetly liv'd in Thee;
And to his Death, when he was nailed fast,
He nobly scorned that Mortality
Should seize upon his Love: for by his last
And tenderest words, while He himself did die,
To Thee He left *Love's* living *Legacy*.

166.

Into his dearest *Mother's* bosom He
Commended Thee, and bid her own her *Son*:
What *Nature* could not, *Love* contriv'd to be,
And *Mary* must be Mother unto *John*:
Love had so closely *John* and *Jesus* ty'd,
That in their Mother they must not divide.

167.

Mary no other Glass could find, where she
So fair an Image of her *Son* might read:
Nor *John* so pure a Mirrour meet, where He
Might on his *Master's* graceful picture feed
His longing eyes: thus *Love* though dead and gone,
Her *Son* to *Mary* leaves, his *Spouse* to *John*.

168.

No wonder, gentlest *Saint*, that on thy Tongue
Love built his hive, and drop'd his honey thence,

Whilst thy soul-charming words present so strong
A relish of Heav'n's choicest Influence;
That *Love* from his own wing lent thee the quill
Which all thy Lines with *Charity* doth fill.

169.

No wonder Thou brave *Eagle* soardst so high
Making the *Sun* thy book, in which divine
Volume thou read'st the *Word's* great Mystery,
Which dazeling other Eyes, refined thine.
No wonder that thy *Gospel's* Calculation
Thou drew'st by none but *God's* own elevation.

170.

No wonder, that *Port Latin* saw the *Oile*
Scalding in vain: thou who didst live by fire
Whilst amorous streams joy'd in thy breast to boil,
Couldst feel no other flames: O no! some higher
Fervor of Love must melt thine own, and send
It to the welknown bosom of thy friend.

171.

The languishments of never-faint Desire
Must crown thy life with correspondent Death:
Though all the *Rest* through blood and wounds expire
This dainty Martyrdom must end thy breath.
So Heav'n has privileg'd thy Piety,
That thou who liv'dst by love, of *Love* must die.

172.

Pardon me *Psyche*, that I have thine ear
By this Apostrophe detain'd, since *John*
Was by his virgin flaming worth so near
Of kin to our Angelick Tribe: and can
We mention Him, and no salutes afford
To one thus honored by *Honor's* Lord.

173.

And pardon me that I have dwelt so long
On his *Apostolick* Consorts; the glory
Of whose Death-scorning Valor do's no wrong,
Nor interrupts their *Master's* royal Story:
He, and his Heav'nly Might in them appear'd
Who o'r the vanquish'd Earth his Banner rear'd.

174.

Thus they who paint the praises of the *Beams*,
Display the commendation of the *Sun*:
When Eloquence's tributary streams
After the Silver-thrilling *Current* run,
Their Panegyrick homage they no less
Unto the *Mother-fountains* wealth profess.

175.

Mark now that *Mount*, which lifts its lofty head
Near to *Bethsaida*, taking thence a view
Of all the Countries round about it spread;
Nor *Zebulon* nor *Nephthali* outflow
Its prospect's jurisdiction, nor the most
Removed skirts of *Trachonitis* Coast.

176.

Acquaintance also it sublimely took
Of other Mountains; unto *Hermon, Seir,*
And stately *Libanus* it reach'd a look:
This was that noble Oratory, where
Thy *Lord* so oft retired, that the Place
Thenceforth the *Mount of Christ* surnamed was.

177.

A *Mount* where liberal *Nature* did her best:
Witness the flowry Beauties smiling there;
But *Grace* far more magnificence exprest
Than all that awful Pomp, which dressed for
The great *Law-giver's* feet the flaming head
Of *Sinai*, mix'd with thunder, smook, and dread.

178.

For here no Trumpet spake the frightful Mind
Of stern *Imperiousness*; no rigid *Law*
Back'd with an everlasting Curse, enjoyn'd
All shoulders in its galling yoke to draw:
But *Love* himself upon his gentle throne
Gave his soft *Law* of *Benediction*.

179.

Eight Springs of *Blessedness* abroad he set,
And woo'd the weary World to bathe in them.
Their fears he cheer'd, and taught them to transmit,
And bury all Solicitude in him:
He pass'd his Word, *Heav'n* should their Purveyor be,
Who served in the Wars of Piety.

180.

His *Evangelical Oeconomy*
He instituted here; and so improv'd
The highest pitch of *Legal Sanctity*,
That though incumbering burdens he remov'd,
Yet Bonds of more Perfection on he laid,
And wondrous strict his *Mercy's Candor* made.

181.

His Reins were silk, but yet he held them strait,
And drove amain; providing by that Art
Of loving sharpness, that no charming Bait
Might his Disciples lure, and tempt to start
Out of the *King of Heav'n's* High-way, but to
His Kingdom safely and directly go.

182.

How sternly vain and foolishly severe
Appears the solemn *Stoick's Discipline*,
If duly weigh'd with *this* enacted here!
Grant that the *Porch*; the Sacred and Divine
Temple itself was *this*: That fram'd of none
But rude, *This* though of hard yet polish'd Stone.

183.

Christ's Blessed Rules, and none but his, are they
Which past the Purity of Gold refine

Gross mortal Bosoms, sublimating Clay,
Till with Angelick Clarity it shine;
Whilst by his Spirit he scours off sinful Rust,
And into Heav'n blows up the purged *Dust*.

184.

Turn now, and view those desert Fields which lie
Next neighbours to the *Galilean* Sea:
Into the quiet of whose privacy
Devotion had withdrawn thy *Spouse*: but He
Had given the People too much taste of his
Sweetness, to think he long could scape their press.

185.

For as the busy Bees who once have found
A fragrant Garden, haunt it day by day,
Hunting out every flower, and humming round
About the tops of their delicious prey:
So to that Garden (such thy *Lord* had by
His presence made the Desert) they did fly.

186.

JESUS who bow'd from Heav'n poor Man to meet,
Could not refrain to entertain the Croud;
Whom with impartial respect to greet,
As fully as their Tide, his court'sy flow'd:
For he kind welcome dealt to great and small,
Who came to be the *Savior of All*.

187.

Then as the wise Physician's wholesome care
Is first to make the Vitals sound within,
Before he lends relief to any sore,
Which craves his pity in the open skin:
So did his prudent tenderness to those
His numerous Patients his Receipts dispose.

188.

By long Distempers both their Brain and Heart
Into Despair's dominion had been brought,
Had they not met with his All-healing Art,
From whose sweet Lips such Cordials broke out,
Such Salves, such Balsams, that pure *Health* did seem
Turn'd into Physick to recover them.

189.

Heav'n's Kingdom was the Med'cine he apply'd;
A Med'cine which its Doctor well became:
A Med'cine fit to humble down that Pride,
Whose tumor made them sick: his Home from home
To find his long lost *Sheep*, to Earth he brings
And is resolv'd to heal them into *Kings*.

190.

Meek Kings, that so at length they might be *High*:
For none but such his wondrous Kingdom fits:
Since *He*, the God of all *Sublimity*,
To *Lowliness's* bottom thus submits,
His followers must learn by stooping down,
To raise their Heads to their Supernal Crown.

191.

Doses of Wisdom, Power, Life and bliss
 Into their ears he pour'd : and in that stream
 So rarely He infus'd all Paradise,
 That what did nothing but a Sermon seem,
 Was liquid Heav'n : the jewel thus, unseen
 Swum in the goblet of th' *Egyptian Queen*.

192.

And this advanc'd the wonder, that his tongue
 No help of learned Education had :
 The soundest Doctor's brains were not so strong
 But in his young and feeblest years He made
 Them to his more oraculous Problems yield
 The honor of sage *Disputation's* field.

193.

For never did the *Esrahite Ethan*, never
 Did *Heman*, *Chalcol*, *Darda*, whose renown
 Exalted high above the World did hover,
 And plant upon their temples Wisdom's crown ;
 Never did *Trismegistus* ; never did
 The deepest reach of *Zoroastre's* head ;

194.

Never did *Solomon*, whose gallant wit
 As high 's the Heav'n, as deep as was the Sea,
 Unlock'd and ransack'd every cabinet
 Of darkest *Nature* ; dive so far as He,
 Or such *sententious Rarities* express
 As sparkled in this rich Discourse of His.

195.

Yea ev'n the *Serpent*, in whose wily head
 All cunning reigns, when he thy Grandame Eve
 With his profoundest and most studied
 Enchantments try'd, of old, and did deceive,
 Less sweetly and less subtly preach'd, than now
 This Sermon from thy *Spouse's* lips did flow.

196.

The *Serpent's* Preachment aimed Man to steal
 Into the snare of his own misery :
 Thy *Spouse's* end was only to reveal
 The passage to his own felicity :
 And Heav'n forbid, but *Truth* as strong should be
 As undermining lies and flattery.

197.

It stronger was, by full authority
 Shewing its own authentick worth and might ;
 And not in doubting sneaking jealousy
 Desirous of, yet starting from the light.
 The Chair which totters is the *Scribe's*, not His
 Which surer than the World's Heart fixed is.

198.

Amphion never by his charming Song
 So civilised salvage hearts as *He*

Who by the sweets of his most potent Tongue
 Wild *Wickedness* tam'd into piety.

The senseless *Spheres* a ravishing sound can make ;
 Much more *His voice* from whom their tune they take.

199.

This done ; thy tender *God* his love expresses
 In outward Succours ; for with Ears the Deaf,
 With feet the Lame, with Eyes the Blind he blesses,
 And opes more choise of Sovereign Relief
 Than they of wants. O *copious Savior*, who
 At once could heal both Soul and Body too.

200.

The Day grown now decrepit (for the Sun
 Bow'd to the West,) made his Disciples pray
 Their *Lord* to give the crowd dismissal,
 That in the Desert's bordering Burroughs they
 Might get their suppers : No, said *bounteous He*,
 They are my friends, and they shall sup with me.

201.

Before these numerous Mouths what will you set ?
 Cry'd they, alas ! two hundred pence in bread
 Will not the sorry pittance of a bit
 To every one afford ; and furnished
 How shall this mighty Banquet be with dishes
 Since here 's but five poor Loaves and two small fishes ?

202.

As yet they knew not that their *Lord* was *He*
 Who able made the petty spring to feed
 And fill the Rivers' vast capacity :
He who the single Taper taught to breed
 That fertile flame which lights a thousand more
 Without diminishing its native store.

203.

He by whose power *Elijah* could command
 The final *Handful* of the wasted *Meal*
 To grow upon the pious *Widow's* hand,
 From whom no scarceness could her bounty steal,
 And by a springing harvest more than turn
 The pined Barrel to a plenteous Barn :

204.

He, in obedience to whose might (and though at
Eliska's word) the *Pot of Oil* awaked
 Into a *fount*, whose bubbling ceased not
 Till want of Vessels its Abundance slaked ;
 But then grown wisely *Thrifty*, it repress
 Its liberal stream, that nothing might be lost.

205.

He, whom the same *Eliska* did foreshew
 When he before an hundred Convives set
 That simple Dinner, which in spending grew,
 And being small at first, at last was great ;
 The Eater's teeth unlocking but the way
 Unto the *Much* which in that *Little* lay.

206.

But now they learn'd it : go, said He, and make
My Guests by fifty on a row sit down.
Which done ; in his creating hands he took
The fish and bread, and lifting to his own
Fair heav'n his eyes, said grace : when lo, his sweet
And mighty Blessings swelled in the meat.

207.

For as he brake the Bread, each fragment He
Made greater than the whole ; no crum did fall
But rose into a Loaf, as readily
As when you cut a *Line*, whose products all
Are *Lines* as well as it, though you for ever
The new emergent Particles dissever.

208.

By his Division the fishes too
Suddenly spawn'd a wondrous fulgrown fry ;
Though dead, yet at his touch they started so,
That *two* usurped *Multiplicity* ;
No longer *Two*, but now a *school*, which from
The *Sea of Love* out at his fingers swum.

209.

Then his *Disciples'* service he commands
To be officious to this *Growing Feast*,
And distribute into the People's hands
The teeming Bread and Fish : strait every Guest
Fell to, admiring how that simple Meat
Made them forget all Hony to be sweet.

210.

The *Quails* and *Manna* had been homely fare,
Which Heav'n did in the other Desert shower
When hungry *Israel* was a Pilgrim there,
Had This been then serv'd up : The *Wine's* brave power
At *Cana* born, excell'd the Grape's best blood ;
So did this *Feast* to day all other Food.

211.

A Feast, which though with Pleasure's Complement
The ravish'd Convives Tongues it courted ; yet
Unto the Palates of their Souls it sent
More courteous Salutes ; whose Taste did fit
Their inward Hunger so exactly, that
More with their Hearts than Mouths they feeding sate.

212.

Satiety at length, not nauseous,
But soberly accomplish'd, put a close
To this strange Banquet : When thy generous
Yet thrifty *Lord*, enjoins them not to lose
His bountie's surplusage, nor scorn the Meat,
Because he gave them more than they could eat.

213.

Straitway the fragments all collected were,
Which fifty hundred feasted Men had left :

When lo the total was exceeded far
By those remaining parts ; the springing *Gift*
Persu'd its rare multiplication still,
And with the Relicts stuff'd twelve baskets full.

214.

Know, *Psyche*, that thy wise Redeemer by
This *Wonder*, to a greater op'd the way ;
The long-design'd and precious *Mystery*
Of his dear *Body* ; which He meant to lay
On every *Christian Altar*, there to be
The endless Feast of *Catholic Piety*.

215.

A Feast which shall increase upon its Guests,
And keep intire when millions filled are :
A Feast of *Miracles*, a Feast of *Feasts*,
Not to a Desert ty'd, but every where
Dispers'd abroad, yet every where complete,
That all the World may freely come and eat.

216.

The feasted People were dismissed now,
And JESUS steps into that Mount to *Pray* :
Sure 'twas that Bliss along with them might go,
Whom from his Love he sent not yet away,
That Night might not upon their path incroach,
Nor danger's ambushment their footsteps touch.

217.

That by this Miracle, which proved to
Their very teeth his Power Divine to be ;
All other fruitless Helps they might forego,
And build their trust on his Divinity.
His chosen *Twelve* mean time (for so their *Lord*
Commanded had) were gone before aboard.

218.

That *Sea*, whose looks thou seest all polished
With flattering calmness smil'd just so on them
When out they launch'd ; but dangerous *Fraud* lay hid
Beneath the glass of that alluring stream :
Truth needs no smiles ; 'tis only *Treason's* face
Which forced is to borrow painted Grace.

219.

As when an envious Spirit, who finds no way
Safely to vex the Master's Person, makes
His more obnoxious family his prey,
And at the second hand his vengeance takes :
So *Satan* now, too weak with *Christ* to fight,
On his *Disciples* vow'd to ease his spight.

220.

Deeply he pin'd to see the People fed,
And for himself, resolv'd to make a Feast ;
Yet by the Sea's vast mouth he studied
His dainties to devour ; and thus at least
Part of the *Miracle* revenge, and though
Not for the *Loaves*, quit for the *Fishes* grow.

221.

His pride advis'd his wrath not to forget
 What Jurisdiction he had long pretended
 Over the Airy Realm ; and since a fit
 Occasion here invited his offended
 And potent Majesty, to this mad fight
 He muster'd his Aerial subjects' might.

222.

For from the *Adriatick* Main, and from
 The *Baltick* Ocean, and the *Irish* Sea,
 He summon'd all the stoutest *Storms* to foam,
 And here disgorge their utmost treachery :
 He made each *Wind* pick quarrels with his brother,
 And tumbled them in frantick war together.

223.

The *East* was peevish, sharp and grim the *North*,
 The *West* impetuous, black and foul the *South* :
 Each puff'd and swell'd, and wildly belch'd forth
 Their fury full in one another's mouth :
 The brus'd Clouds in floods their sorrows pour'd,
 And all the weather-beaten Welkin roar'd.

224.

The tatter'd Waves against the Shores were flung,
 But churlishly again they kick'd them back :
 Which sharp unkindness hideous mourning wrung
 From their torn mouths : the startled Deepes did quake,
 And thinking to escape that dismal fray
 From their profoundest bottoms ran away.

225.

Th' amazed Main within herself was lost,
 Whilst this stern Tempest vehemently broke
 Quite through her heart, and all her bowels tost
 About the groaning Air, with hopes to choke
 The Moon and Stars ; which wild confusion
 Made both the Waters and the Winds be one.

226.

And thus the Winds flow'd, and the Waters blew ;
 The Waves' loud fra[n]gor with the Thunder's joyn'd ;
 The Lightning flashed, that misery to shew,
 In which all direful Dread and Death combin'd ;
 'Twixt Light and Darkness hence grew such a fight,
 That now alas 'twas neither Day nor Night.

227.

In hurryburly through the billowy Air
 A thousand dismal *Apparitions* flew,
 Whose bloody glaring eyes with deep Dispair
 The frighted looks of every *Comfort* slew.
Hell chang'd its *fiery Deepes* in spiteful sport,
 And in these *humid Gulphs* kept open Court.

228.

The woful Ship flung towards Heav'n in vain
 Upon the back of an unfaithful Wave,

With dreadful mockery strait was plung'd again
 Into the bottom of its gaping grave ;
 Which gave it there no rest, but spew'd it up
 With indignation to the Tempest's top.

229.

The Mast submitted to the Wind, and split ;
 The Sails forsook the Ship, and flew away ;
 The Helm disdain'd the Pilot's useless wit,
 Who needed now some wiser hand to stay
 And steer himself : the Sea made bold to come
 Aboard, and take a view of every room.

230.

Loud laugh'd the Billows at the Pumps, and in
 Proud flouts defy'd their frustrate power : each blast
 Bandy'd the Bark, contending which should win
 The credit of its wrack : thus bang'd and tost
 In Tennis-courts a Ball thou oft hast view'd,
 Until some loss the boistrous Game conclude.

231.

For their Devotions all themselves apply'd,
 (For danger wakes the dullest piety.)
 O where is *Jesus* now ? his *Scholars* cry'd,
 How is his *Promise* wash'd away, since we
 Whom for *Men-fishers* He designed had
 To Fishes now a booty must be made !

232.

Yet as their lamentations swell'd, the Tide
 Of louder Winds and Waves still drown'd their cry.
 They once for all most gladly would have dy'd,
 But still they saw Deaths strangely multiply,
 And throw them and their Ship broken together,
 From one *Destruction's* mouth into another.

233.

Mean while the Gulph of *Satan's* boiling breast
 Wrought with as great a tempest of vexation,
 To see a crazy Vessel thus resist
 The Wind's and Sea's most eager conjuration :
 Puzel'd and gall'd he wonder'd what should make
 A Bark so often broke, refuse to break.

234.

When lo, shot through a Cloud's prodigious crack,
 Continu'd Lightning smote the dazled Air ;
 By which one marching on the Tempest's back,
 The staring Men descri'd : and now new fear
 Stormed their wracked Souls : Alas, they cry'd,
 By all these Deaths why might we not have dy'd ?

235.

Here, here the *Spirit* comes, whose fatal wrath
 Rais'd this tempestuous preface to our woe :
 See how he hither bends his hasty path,
 And o'r the waves securely gallops ; lo,
 Which way soe'er he speaks, but with his hand,
 The Clouds start back, and reverence his command.

236.

Mark how the awed Winds forbear to blow
Disturbance in his way by boisterous weather ;
And all officiously behind him go,
Shewing that on his errand they came hither.
He comes, he comes ! sweet Sea, O gape not thus
In vain, but from this danger swallow us.

237.

Forthwith their *Lord*, who heard this desperate cry,
Thrust in his Comfort : Add no more, said He,
This Tempest to your Storm of misery,
Nor rend your Hearts with dread : mistake not Me,
I am your loving *Lord* and *Master*, and
Why fear you Death, now *Life's* thus near at hand ?

238.

As He whose trembling neck lies ready under
The coming axe, if some unlook'd-for voice
Brings his Reprieve, 'twixt troubled joy and wonder
He starts, and slowly understands the noise
Of promis'd Life, already being dead
In 's own despairing thoughts, and buried.

239.

So these *Disciples*, drowned in their fears,
Now questioned their Eyes' fidelity,
Which saw their *Lord* ; nor could they trust their Ears,
Although they heard himself profess 'twas *He*.
The sudden influence of unhop'd-for Bliss,
Always a deluge of amazement is.

240.

But fervid *Peter*, rousing up his Heart
In confidence's Ark, resolv'd to ride
Above this Flood : though back the rest did start,
He forward prest, and valiantly cry'd,
O bid thy ready humble servant meet,
If thou our *Master art*, thy blessed Feet.

241.

If thou deceiv'st us not, each surly wave
At thy injunction to my steps will bow,
And with security my passage pave ;
If otherwise ; Can I be worse than now ?
The Sea into our Vessel crouds, and I
Must either here or there in water die.

242.

Come then, his gracious *Master* cry'd : But as
He labour'd forward, lo an high-swoll'n wave
Tumbling and foaming in his way, alas,
Did all his courage instantly outbrave.
His Heart sunk first, and then his Feet, and all
But 's Tongue, which sadly to his *Lord* did call.

243.

Had any other Lord but *He* been there,
With what indignant scorn would he have made

His faithless Subject meet his censure where
He more in sin than in the Sea did wade !
But now *Omnipotence* itself exprest
Pity to Him, who dar'd its *Power* distrust.

244.

Jesus, whose Ear delights to hear the cry
Of suppliants, though Sinners, reach'd his Hand,
(That Hand where only dwells *Security* ;
That Hand which rules the stubborn Ocean, and
Measures it in its Palm,) and snatch'd him out
From that deep Sea, and from his deeper *Doubt*.

245.

And then, O thou of little faith, said He,
Why did that weak suspicion press thee down ?
What made thee so forget almighty Me
Who can in their own Waves all Tempests drown ?
Learn now, and blush, that Winds and Billows know
The Power of their *Maker* more than Thou.

246.

Here having step'd aboard, he turn'd his Eye
Upon the *Storm*, and sternly signified
His royal Will : their duty instantly
The *Winds* discover'd in that Glance, and hied
Away in such great haste and fear, that they
Lost all their Breath and Spirits by the way.

247.

The mutinous *Billows* saw his awful Look,
And hush'd themselves all close into their Deep :
The *Sea* grew tame and smooth ; the *Thunder* broke
Its threatening off ; forth durst no *Lightning* peep,
But kept its black Nest, now outshined by
The flashing Mandates of its *Master's Eye*.

248.

The *Devils* who all this while had toss'd and rent
The Elements, perceiv'd the final Wrack
Fall on their own Design, and yelling went
Home to their Pangs ; the Clouds in sunder brake
And having clear'd the Scene of these loud Wars,
Left Heav'n's free face all full of smiling Stars.

249.

Forthwith the Ship without or Sail, or Tide,
Kept strait its course, and flew to kiss the shore :
Where *Jesus* deigns to be the Vessel's Guide,
Where needs no help of Time, Tide, Wind, or Oar :
His *Eye* alone might drive the Bark, whose Look
Abash'd the Sea, the Storm with terror stroke.

250.

His *Eye*, his *Eye* is that eternal Star
Which gildeth both the Poles ; which day and night
Equally shines ; which guides all those who are
Sailing in Life's rough Sea : for by his Light
And none but his, each mortal Mariner
Who goes for *Safety's* Port, his Course must steer.

251.

Mark now that shore of populous *Genaser*,
Where from a Storm He once arriv'd before :
Great was the Wonder He achieved there,
Not on tempestuous Winds and Seas, but more
Outrageous *Fiends*, who had themselves possess
Of an unhappy Man's usurped breast.

252.

Those Tombs shut out of town thou seest there
These *Devils* made his sullen habitation.
To damned *Spirits* such places dearest are
As most invite to desolate Desperation.
But henceforth Christian *Camiteries* shall
Revenge this boldness, and all Hell appal.

253.

Which Truth, the *Fiend* who wears the famous Name
Of wise *Apollo* shall at length confess
To his own *Julian*, in the stinging shame
Of forced Silence, when great *Babyla's*,
Intombed Dust shall able be to stop
His lying mouth, and seal his *Oracle* up.

254.

Oft drove they to that neighbour Mountain's brow
The frantick staring Wight, in hopes that he
Out of his tiresome Life himself would throw
Into their Pit of deeper Misery.
A thousand Snakes about his heart they wound,
Whilst Rage and Madness did his brain confound.

255.

The froth of which Confusion foamed out
At his unquiet mouth : sometimes he roar'd ;
Sometimes he sung ; sometimes his frensy wrought
As high as Blasphemy, and freely pour'd
A rayling flood on Heav'n and *God*, whom yet
He thought not of in all his raving fit.

256.

The Rocks and Tombs he tore with hideous Cries,
Which bellow'd fright on every Passenger :
Poetick fancy never could devise
Such dismal Barking for fierce *Scylla*, or
Fell *Cerberus* ; nor could the *Thunder's* voice
Though louder, make so terrible a Noise.

257.

For how should *Monsters* speak, but like themselves !
But for sweet-tuned *Man* to howl and yell,
Doubles the prodigy : nor were those *Elves*
Who make Damnation's Sink with Horrors swell,
Such frightful Devils, as they now appear,
Had they not once shin'd in th' Angelick sphere.

258.

All Men he bated ; but Himself much more
Than all his other foes, yet knew not why :

Alas, 'twas *Hell* which in his soul did roar,
That sworn Maligner of Humanity :
Hell, which with all the World maintaineth wars,
But chiefly with itself for ever jars.

259.

And in his bosom now it boils so hot ;
That he impatient of all Rayment grew,
('Twas *Satan's* dearest first-begotten Plot
Man's naked shame to lay in open view),
His cloaths he rent, and then pluck'd off his hair,
And star'd about for something else to tear.

260.

The sharpest Stones which in the Rocks he spy'd
His cruel love more than all Jewels won ;
With those his vengeance on himself he try'd,
And lin'd it out upon his launced skin.
And though they pained him, yet still to spight
His Pains, he in his Wounds would take delight.

261.

Hast at the stake a roaring Bull beheld,
Worry'd by ten keen Mastiffs, and in gore
And gashes cloth'd ? that Spectacle must yield
To his bemangled shape of horror ; for
Not all the Dogs of *Albion* can tear
A Bull, as he himself had baited here.

262.

His tatter'd brows hung down below his eyes ;
His mouth and nose met in one rent ; his head
Was slash'd ; the bones star'd in his plowed thighs,
His sides were gash'd ; his arms and bosom flead ;
His wounds concurr'd, and drowned one another
Like Rivers blended in the Sea together.

263.

And wonder not that all this tedious while
His vital Powers could be so hardy as
Pain's tide to stem, and be confederate still
With his tormented Heart : the *Fiends* could pass
No further than their Chain, which though it reach'd
His Body, could not to his Life be stretch'd.

264.

(So when their *King* commission had to try
The valour of the *Idumean Prince*
Against a siege of Boils, and Battery
Of thousand wounds *Yod's* Life made brave defence ;
And spight of any Mines, maintain'd his Breath's
Strong Arsenal against an host of Deaths.)

265.

This added to their everboiling spight
New raging fire, by which they stung his wrath,
To wreak itself on every mortal Wight,
Whose hard hap damn'd them to his headlong path.
Thus all about the coast this terror spread,
And cares, and fears, and plots awakened.

266.

As when a Lyon from the Forest broke,
Invades some Shepherd's pasture, every Town
Which borders on that sad mischance, doth look
Upon their neighbor's danger as their own,
And all their country arms, and dogs unite
Against the publick foe in common fight :

267.

Th' alarmed *Gaderens* so combin'd their strength,
The fury of this raving Man to tame :
In vain a while they grappled, till at length
By number not by power they overcame :
And loading him with chains and fetters, hop'd
They now had his mischievous torrent stop'd.

268.

But he with ireful smiles disdain'd their plot,
And rending off his idle fetters, threw
Them at their scorned heads : No bands they got,
Their oft-defeated project to renew,
Whether of steel or brass, but served Him
For engins, which he tore, and flung at them.

269.

Triumphant thus in fierceness, he espied
Thy *Lord* upon that shore, and to him ran :
But never with more hideous bellowing cry'd,
Nor madlier beat or cut himself, than when
Near *Jesus* he approached, from whose look
Both pity now, and indignation broke.

270.

His bowels yearn'd, his anger flam'd, to see
Hell domineering in that tortured Breast
Of which his Sovereign *Self*, and *Heav'n* should be
By their eternal right alone possess.
This made Him by that Power which chas'd away
Of late that other *Tempest*, this allay.

271.

Foul *Fiend*, he cry'd, usurp that Hold no more ;
The *Man* is mine, and I his *Lord* will be.
Come forth, thou bold Intruder, and restore
Thy prize again, both to himself and Me.
O mighty *Voices* ! which rent the Devil more
Then he had done the woful *Man* before.

272.

For as the Slave, who broken is by stealth
Into his Master's closet, revels there
Among the Bags of ready-coined wealth,
And any Bills or Bonds presumes to tear,
Making all fuel for his peevish rage,
And thus revenging his own Vassalage ;

273.

But if his Master's unexpected Eye
Happens to apprehend him in his sin ;

That glance, like lightning's dint, so piercingly
Afflicts his thievish guilty Soul, that in
Base-hearted thankless meekness down he falls,
And on his wretched face for pardon calls :

274.

So did the *Fiend* : in one huge gust of horror
Were all the World's deep dying groans united,
They could not tear the Skies with so much terror,
As did his *Ejulation* ; which affrighted,
And forc'd the mourning Tombs, and Rocks and Sea
In its impatient Echo to agree.

275.

Jesus, thou *Highest Son of God* most high,
Am I a match, an equal Match for Thee?
If I must yield my Fort, and naked lie,
Whilst Thou triumph'st and tramplest upon me ;
Yet by thy *Father's Name* I thee conjure,
Thou damn me not new torments to endure.

276.

But since the *Lord* had stretch'd him on the rack,
He charg'd the Traitor to confess his Name :
O how this Mandate did his Heart-strings crack,
Which snatch'd the veil from off his ugliest shame ;
And for one *Serpent* which the World supposed
There to have lurk'd, a *Legion* disclosed.

277.

No other Name he durst acknowledge now
But *Legion* ; for so indeed they were.
Vile Cowards, what is Dust and Clay, that you
So numerous an Army mustered there?
Fine credit 'tis for troops of *Spirits* to lay
Their ambush one poor mortal Man to slay.

278.

But O, that Men, whose mystick obligation
Of mutual Membership doth them invite
To careful tenderness, and free compassion ;
With such confederate zeal, and stout delight
Would help their Brethren up the heav'nly Hill,
As these contrive to plunge them deep in Hell !

279.

There hadst thou been, my *Dear*, thou might'st have
seen
In what a fearful lamentable guise
These *Devils* to their prayers fell, to win
Some pity from thy *Lord's* imperious Eyes :
Which did the baseness of their Spirit prove,
Who stoop'd to fawn on whom they scorn to love.

280.

Him they beseech'd to let them harbor still
In this cool Region, and not force them home.
They knew they should too hot have found their Hell,
If they had back without their Errand come ;
That disappointed *Satan* on their head
Would all his boiling wrath have emptied.

281.

Besides ; their proper Diocess was this
Nor might their jurisdiction further go :
For *Satan* here cants out his *Provinces*,
And all his *Deputies* disposeth so
That no Commission jarreth with another,
Nor any *Piend* incroacheth on his brother.

282.

And this he do's in insolent emulation
Of that fair *Polity* by *Heav'n* directed,
Whereby each Empire, Kingdom, Country, Nation,
By some *Angelic Patron* is protected,
Guided, and governed ; as every Man
By his particular vigilant *Guardian*.

283.

What would'st thou have us do, they cry'd ; Can we
Made all of active metal, idle sit ?
Are we not *Devils* ? how can *Devils* be
For any thing but rage and fury fit ?
Mischief's our proper diet ; why wilt thou
Who all things feed'st, not Us our food allow ?

284.

If we must be, we must be what we are ;
Infernal Spirits can no change admit :
For sure our venturous though unfortunate War
Against thy self, thou never wilt forget ;
Nor repossess Us of our calmy state
So that we now are *Furious by Fate*.

285.

Besides ; we Subjects are (and thine own hand
Buckled this yoke on our rebellious necks,)
To that impatient *Prince*, whose dire Command
Back'd with Hell's universal Terrors, pricks
Us on to Rage ; and we do nothing now,
But what in duty to our *Lord* we ow.

286.

Had we without Commission hither flown,
And garrison'd this Man's strong-builed breast,
The fault, whate'r it is, had been our own :
But since by Order we this Hold possess,
Our *General* must in equity, not We
Poor common *Soldiers*, answer it to Thee.

287.

As then Thou art a generous Conqueror,
Give reasonable Quarter to thy Foes :
Since needs we must surrender, e'r we stir,
Engage thy promise, that we shall not loose
Our natural Properties ; some power leave us
(For 'tis no crime in us,) to be *Mischievous*.

288.

An Herd of Swine there feeds on yonder Mount,
(And that's it *Psyche*,) Beasts so filthy that

They seem'd unworthy in thine own account,
And justly too, to be thy Servants' meat.
Yet what to *Jessu* thou mad'st impure, shall be
Dainties to Us, if thou wilt leave us free.

289.

Free, our own swindge to take, and domineer
In those despised reprobated Things.
If ever *Devils* did to Thee prefer
A sute more fair, more humble, may our wings
And Snakes be clip'd, our Tallons prun'd, our stout
Horns lopped off, our iron Teeth dash'd out.

290.

The *Furies* pleaded so ; and with an eye
Where fear insulted over jealous Hope ;
Beheld their *Judge* : He knew the reason why
They begg'd that ugly boon ; he knew their scope
Was, that the *Swine* to Man might seem a Creature
Curs'd and abandon'd by the *God of Nature*.

291.

Yet He was pleased, (whither to avenge
The Owner's Avarice, or for some deep cause
Known to his wisest Self,) to let these strange
Dwellers upon those brutish Mansions seize :
For He to whom the whole World's Rights belong,
Can all things do, and yet can do no Wrong.

292.

As when in pregnant *Etna's* labouring womb
The smoking flaming and sulphureous Child
Is to its horrible matureness come ;
The moved bowels of the Mount are fill'd
With pangs and throws, till by a roaring birth
The stinking Prodigy is broken forth :

293.

With such tormenting Travel felt this *Man*
His entrails torn whilst *Hell* was bursting thence ;
Rank *Hell*, which with more baneful vapors than
The worst of fuming brimstone choak'd his sense :
And surely he had by that Stink and Pain,
Had *Life* not looked on, been *double slain*.

294.

But ne'r did Air put on so calm a face,
When every Wind to its own home was blown,
And Heav'n of all its storms deliver'd ; as
Redeemed He, now once again *His own* :
Finding the *Furies* which his heart did swell,
Had left *Himself within Himself* to dwell.

295.

As startled from some black and frightful Dream,
His safetie's count'nance he with wonder saw :
In sober rayment strait he hides his shame,
Or rather Theirs whose treason made him throw
It off before, and cloth his body round
In one unnatural universal wound.

296.

No frantick fumes now reaked in his head ;
Clear as the upper Region was his brain,
And with his heart distinctly trafficked ;
Whose trade his *Intellect* maintain'd again
Whilst his late-cheating fancy thrusts no more
Adulterate Wares upon him, as before.

297.

His furious *Passions* bowing to the yoke
Of temperate *Reason*, tamely grew serene :
His Will her mighty throne more wisely took,
And reigned like a stout but warey Queen.
His Thought's Pulse in his Soul beat gently, and
Taught him his *Bliss* and *Self* to understand.

298.

He understood to whom his Thanks were due,
To whom his rescu'd heart, his life, his peace ;
To his sweet task of Gratitude he flew
In holy haste, but flew upon his knees :
And then at his divine *Redeemer's* feet,
As his meek Scholar, begg'd, and took his seat.

299.

Mean while the *Devils* to the Mountain made
Upon the wings of fury and disdain :
For though they scorn'd the *Swine* ; yet since they had
No better prey, their spight could not refrain.
The feeding *Herd* strait felt their bellies swell
With unknown stuffing, being stretch'd with Hell.

300.

As at the *Orgies*, when the *Priests* are drown'd
In their mad *God*, they grow as wild as *He* ;
They stare, they roar, they rave, they tumble round,
And only in confounded strife agree :
So here the swine brake into raging revels,
Being drunk with this full *Legion* of Devils.

301.

They grunt, they whine, they squeak, they foam, they
leap,
They stumble, fall, and rise, and fall again ;
Their tusks in one another's blood they steep,
But oftner in their own : the Dogs in vain
Did bark, in vain the swineherds cry and swear,
The *Herd* no Clamer but their own could hear.

302.

At length in one mad hurry to that Brow
By which into the Sea the Mountain peeps,
They headlong run, and one another throw
In loud tumultuous throngs into the Deep.
And thus those *Devils* drown'd their wretched Prey,
Their own long thirst of Mischief to allay.

303.

Observe that other shore : thy *Spouse's* fame
Shin'd with no less illustrious Glory there :

Witness Her faith who from *Phenicia* came
Wisely to take miraculous Physick here.
She long had her *Phenician Doctors* try'd,
Who not her *Blood's* but *Purse's Issue* dry'd.

304.

But here she found a strange *Physitian*, whose
Sole *Physick* is his *sovereign self*, and who
Gratis on all his heav'nly Art bestows :
Yet her unclean Disease's shame did so
Confute its Pain, that rather than reveal
Her Sickness, she resolves its Cure to steal.

305.

(O gracious *Modesty*, how potent are
Thy tender Laws, which, though despised by
Bold self-applauding souls, alone outdare
The saucy Armies of Impiety ;
And Keep in *Safety's* garrison from peril
All those who war in *Virtue's* noble Quarrel !)

306.

Her meekly-faithful heart had caught fast hold
On *Jesus's* garment's verge : and O, cry'd she,
Could but my fingers do as much, I would
Not doubt to catch my safe *Recovery*.
Which said, the pious Thief took heart, and stept
Into the Crowd, and there behind Him crept.

307.

Then her most trembling most undoubting Hand
Upon His lowest *Hem* she gently stay'd ;
Which with a tripple Kiss she reverenc'd, and
Her meek soul on that humble Altar lay'd :
But whilst her blushing Blood flush'd in her face,
She felt its other Current dried was.

308.

For as on *Aaron's* consecrated head
The holy *Unguent* would not bridled be,
But down his beard its precious influence shed
And fully reach'd his robe's extremity :
So did the *Virtue* of this *higher Priest*
His utmost Clothes with mystick Power invest.

309.

But *Jesus*, who could not permit that such
Heroick Faith it self should smother up ;
Inquires what Hand his vesture's skirt did touch,
And set the *Issue* of his *Virtue* ope ;
That *Virtue's* mighty *Issue* which alone
Could wash away this Woman's bloody one.

310.

She hearing this, and guilty of the high
And faithful Theft, fell trembling at his feet,
Confessing all her blessed Crime, and why
So timorously her Boldness acted it :
But while she fear'd her *Saviour's* anger, He
Applauds the fact, and bids her cheerly be.

311.

Daughter, he cries (for those his Children are
Whose holy Confidence on Him relies,) *Henceforth*
For ever banish needless fear ;
Thy valiant Faith secures and fortifies
Thy re-obtained Health : go home, and be
Assur'd my *Peace* shall sojourn there with thee.

312.

Her zealous Thanks she pay'd, and homeward went ;
But His dear Image in her heart she bore.
Resolv'd to fix it in a Monument
Of lasting Gratitude ; which at her door
She reared up, and made *Cesarea* far
More nobly beautiful than it was aware.

313.

Erected there in bright substantial Brass
Thy *Spouse's* statue shines ; and so shall stand
Till *Julian* with a more obdurate face
And heart, than is that Metal, shall command
The reverend Effigies to come down
And yield its stately Basis to his own.

314.

His own ; which when on heav'n it 'gins to stare,
Shall learn what Vengeance dwells in *Yeru's* hand ;
From whence a speedy bolt of fire shall tear
The proud and sacrilegious Idol ; and
Warn its bold *Owner* timely to forbear
Affronting thus the patient *Thunderer*.

315.

But yonder, *Psyche*, holy *Tabor* is,
A Mount enobled by a brighter *Story*.
The *Temple's Hill* bow'd down its head to this,
And vail'd its *Legal* to the *Gospel Glory*.
To this, the Mount, where *Satan's* Pageant op'd
The Universe's pompous Beauties, stoop'd.

316.

Thither thy *Lord* once pleased to withdraw,
With three Attendants, *Peter*, *James*, and *John*,
Leaving the rest, and all the World below ;
That in Devotion's proper region
His soul might move ; since his design was now
To *pray* himself, and teach his Consorts how.

317.

To be retired from tumultuous things,
And sequestered from heavy clogging Earth,
Two trusty Ladders are which *Wisdom* brings
To help true *Prayers* climb ; two Ladders worth
All *Climaxes* which ever yet were set
Up by the loftiest strains of eloquent wit.

318.

He pray'd : and with such noble ardency
That through his eyes his flaming Spirit broke,

And stoutly flash'd to Heav'n : no Piety
In such a splendid chariot ever took
Its blessed journey to the throne of *God*,
Nor in such humbly-royal triumph rode.

319.

Day's wonted *Monarch* dazzl'd at the sight
Admir'd what other *Sun* from earth did rise ;
With whose victorious Looks too weak to fight,
He some new ev'n sought for his vanquish'd eyes.
And well the Day could spare his garish beams
Being gilded by his *Maker's* purer flames.

320.

For *He* who in his *Bodie's* vail till now
The Rays of his Divinity had hid,
Released them into free leave to flow
And roul about him in a glistening tide.
Thus when his Key unlocks the clouds, from thence
The lightning pours its radiant Influence.

321.

But as that inexhausted fount of light
Which bubbles up in *Titan's* limpid eyes,
Sheds over all his royal robes its bright
Effusions, and his Charet glorifies,
So that about Heav'n's Circuit He is roll'd
Enthron'd and cloath'd in living sparkling Gold.

322.

So from thy *Spouse's* more than sunlike face
The Lustre all about his Rayment darted :
A Lustre whose divine and gentle grace
It self with kind magnificence imparted
To that weak mortal Texture, which so pure
Immortal brightness else could not endure.

323.

Thus when a dainty *fume* in Summer air
To *lambent fire* by nature's sporting turns,
And lightly rides on Men's Attire or Hair ;
With harmless flames it plays, and never burns
Its habitation, but feeds upon
The Delicates of its own Beams alone.

324.

As his *Disciples* wonder'd at the *Sight*
Which peeping through their fingers they beheld,
They spy'd two *Strangers*, whom with courteous light
The surplusage of *Yeru's* Beams did gild.
They wistly looked on them, musing who
The Men might be, and what they came to do.

325.

The first ware horned beams (though something dim
In this more radiant Presence,) on his face ;
Full was his beard ; his countenance 'twixt grim
And pleasant, breathing meek but stately Grace :
His robes were large and princely ; in his hand
He held a mystick and Imperious wand.

326.

A golden Plate both deck'd and arm'd his breast,
In which the *Ten great Words* inammel'd were ;
A grave a goodly Man he was, and drest
In such attire, that they no longer are
In doubt about him, but conclude that He
Moses the Legislator needs must be.

327.

The other, sagely solemn in his look,
But course and homespun in his garb appear'd ;
Nor had he any mantle's help to cloke
That vileness which in his poor rayment star'd ;
The serious beams which darted from his eye,
Spake eremitical severity.

328.

Two *Ravens*, whose plumes taught blackness how to shine,
Upon his venerable shoulders sate :
And *ravenous* now no more, did freely join
Their services in purveying for his meat ;
For in their faithful beaks they ready had
The one a piece of flesh, the other bread.

329.

Behind him stood a *flaming Chariot*,
With steeds all of the same fierce Element ;
Nor was their fire more than their Courage hot,
And much ado they had to stand content.
Which Tokens having well observ'd, they knew
Those Indications must *Elias* shew.

330.

These two *grand Prophets*, whom thy *Lord* gave leave
To wear some glorious beams, though He were by,
Their reverend Discourses interwove
Of his Humanity's Oeconomy ;
With high ecstasick Words displaying how
At *Salem* He *Death's* Power should overthrow.

331.

A Doctrine which on his *Disciples'* ear
(And this their *Master* knew,) full hard would grate ;
And therefore by these glorious *Preachers* here
With high solemnity was witness'd, that
His *Crosse's* and his *Nails'* mysterious shame
Might not with scandal shake, forewarned Them.

332.

His *Rod* then *Moses* at his feet laid down,
In token that He had fulfill'd his *Law* ;
And came to give a nobler of his own,
To which not only *Jacob's Seed* should bow,
But all the World, whose largest furthest bound
With *Jesus* and his *Gospel* was to sound.

333.

That done ; a vail he drew upon his face,
And cry'd, *Bright Lord*, this shade I us'd of old

Because my Count'nance too illustrious was
For those blear Eyes of *Israel* to behold :
But now mine own have need of it, to skreen
Them from that splendor's dint which shoots from
thine.

334.

This though refracted *Vision's* fuller Bliss
Than I of old beheld from *Nebo's* head ;
How happily was I (reserv'd for this
Far fairer Privilege,) not suffered
To enter then, and feed my Wonder on
The less amazing sweets of *Canaan* !

335.

But in a generous meek Expostulation
Elias argu'd with his glorious *Lord* :
And, Why, said he, in such triumphant fashion
Me didst Thou whirle to heav'n, and not afford
Thy servant leave to taste *Death's* bitter Cup,
Since Thou thy self resolv'st to drink it up !

336.

Must *Jesus*, and must not *Elias* die ?
Must *God*, and not a *Worm* ? forbid it Thou
Who of all Order art the *Deity*,
And Death to my Mortality allow :
I'll be contented with the last to stay,
Ev'n till *Time* dies, if then I also may.

337.

O pardon my Ambition to die,
Since, dearest *Lord*, it is for Thee alone :
If for thy Name, and in thy Quarrel I
The Robes of Martyrdom may once put on,
My passage up to heav'n shall brighter be
Than when my flaming Coach transported Me.

338.

Ask me not what Reply great *Jesus* gave
To these Devotos, since nor *James*, nor *John*,
Nor *Peter* ever had their *Master's* leave
To ope this Secret to the World. But on
Their heads, when they had their due season staid,
He his dismissing Hand and Blessing laid.

339.

Then having by a tripple Kiss ador'd
His sacred foot : into his Chariot
Elias leap'd, and through the Welkin scour'd
As swift as Arrow by the *Tartar* shot :
And *Moses*, spreading out his ready Vail,
Homeward to *Abraham's* blessed Port set sail.

340.

When lo a Cloud came rolling on and stretch'd
Its shady curtains o'r the Mountain's top :
A precious Cloud, with *God's* own voice enrich'd ;
For as it brake, no other Rain did drop
But these dear Words, *My Darling Son is This*,
Hear Him, in whom my Joy triumphant is.

341.

The faint *Disciples* on their faces fell,
 Amar'd that Thunder could distinctly speak :
 Mean while their *Lord* was pleased to recall
 And charge his *Glory's* Beams to hasten back :
 His *Godhead* needed now no more probation,
 That *Gilpsee* being doubled by *Heav'n's* Attestation.

342.

Forthwith his *Rales* shrunk home into his breast,
 And moderate *Beauty* repossess'd his face :
 The orient *Lustre* which his *Cloths* had drest
 To their plain native hue resign'd its place ;
 And He return'd to his *Capacity*
 Of, what he long'd for, shame and *Misery*.

343.

But turn thee now to *Salemward*, and see
 New *Monuments* of both his *Power* and *Love*.
 That *Hill* is *Sion*, and that *Pool* where he
 Wets his large foot, is *Siloam* ; above
 Its bottom lies, for in the *Mountain's* breast
 Its *Springs* of *Living Silver* make their *Nest*.

344.

Springs sober and discreet ; which brake not forth
 By wanton *Chance*, but upon *Bus'ness* flow'd.
 Right noble is the *Story* ; and its *Worth*
 Beyond the knowledge of th' illiterate *Crowd* :
 But I, dear *Psyche*, will unlock to thee
 The bowels of this ancient *Mystery*.

345.

When *Virtue's* Sovereign, *Hesekias* sat
 On *Judah's* throne, th' *Assyrian* *Power* swell'd high,
 And turned sinful *Israel's* florid state
 Into the worst of *Woes*, *Captivity* :
 For *Assur* then was made the *iron Rod*
 Which *Vengeance* put into the hand of *God*.

346.

That first *Success* so puff'd the *Rod* with *Pride*,
 That it forgot the *Hand* which sway'd it then :
 And now would needs it self become a guide
 Unto it self, and choose its *Prey* : but in
 Its proudest height the *Rod's* rash plot was crost,
 And near two hundred thousand *Twiggs* it lost.

347.

Whilst *Rabsheka*, the *Foulmouth'd* General,
 With *Horse*, and *Men*, and *Braggs*, and *Blasphemies*
 Beleagu'rd *Salem*, on the suddain all
 Their stock of *Water* fail'd ; but that which *Eyes*
 Sad *Eyes* distill'd, and which but fill'd up
 Their vast *Affliction's* lamentable *Cup*.

348.

And now compassionate *Esay*, mov'd to try
 What credit he with *Heav'n's* and *Mercy* had,

Tuned his *Prayer* by the *People's* Cry ;
 Which with such violence beat the ear of *God*,
 That strongly bounding back to *Sion's* foot,
 And his own knees, it made the *Spring* leap out.

349.

The thirsty *People* all came flocking in,
 Their *Mouths*, their *Bottles*, and their *Souls*, to fill.
 Th' *Assyrians* wonder'd what those *Crowds* might mean,
 Until they spy'd their buis'ness at the *Well* ;
 And then they made a *Party* out, to stop
 The newborn *Spring*, or else to drink it up.

350.

Forthwith the *Citizens* themselves betook
 To flight ; so did the *Fount*, and shrunk its head
 Into the *Hill*, and called back its *Brook*,
 Commanding every *Drop* to go to bed,
 And not to prostitute themselves, and be
 Deflour'd by *Assur's* lips' impurity.

351.

The *Streams* obey'd, and swifter than the speed
 Of those impatient *Horsmen*, homeward ran.
 So when the prudent *Dame* has summoned
 Her crawling frie to shun th' incursion
 Of *Violence*, the nimble *Serpents* shoot
 Themselves into their *Mother's* ready throat.

352.

The disappointed *Soldiers* rav'd and swore,
 To see the *Fountain* mock and scorn their *Might* ;
 And cry'd, these *Yews* have by some magick power
 Broach'd this wiley *Spring* from *Hell*, to spight
Sennacherib's *Legions*, and shew that *We*
 Cannot so strong as wretched *Water* be.

353.

Thus they retreated in disdain and wrath :
 When strait their *Thirst* the *Yews* brought back again,
 The *Spring* as soon found out its former path,
 And courteously met them on the *Plain* ;
 Kissing their feet, and smiling in their face,
 For whose sole service He so watchful was.

354.

Thus checkering his work, he never fails
 To fail his foes, and to befriend his friends.
 Full often *Assur* tries, but ne'r prevails,
 To catch the wary nimble stream, which sends
 Him always empty back ; and waited still
 With fresh supplies on thirsty *Israel*.

355.

The fam'd *Sabbathick Fount* which all the week
 Keeps close at home, and lets no drop spurt out,
 Exactly thus attends the *Seventh Day's* Break ;
 At whose first peeping *Dawn*, as quick as *Thought*
 It pours its flood, and sacrifices all
 Its *Plenty* to that holy *Festival*.

356.

A Man there was, whom from her secret Shop
Dark and retired *Nature* sent abroad
Into the World, yet from him shut it up,
And him in 's proper home an Exile made.

Compar'd with him, clear-sighted was the Owl,
So was the evening Bat, and earthed Moul.

357.

For on his brow sate an anneil'd *Night*
Which his *Birth-day* could not confute ; in vain
His Mother hir'd the sage Physitian's Might
To war against that Shadow, and constrain
That inbred sturdy Blackness to relent ;
In vain her money and her love she spent.

358.

Less thick that *Darkness* was which did revenge
The lustful Glances of wild *Sodom's* eyes ;
When those hot Lovers damped by a strange
Invasion of pitch, with oaths and cries
Tumbled and toss'd themselves from place to place,
And sought *Lot's Door* in one another's face.

359.

As *Jesus* spy'd this helpless Wight, (for He
Watch'd to surprise all Objects of Compassion,)
SPEEDED by his own heav'nly Charity,
To his relief he flies. This generous fashion
Love duly follows, and ne'r stays to be
Woo'd and importun'd to a Courtesy.

360.

The groping *Man* perceiving one draw nigh,
Fell to the Beggar's covetous Dialect ;
He Money, Money crav'd : but that 's not my
Largise, thy *Lord* reply'd, which doth infect
Those who admire it ; surely thou wouldst find
What Bane thou begg'st, wert thou not double Blind.

361.

Alas thou beggest that, which should I grant
Would make thee poorer than thou wert before,
Thou begg'st such Wealth as would but gain thee want
Of that cheap Rest thou now injoyest ; for
Money is that bewitching thoughtful Curse
Which keeps the heart close Pris'ner in the Purse.

362.

Money's that most mischievous Dust which flies
Full in the face of undiscerning Man,
Not suffering his abus'd and damned Eyes
To see the way to Heav'n ; If thou didst scan
Thy state aright, thou mightst thy *Blindness* bless
Who seest not what this monstrous *Money* is.

363.

A thinner Clay than that I'll temper, which
Shall far exceed the worth of Gold to thee :

They are not *Money's* beams which can enrich
With pure and lasting wealth ; from none but Me
Flow forth those efficacious genuine Rays,
Which bless the Age with sweet and golden Days.

364.

This said, three times he spit upon the ground,
And moulded with his hand a sovereign Clay :
No salve by deepest Art was ever found,
Which could so sure all *Maladies* allay :
Should *Balsam's* self fall sick and die, the power
Of this sole *Unguent* would its life restore.

365.

This on his Patient's Eyes he spred ; and yet
Although he cur'd them, gave them not their sight :
First an Experiment he meant to get
Whether his inner Eyes of Faith were bright ;
Then, with his Favor to reward and grace
The *Pool*, which long before so pious was.

366.

Bethesda Waters swell'd with full-tide fame ;
Wherefore though apt occasion him invited,
Time was when he refus'd to honour them :
But fail he would not, to respect these sleighted,
Though worthy *Streams*, which as his partners He
In this miraculous work vouchsaf'd to be.

367.

To *Siloam* go, said he, and wash thine Eyes,
And thou shalt see what I to thee have given ;
With holy Confidence strait thither hies
The joyful Man ; no Hart was ever driven
By scalding thirst more greedily to cool
Refreshing Brook, than he to find this *Pool*.

368.

He went to drink, not with his Mouth, but Eyes ;
Which as he wash'd, behold he washed ope :
Out flew black Night, with all those dusky ties
By which his sense before was chained up ;
And his released sparkling Pupils show'd
Like sprightly Lightning from the broken Cloud.

369.

He now both lives, and seeth that he lives,
And Heav'n and Earth more than by hear-say knows.
No part of all the Universe but gives
Him a remembrance, unto whom he owes
His power of viewing it. O happy he
Who must in every thing his *Savior* see !

370.

Since from the Darknes of the first *Abyss*,
The groveling *World* was wakened into Light ;
Ne'r was atchiev'd so strange a Cure as this,
Which on condemned Eyes bestowed Sight,
In spite of *Nature*, who had put them out
Before she gave them leave to look about.

371.

Mark *Psyche*, now that love-renowned *Town*,
Great *Salem's* little Neighbour *Bethany* :
A Place of dear Remembrance, and well known
To thy great *Lord* : from *Salem's* tumults He
Would oft withdraw into that calm retreat,
And still as oft's he came he Welcome met.

372.

For there two Sisters dwelt, an holy Pair
Who with all hospitably-pious love
To entertain this *Guest* ambitious were ;
And by their most obsequious service strove
To let Him know They did no Owner deem
Of what they *had* or *were*, but only *Him*.

373.

Industrious *Martha* ; unto whom although
This World were something still, (in which she drove
Her practick trade of life,) yet well she knew
'Twas less than nothing unto *that above* ;
The Cream of her Solitude she spent
To purchase more than secular Content.

374.

Pathetick *Mary* ; one whom *Mercy* made
Her chosen triumph : this was *lustful She*
Who in the hottest troop of Sinners had
A leading Place ; such stout Impiety
Incouraged her heart, that *Hell* could put
Her on no Task but she would dare to do't.

375.

For seav'n foul Devils had themselves possess
Of all her Soul, and with imperious port
High in th' usurped palace of her breast
Their throne erected and maintain'd their court ;
And all the Warrants which they issued thence
She still obey'd with desperate diligence.

376.

But *Jesus*, who his Pity squared by
No Merit he in mortal Man could read,
But for his Rule took their Capacity
Of Succour ; found how much this Heart did need
His potent Help ; which he forthwith apply'd
And made her *Live* who now *Seav'n times* had dy'd.

377.

For from the bottom of her pois'ned breast
Seav'n hideous *deadly Sins* she vomited ;
And thus from *Hell's* oppression releast
High toward Heav'n she rais'd her zealous head ;
Flaming with purest fire of *Love*, as she
Before had smok'd in Lust's impurity.

378.

Her brave Devotion she measured now
By that large Size of *Mercy* she had gain'd

For as no bounds that noble *Mercy* knew,
So to Infinitude her *Love* she strain'd ;
She strained hard, and would the top have reach'd
Could mortal Passion to that pitch have stretch'd.

379.

O *Psyche*, hadst thou present been when she
On *Love's* dear errand to her *Master* came,
Thou mightst have seen impatient Piety
Mount in the boldness of its generous flame :
First at his feet it 'gan, and then it spread
With fair and liberal fulness to his head.

380.

That fragrant Ointment which before she us'd
To her libidinous Skin to sacrifice ;
Upon his sweeter Feet, she now diffus'd,
Adding a shower from her own melting Eyes.
Then wiping them with her late crisped Tresses,
She offer'd there her consecrated Kisses.

381.

She minds not how spectators censure her ;
Love's careless, and secure, and scorns the mean :
She vows e'r from her *Lover's* Feet she stir,
To oint, or wipe, or weep, or kiss them clean ;
And by this amorous zeal she sanctifies
Her Locks, her Lips, her Ointment and her Eyes.

382.

But as the sprightly flame disdains to be
Confin'd below, and with undaunted pains
Up to its lofty sphere contends : So she
To her right gallant *Passion* gave the reins,
And at Heav'n's highest Crest took aim ; for this
I'm sure, said she, the *Head of Jesus* is.

383.

A Box of *Nard* she had of mighty price,
Yet not so precious as her peerless *Lord* :
Could Earth's whole wealth meet in one sacrifice,
All this, and more she would to Him afford :
And now unbridled *Love* such haste did make,
That strait the Box, or her own Heart must break.

384.

Indeed both brake ; and both she pour'd on
His Head, who is of *Sweets* and *Hearts* the King.
Forthwith through Heav'n and Earth the *Odors* run,
Which shall for ever with their Praises ring :
For now 't has lost its Alabaster Cell,
The famous *Nard* in all the World doth dwell.

385.

And wheresoe'r Heav'n-breathing Trumpets sound
The Gospel's sweet Alarms, the living Glory
Of this Exploit shall certainly rebound
Through every holy Ear : in his own Story
Her *Lord* embroider'd her's ; and there we see
None canonis'd a *Saint* by Him but *She*.

386.

Ill-reck'ning *Thrift* much grumbled at the Cost,
Which many needy Mouths might well have fed ;
As if the *Members* had the largise lost,
Which here bestowed was upon their *Head* ;
Or any thing had been too much to give
To *Him* from whom we every thing receive.

387.

But *Nobleness's Lord*, and *Mary's*, who
Thus in his *Love* to her excessive was,
Vouchsafed her generous Soul free leave to go
The same most princely and licentious pace :
He knows the heat of this unwieldy Passion,
And will allow it brave Immoderation.

388.

The Law of Bounds all other eas'ly bear,
Finding their objects are in limits ty'd ;
But *Love* alone with infinite career
Still further everlastingly doth ride.
Because let loose at *God* himself, in whom
Immensities affords her boundless room.

389.

Thy easy judgment now computes how dear
Was this Seraphick *Woman* to thy *Lord* ;
Well might her only *Brother* be, for her
Sweet sake, to His love's tenderness prefer'd :
Who falling sick, she sent her sole *Physitian*
The doleful News, join'd with her meek Petition.

390.

He, who had never yet his Help delay'd
When Need made *Mary* his Compassion wooe,
Till *Phobus* twice the World had compass'd, stay'd ;
He stay'd indeed, but 'twas that he might go
With advantageous glory ; and his stay
Might prove but *ripened Love*, and not *Delay*.

391.

Mean while his Weakness grew so strong upon
Good *Lasarus*, that his Soul it chased out :
Jesus, whose eyes through all things clearly ran,
Shin'd on it as it went, and saw it brought
On Angels' wings into the blessed Nest
Of naked Peace and Quiet, *Abraham's* breast.

392.

Where when it gently was repos'd ; our Friend,
Our *Lasarus*, is fall'n asleep, said He,
But from that Fall to raise him I intend ;
Come therefore, let's away for *Bethany*.
And *Lord* what needs it ; if he sleep, what harm
Cry'd his *Disciples*, can our friend alarm !

393.

None can, their *Lord* reply'd, for now he lies
Safe in the bosom of Serenity ;

Yet what his Rest is, little you surmise,
Loth to believe *true Sleep* in Death can be.
Alas, the Grave 's the only quiet Bed
In which securely *Rest* can lay her head.

394.

Death, *Death's* the soundest *Sleep*, which makes amends
For all this weary World's tempestuous Cares,
And pious Souls into that Harbour sends
Where never Dangers ride, nor Grievs, nor Fears.
Our friend is dead : and glad I am that I
Was not at hand to stop his Destiny.

395.

Glad for your sakes, whose Faith now dead, shall by
His Death revive. This said, he forward went,
Yet reach'd not his designed *Bethany*
Till two days more their Sun-bred lives had spent.
He could have taken on the Wind's fleet back
His coach, but that his plot was to be slack.

396.

Yet busy *Martha* met him, as he drew
Near to the Town, (for her solicitous ear
Soon caught the fame of his approach, which flew
Fairly before with full-mouth'd warning,) where
She threw her self upon her knees, and cry'd,
Hadst Thou been here, my *Brother* had not dy'd.

397.

Dear *Lord of Life*, hadst mighty Thou been here,
Death would have his due distance kept, if not
For love of Thee, or Us, at least for fear
Of his own Life. And yet thy Power is but
Deferr'd ; for well I know thy *God* will still
Each syllable of thy Requests fulfil.

398.

Nor weep, nor doubt, sweet *Martha*, *Jesus* cry'd,
Thy Brother shall again to life return.
I doubt not, blessed *Master*, she reply'd,
But in the ruin'd World's repairing *Morn*
When all things live and spring afresh, that He
Shall with his Body reinvested be.

399.

And why not now ? from Me alone, said He,
Springs that great *Spring* : the *Resurrection*, and
The *Life* thou thinkst far off, talks now with thee.
Nor lies there any Pris'ner in the land
Of Death, but if in Me he fix his trust,
Shall into life leap from his mortal Dust.

400.

Nay He who lives by steady Faith in Me
His Life eternally secur'd shall find,
And never taste that Death's deep Agony
Which never dies. Say *Martha*, can thy mind
Digest this Flesh-amazing Problem, and
By meek believing learn to understand ?

401.

Here dasell'd by his high Discourse, great *Lord*
 She cry'd, my Faith adores Thee for no less
 Than *God's Almighty Son*, who in his *Word*
 Wert promised, this cursed World to bless.

This said ; on joyous Sorrow's wings she flew
 And into *Mary's* ear the Tidings threw.

402.

As when the powerful Loadstone's placed near,
 Th' enamored Iron leaps its Love to kiss :
 So *Mary*, hearing that her *Lord* was there,
 Posted to meet her dearest Happiness ;
 And falling at her highest throne, his feet,
 Did *Martha's* sad Complaint again repeat.

403.

Short were her Words, but large her Tears and full,
 (Love-ravish'd Pleader's strongest Eloquence,)
 For in each Eye there dwelt a fertile well,
 Which by its ever-ready influence
 Confirm'd her *Queen of Weepers* : ne'r was seen
 A more bedewed thing than *Magdalen*.

404.

For *Love*, though valiant as the Lion's heart,
 Is yet as soft as mildest Turtles' Souls ;
 And mourns as deeply ; since no other art
 Knows how to slake the mighty flame which rous
 About her bosom, and would burn her up
 Did not her streams of Tears that Torrent stop.

405.

If when the Clouds lament, the hardest Stone
 Under their frequent Tears relenteth : how
 Will *Mary's* thicker showers prevail upon
 The Heart of softest *Softness* ! *Jesus* now
 Could not but melt and yearn, and gently by
 His *Groans* his deep Compassion testify.

406.

Which *Groans* when they broke into a Demand
 Where *Lazarus* was inter'd ; both *Sisters* by
 Turning their lamentable faces, and
 Their fainting hands, made Sadnesses Reply.
 At last their Tongues gat strength to cry : O come,
 See our Grief's Monument, and our Brother's Tomb.

407.

He thither stepping, deign'd to broach his Eyes,
 And vie with *Mary's* Currents : whether in
 Pity of *Man*, whose fatal Miseries
 From none but his unhappy self began ;
 (For neither *God's* nor *Nature's* hand, but He
 Digg'd his own grave by mad Impiety ;)

408.

Or in kind grief his dearest friends to see
 Distrustful still of his Omnipotence ;

Or meerly in complying Sympathy
 With their most piteous Tears' exuberance :
 Whate'r his reason were, He showed down
 Those streams for *Man's* sole sake, not for his own.

409.

O *Tears* ! how precious are your beads, since *He*
 Who is the *Gem of heav'n* hath brought you forth !
 Now you may worthy of *God's* bottles be,
 Who from *God's* radiant Eyes derive your Worth :
 All holy Drops which are of kin to you,
 By that Affinity must glorious grow.

410.

Let stinty Bosoms build their foolish Pride
 On their own Hardness, and the *Weeping Eye*
 As childish and effeminate deride,
 And too too soft to suit the Bravery
 Of masculine Spirits : yet truly-noble Hearts
 With *Jesus* will not scorn to Weep their parts.

411.

But from the Tomb He now commands the Stone
 Which there had sealed *Lazarus's* Body up :
 When lo an harder Marble falling on
 Poor *Martha's* heart, her Faith began to stop ;
 Corrupted was her Mind, which made her think
 And talk so much of *four Days*, and the *stink*.

412.

What's *four* poor *Days*, that their weak intervention
 Should able be to raise a scruple here,
 And intercept His sovereign Intention
 To whom *Eternity* submits ? A year,
 An Age, a World, can be no stop to Him
 On whose sole Will depends the life of *Time*.

413.

Stinks and *Corruptions* no Retardments are
 To His productive Power, who derives
 Through *Putrifaction's* pipes, and kindles there
 The life his Love to all his Creatures gives.
 For by his *Law*, which brooks no Violation,
Corruption Mother is to *Generation*.

414.

The stone removed, and their Cave laid ope,
Jesus, of Life and Death the mighty King,
 With awful Majesty first lifted up
 His hand, and then his Voice, whose thunder rung
 In these sublime imperious *Words*, which Earth
 And Heav'n obeyed, *Lazarus* come forth.

415.

Imperious *Words* indeed ; which reach'd and rous'd
 The *Soul* imbosomed in *Abraham's* Bay ;
 From whence as in exultant haste it loos'd,
 The complemental *Patriarch*, they say,
 Three Kisses gave it, and intreated it
 To bear those Tokens unto *Jesus's* feet.

416.

But at the trembling Cave arriv'd, it found
 What there those fate-controlling *Words* had done;
 Shatter'd and scatter'd all about the ground
 Lay adamantine Chains which *Death* had on
 The Carcasse heap'd; broke was that Cloud of Lead
 Which roll'd cold Night about the Eyes and Head.

417.

Away the frighted *Worms* scrambled again;
Corruption hied her self into a hole,
 To sneak aside pale *Ghastliness* was fain;
 Stark frozen *Stiffness* felt its thaw, and stole
 Far from the Corps; *Death* sate lamenting by
 To see that what he slew, now must not die.

418.

Heat, Vigor, Motion, hover'd round about,
 Attending when the *Soul* her place would take:
 And she, as quick's her own most sudden Thought
 Flew strait into the Heart, and there awoke
 The sleeping Blood: When lo, whilst yet the sound
 Of *Yeshu's Voice* did in the Tomb rebound,

419.

Out *Lasarus* leaps: O what Amazement now
 On all Spectators seiz'd! they start, they stare,
 They gape, they doubt, they hope, they fear, they throw
 Their arms wide open, and divided are
 'Twixt wondering at *Lasarus*, and at *Him*
 Whose Word Mortality's strong tide could stem.

420.

Out *Lasarus* leaps, though snarl'd fast and ty'd
 Up in his funeral cloths: for why should he
 Be by these slender ligaments deny'd
 Free passage, whom the stout Conspiracy
 Of all *Death's* massy chains could not compel
 A pris'n'r in his sepulchre to dwell!

421.

Out *Lasarus* leaps; and full as fresh and fair
 As summer flowers spring from their winter bed,
 Which at their rising, through the purest air
 A daintier gale of fragrant Odours shed:
 Nice jealous *Martha* needs not doubt but he
 Is now as wholesom and as sweet as she.

422.

But wonder not why *Jesus* back would call
 His *Friend* who lay compos'd in rest and peace,
 To this tumultuous World, which seems to all
 Heav'n-aiming Saints the sink of Wretchedness;
 Whence, till by falling to their graves they rise,
 They count their *Death* lives, and their *Life* but dies.

423.

For seeing now Himself was breathing here,
 His Breath perfum'd the Earth with heav'nly Bliss;
 His face was *Rest's* and *Pleasure's* fairest sphere;
Musick, his Words; his Presence, *Paradise*.
 And where soe'er he is, his friends he warms
 With dearer Joys and Peace than *Abraham's* arms.

424.

Alas 'twas *Abraham's* proudest Wish, that he
 Might see, what *Lasarus* freely now beheld,
Him, and his Wonders, whose Benignity
 All faithful Souls with Satisfaction fill'd;
 Who to his Foes his tender favour spread;
 With health reliev'd the sick; with life the Dead.

425.

Such, *Psyche*, were those Arts and Acts, whereby
 Thy *Savior* to his World himself indear'd;
 But in so vast a multiplicity
 That were they all distinctly register'd,
 That World's whole bounds would not sufficient be
 To find those only Books a Library.

426.

And what meant these *miraculous Dispensations*
 But his Affection to proclaim intire?
 No royal Suter by such Demonstrations
 E'r sealed to his Queen his true Desire;
 As here the *Prince of heav'n* display'd, to prove
 How with all *Human Souls* he was in love.

427.

Here *Phylax* clos'd his ruby lips; and *She*
 Who all this while upon his tongue attended
 Both with her ears and heart, was griev'd to see
 His high and sweet Discourse so quickly ended:
 Yet glad for what sh' had heard, her Modesty
 Paid him her maiden thanks upon her knee.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Stanza 41, '*plotted*' = planned. St. 62, '*stay*' = obstacle or plea for delay. St. 80, '*Butt*' = target or mark for arrow, etc. St. 146, '*trahuced*' = translucent or translucent. St. 151, '*aff'd*' = affianced. St. 170, '*Port Latin*', i.e. at Rome. St. 179, '*abrack*' = a-flowing. St. 205, '*Convives*': also st. 211 = fellow-feasters. St. 219, '*obnoxious*' = exposed. St. 274, '*Ejulation*' = wail, lament. St. 281, '*cants*' = forms into cantons, as Switzerland. St. 310, '*fact*' = act, deed. St. 315, '*Tabor*'. I for one am unconvinced that Hermon—a long mountain-range—and not Tabor was scene of the Transfiguration. In ascending and exploring Tabor—within

an easy walk of Nazareth—I found solitudes and retirements sufficient for the holy incident. So that Robinson's objection of ancient fortifications on the summit seems the most gratuitous imaginable. It is nowhere said the Transfiguration took place on the summit. You cannot possibly think, after seeing and riding along Hermon from Caesarea-Philippi onward, that it could be designated 'a mountain.' St. 327, '*coarse*' = coarse. St. 338, '*Devotas*' = devotees. St. 381, '*oint*' = anoint. St. 395, '*plot*' = plan. St. 413, '*derives*' = communicates.

G.



CANTO XI.

The Traitor.

The ARGUMENT.

*In sordid Love of thick and rusting Clay,
Prodigious Judas LOVE himself doth sell:
But for his pains, besides the Highpriest's Pay,
Receives a dreadful Sallary of Hell,
Which met him upon earth, and from his foul
And splitting body tore his wounded Soul.*

1.

ENVY, thou rankling Bane of *Quietness*,
And of thy *Self*; what makes thy Rage so Mad
To play the Canker in all kind of *Bliss*,
And on thine own Vexation live! A Rod
To thine own wretched back, most peevish Elf
No less than to the World's, thou mak'st thy self.

2.

All other Monsters are content to spare
Themselves, and only feast upon thy Prey:
But whence'er thy Prizes fattest are,
Thou pinest most; and find'st a cursed way
Strangely to fast in riot, and to grow
Leanest when Plenty's streams about thee flow.

3.

In thy mischievous womb was *Discord* bred,
The correspondent Brat of such a Dame;
A Brook which well becomes its Fountain head,
And can with equal genuine poison stream;
A Brook which round about the tainted World
Its arms pernicious Embrace hath hurl'd.

4.

This is that fatal and destructive *Jar*
Which frets and interrupts the Harmony
Wherein all different Things concenter'd were
By peaceful *Nature's* sweet and sacred Ty:
That *Jar* which in *Time's* nonage belk'd and beat
So high, that ope to *War* the way it set.

5.

To *War*, that foulest fiercest Sum of all
The worst of Hell: sell *Belshebul* at first

Begot the *Monster* of his own proud Gall,
From whence in Heav'n unhappily it burst:
A Birth-place how unfit for such a Birth!
And well it was that Heav'n strait cast it forth.

6.

Heav'n cast it forth: but Hell receiv'd the *Brat*,
And hug'd it close, and nurst, and kept it warm;
Fed there with fire and blood, it soon grew fat
And strong enough to raise a desperate storm
In his black Nursury, whose rampant Revels
In wild confusion tumbled all the Devils.

7.

When *Satan* saw his mad Activity,
With hellish joy he kiss'd his genuine Son;
And as he kick'd his Father's Courtesy,
And scratch'd his kissing lips; this Sign alone
Dear Child, cry'd He, sufficient is to prove
Thou art my Issue, and deserv'st my love.

8.

Then from his own viperous Tresses He
Pluck'd three large handfuls of his longest Snakes,
Of which, with pois'nous liberality,
A favour for his darling Child he makes;
Who ever since in frightful triumph wears
The hissing Discord all about his ears.

9.

He thus adorn'd without, and stor'd within
With sutable desires: a full Commission
Sole General to be of every *Sin*,
Of all *Confusion*, and of all *Perdition*
His Father grants him; and then sends him forth
To try what ruins he could work on Earth.

10.

(The cunning *Serpent* lov'd his Hole too well
To suffer desperate *War* to harbour there
He knew that ev'n in his own Realm of Hell
Division would the joints and cement tear.
Which in obedience to his sovereign Pride
The Peers and Commons of Damnation ty'd.)

11.

As through the bowels of deep *Tellus* He
Rent ope his way, amazed *Nature* shook,
Affrighted *Quiet* and *Serenity*
Their ardent flight to Heav'n for shelter took ;
Leaving behind an universal Groan :
Through all the World such fatal Terror ran.

12.

But blustering on the *Fury* sought where he
Might entertainment for his Mischief meet.
First to the *Lyons'* Dens he rush'd, to see
Whether their mighty Mouths, and armed feet
Might not be taught to manage with delight
The endless Quarrel of intestine *Spight*.

13.

Big things he spoke, and highly magnify'd
The sweets of *Licence* and *unbounded Will*;
The gallant triumphs of that venturous *Pride*
Which scorning all the sheepish pleas of chill
And timorous Tenderness, upon the head
Of *Nature's* strictest *Laws* could freely tread.

14.

The royal Beasts with generous disdain
Look'd on the *Monster*, and lay couchant still,
Wisely resolv'd Themselves to hold the chain
Of their own Strength ; and, when they pleas'd to fill
Their Lust with Blood, to hunt it up and down
The Woods, but never riot in their own.

15.

Repulsed here ; He made the like Address
To *Dragons*, *Tigres*, *Panthers*, *Wolves*, and *Bears* :
But they still hug'd their *natural Friendliness*
Sealing against his charms their honest ears.
The *Monster* vex'd, and tore himself, to see
That wildest Creatures would not disagree.

16.

Then *Eagles*, *Vultures*, *Harpyes*, and the brood
Of every cruel-beak'd fierce-tallon'd Bird
To mutual Salvagenesses' trade he woo'd :
But sober they their wary wings bestir'd,
And flying from his barbarous Advice
Traffick'd for Prey among their Enemies.

17.

At last to *Man* he came : and who could dream
That sweetly-temper'd He, the only Thing
Which Heav'n's peculiar Hand vouchsaf'd to frame ;
He who could fight for nothing, being King
Of all this world ; He who unarm'd was made ;
Should turn Apprentice to the *Warlike Trade* !

18.

Yet *Man*, the Riddle of all Monstrousness,
To this wild *Monster* desperate welcome gave :

Mad *Man*, for whom a thousand Maladies
Perpetually were digging ope his grave,
Would needs go learn a surer speedier way
To cut that Life which posteth to Decay.

19.

For *Cain* (th' original Curse's firstborn Heir,)
No sooner saw the *Fury's* looks, but he
More amenable fancy'd them and fair,
Then gentle *Abel's* blessed *Suavity*.
Ah wretched *Fancy*, whose blind Violence
Murder'd a Quarter of the World at once !

20.

Yea more than so : for that inhumane Wound
Which in his *Brother's* Body sunk so deep,
Did on himself more fatally rebound,
And in his Soul the cursed Weapon steep :
Such is his self-revenging Guilt, that *Cain*
The living Murderer's more than *Abel* slain.

21.

Yet could that dreadful *Mark's* all-warning sight,
Which seal'd his Crime on his despairing face,
From venturing in his bloody steps not fright
Succeeding Generations ; still they trace
The guilty Tract, regardless of the *Cries*
With which *Blood* wakens *Vengeance* and the *Skies*.

22.

With unrelenting Steel they barbarize
Their tender Flesh, and cloth their skin with Brass ;
They for *Destruction* proper Tools devise
To hasten on the fate of *fading Grass* ;
To *Time's* not lazy Sithe they join their arts
Of Death, Spears, Arrows, Daggers, Swords, and
Darts.

23.

And loth that any dull Delay should make
Them loose the credit of their Madness, They
Trust not their own two feet, but mount the back
Of fiery Quadrupeds ; with cruel joy
Flying to salvageness in full career,
And triumphing their brethren's hearts to tear.

24.

Yea though the Vengeance of that *Deluge*, which
Washed away that bloody Torrent, and
Those who rejoic'd to quaff it ; well might teach
Poor *Man* how needless 'twas to arm his hand
Against himself : He still resolv'd no *Flood*
Of *Water* should confute his *Thirst of Blood*.

25.

O no ! He more industrious daily grows
In butchering Wrath, and with it taints the heart
Of gentle *Learning*, which his cunning draws
In all his bloodiest Plots to act its part.
Hence came those *Engins* which so strangely spit
Death's multiply'd and deadlier made by Wit.

26.

Yea these, as *Rage's Lameness* He disdains,
 Angry to see that Heav'n's Artillery flies
 Swifter than his : this made him bend his brains
 To shoot his fury like th' incensed Skies :
 Thus from his Canon's mouths the Thunders roar,
 The Lightnings flash, smoke, Bullets, Vengeance pour.

27.

No snaky *Faunds* with more remorseless spight
 Rend one another's breasts, than *Man* doth *Man's* :
 Wounds, Shrieks and Gasps are his proud Delight ;
 And he by Hellishness his Prowess scans :
 In humane Blood he strives to write his stories,
 And by his Murders counteth up his Glories.

28.

Thus milde *Humanity* aside is thrown,
 And *Manhood* takes from *War* its ominous Name.
 Alas ! and was not genuine *Manhood* known
 Till Pride and Spight disjointed Nature's frame ;
 Till *Beasts* upbraided *Man*, who entertain'd
 That horrid *Monster* which all They disdain'd ?

29.

Were there not lusty *Sins*, whose sturdy might
 Sufficient fuel could afford to feed
 The boldest valour of the bravest Wight ;
 And with a fairer Laurel court his Head,
 Than those unhappy wreaths which smeared are
 Thick in the gore of an unnatural war.

30.

Had not each Breast their enemies at home,
 With which no truce could honorable be ?
 Was any Heart of Man secured from
 The headstrong *Passion's* dangerous mutiny ?
 There, there that Field was to be pitch'd, wherein
True Virtue might the noblest Prizes win.

31.

But ah ! that blessed Combat is forgot
 In this wild heat of fighting : *Licence* here
 Commands in chief, and from its Quarters shut
Law, Property, and sober *Order* are :
 In whose fair rooms the foul Troops listed be
 Of rampant *Rage, Rapes, Rapines, Luxury*.

32.

For when this more than brutish *General* once
 In lawless gulfs himself had plunged, he
 Prints on his mad adventure's exigence,
 The specious title of *Necessity* :
 To which he blushes not to count the Law,
 Whether of Earth or Heav'n oblig'd to bow.

33.

Shame on their Souls, who love this *Trade of Hate*
 At others, and their own destruction's price,

From their own bosoms quite erasing what
 Might prove them *Men*. But their impieties
 Swell highest, who the Name of *Christian* wear,
 Yet stain it in the blood of *causeless War*.

34.

Impudent Boldness ! which can to advance
 Most *meek Religion*, put on *Barbarousness*,
 And make the *Bond of Sweetness* their pretence,
 To break all other yokes ; which dares profess
 In fights to rescue that, whose highest praise
 Injurious sufferings always us'd to raise.

35.

Which garrisons the Pulpits first, and makes
 The venal Tongues of roaring Preachers set
 The Trumpets their alarming Tune : which seeks
 To plunder Consciences, and to defeat
 Unarmed Souls, before its faulchions hack
 Their Bodies, or their Goods its paws attack.

36.

Which in despite of *God* will take his part,
 And war for *Heav'n*, against *Heav'n's* flat Command :
 Which with a Brazen-face, and harder Heart
 Under the *Cross's* Banner marches, and
 Makes *Patience's* noblest Trophy over
 Th' unruly head of bloody *Fury* hover.

37.

Which to maintain the *Church*, her maintenance
 Grasps and devours : which licenseth the *Flock*
 To tear the *Shepherds* : which in *Truth's* defence
 Imprison her, and to complete the Mock,
 Breaks open Hell, and lets loose thousands fries
 Of giddy *Schisms*, and frantick *Heresies*.

38.

Which, if defeated, by an hardy *Lye*,
 Recruits its credit, and before the face
 Of scoffed *Heav'n* in proud solemnity,
 Enacts *Thanksgivings* : which accounteth *Peace*
 Its most assured ruin ; and no snares
 Like those of honest sober *Treaties* fears.

39.

The glorious Army of those *Martyrs*, who
 To Heav'n in *Triumph's* Chariot ascended,
 And never learn'd *Christ and Religion* so ;
 Both which they by a surer way defended,
 Drowning all opposition in the flood,
 Not of their foes, but of their own brave Blood.

40.

Nor did Heav'n's most propitious bottles e'er
 Distil more fertile showers on thirsty Earth ;
 Than streamed from those *Herus's* veins, to cheer
 The new-sown *Churches's* Seeds, and help them forth
 Into that sudden goodly Crop, which swell'd
 So high, that all the wondering World it fill'd.

41.

Can others' Blood their tincture be, who are
Sworn servants to the *King of sweetest Peace*?
That *King* who deign'd to be a *Lamb*, and wear
Of *Tenderness* the white and dainty fleece?
That *King* whose business, and whose dearest joy
It is to *save*, but never to *destroy*.

42.

That *King*, who to this World forbore to stoop,
Till every sword return'd unto its sheath;
Till *Quiet* sealed *Janus's* Temple up;
Till *Nature* was restor'd to lead on *Death*;
Till *Peace's* calm had pav'd his passage plain,
And *Men* repented into *Men* again.

43.

Yet being come; though *Satan* could not raise
An open tempest to disturb him, he
Contrives a thousand secret envious ways,
Patching his want of force with subtily:
He lends fresh malice to the peevish *Jews*,
And in the *High-priest's* Head his projects brews.

44.

Annas and *Caiaphas* conspire to try
How their popular Glories may protect,
Which daily they beheld eclipsed by
The splendor which the Name of *Jesus* deckt;
Upon whose flames, if nothing else will do,
Rather than fail, his Blood they plot to throw.

45.

And *Phylax*, through this *Story's* tract thought fit
Psyche's attention to lead; for He
After their short reposement, bids her sit
Steady and fast: and yielding then the free
And long-desired reins to 's fervid *Steeds*,
Quick as the wind to *Salemward* he speeds.

46.

There, over *Sion's* head he plucked back
The bridle; strait his docile Coursers knew
The language of his hand, an 'gan to slack
Their pace, and in a semicircle flew;
For by one wing they the other fought,
And damp'd their course by wheeling thus about.

47.

Then lighting on the Hill, their mains they shook,
And lifting high their heads, toss'd up their voice:
The bottoms at their mighty neighings quaked,
And from their caves flung back the doubled noise:
Till *Phylax* spake; when with fair manners they
Humbled their awed crests, and ceas'd to neigh.

48.

Though to this World thy *Lord* himself, said he,
So much indear'd by those sweet *Miracles*,

A taste of which I have presented thee:
Yet so importunately loud was Hell's
Invidious clamor in the *High-priest's* ear,
As all Heav'n's words and works to overbear.

49.

And now the thicker Wonders *Jesus* does,
More Articles against himself he draws:
The shameless *Judges* turn his vowed foes,
Forgetting *Rights*, and urging *Envy's* Laws:
And in black *Envy's* impudent esteem,
No crime so foul as *Piety* doth seem.

50.

But how this *Malice* brought about her end,
And rais'd her self to that transcendent pitch
Of Monstrousness, which never any *Fiend*
With Hell's most scrud wit before could reach;
Deserves thy Ear and Hate: and forth will I
The venom pump of that rank History.

51.

Near *Brebus's* yawning mouth a cave there is,
(The little Emblem of that greater Realm,)
The native house and home of *Avarice*,
Who though her craving thoughts quite overwhelm
The Universe, yet whatsoe'r she gains,
As lean and hungry as before remains.

52.

If ought but *Money* there for entrance call,
The door is deaf; for its bewitched ears
No noise, no musick apprehend at all
But *Money's* chink: which it no sooner hears,
But ope it flings its mouth as fast and wide,
As *Tigers* when their prey they welcome bid.

53.

Six yellow springs before the threshold rise,
Infected by that House's Neighborhood;
Which stealing far, through Earth's close cavities,
Disgorge their splendidly-contagious flood
On this condemned World, devouring here
More than in stormy Seas e'er swallow'd were.

54.

Indus and *Ganges* range about the East;
Pactolus taints the middle of the Earth;
But *Tagus* undertakes to cheat the West,
And spews in *Spain* his glistening poison forth;
The North is *Hebrus's* charge, and treacherous he
Breaks ope his way through *Thracian Rhodope*.

55.

Plate alips into the further World, to put
To pains and cost adventurous *Covetousness*:
Who, when her thirst is grown maturely hot,
Will scorn th' *Atlantick* Ocean's fright, and press
Through unknown Monsters, hunting out that stream
Which shall not quench but more inrage her flame.

56.

For those dire draughts of burning sulphure, that
Fry all the throats of ever-bowling Hell,
As soon may cool, and quite confute the hot
Pleas of their furious drought ; as any Well,
Or Stream, or Sea of wealth can slake the Fire,
Which reigns in her unsatisfy'd desire.

57.

The structure of the House is plain and poor,
And calls with many a mouth for reparation :
No Clouds can weep that way, but needs must pour,
Through every rotten room an inundation :
In at their pleasure whistling come the winds,
And here a ready Inn all weather finds.

58.

A thousand stilts and props their shoulders set
To aid the walls ; where many a wisp and rag
Into the weather-beaten wounds are put :
Such is the thrift of that old carking Hag,
Her House's fall she ventures, but to spare
The simple cost ev'n of a patch'd repair.

59.

Within, vast mouldy Trunks and Hutches stand,
Pill'd to the roof on one another's backs,
Guarded with massy hoops of iron, and
Warily fortify'd with triple locks :
As if indeed some Treasures' shrines they were,
When only yellow Clay lies sleeping there.

60.

There lay that golden Mount the *Lydian Prince*
Had raised by his numerous Victories :
Unhappy *Crassus* ! who at such expence
Of pains and time, obtain'd so sad a prize,
Which prov'd his Life's sad load, and lower prest
Him than his grave, when Death did him arrest.

61.

There lay the *Phrygian Monarch's* coined God,
Whose golden *Wish* made all his Riches poor ;
Whose privilege was to want ev'n what he had,
And famish'd be amidst his growing store :
Sure for that *Wish* he more deserv'd those *Ears*
Which by the Poet's quaint revenge he wears.

62.

There heaped lay his useless Talents, who
By Pagan's verdict is condemn'd to thirst,
Whilst mocking Currents round about him flow.
Ah *Tantalus* ! how crosly wert thou curst
In Life with Treasures which thou couldst not use,
In Death with Dainties which thy mouth abuse !

63.

There lay the Purse of stern *Callicrates*,
Who us'd *Exaction's* iron hand to rake

Up gold, and make th' *Athenian* miseries
Swell equally with his huge wealth ; who brake
The Laws in lawless urging them, that he
Owner of what he could not keep might be.

64.

The stuffed Coffers of rich *Cinyras*,
The prisons of his *Cyprian* Plenty, there
Congested were in mighty throgs : the Mass
Of *Gyges's* glittering joys, which far and near
Wonder and envy rais'd, lay next to them,
But all abashed now with rusty shame.

65.

The teeming Bags, which *Pelops* brooded o'r ;
The wealth which *Crassus* upon heaps had heap'd ;
Darius's brave inestimable store,
There in their sepulchres of darkness sleep'd :
So did great *Pharaoh's*, into whose vast barn,
A crop of Gold was brought for that of Corn.

66.

Whatever Rapine, Fraud, Oppression, Lies,
Distrustful Greediness, vexatious Care,
Had snatch'd, stole, poll'd, or scraped, to suffice
What could not filled be, was crowded there.
Men little think that all such Riches will
Go home at last, and with their *Plutus* dwell.

67.

Nay, there that proud Accumulation lay
Which dares call every other Treasures poor ;
That wealth which did the *Golden Age* display,
When *Solomon* the Crown of *Israel* wore ;
Who such disgrace on silver pour'd, that it
Like vulgar stones was kick'd about the street.

68.

Wise as he was, that *King* well understood
That with those huge ador'd *Vacuties*,
Which puff the World up with their frothy flood,
Ev'n massy Gold must counted be ; which flies
Away on wings more swift than any thing
That *Fortune* rolls in *Vanity's* fine Ring.

69.

He understood how Men's fond estimation
Gilds that by which they gild all things beside ;
How in the Coach of their own admiration,
They make *pale Earth* in glorious triumph ride ;
For though their poring sight be weak and gross,
His eye discern'd that *Gold it self is dross*.

70.

Alas, as here in all its strength it lay
Immur'd in thousand Chests, it could not by
Its power, or its value keep away
Ruginous Cankers, which eternally
Both dwell and feed upon it ; nor could all
Those mighty Locks forbid their Festival.

71.

But howling round about the woful room,
 Ran those unhappy *Souls*, whose thirst of Gold
 Had plung'd them in this everlasting Doom :
Souls, which to their own Bags themselves had sold,
 And bought their Prison ; from whose misery
 Their useless wealth could no Redemption buy.

72.

His mystick Wand there wrinkled *Balaam* crack'd,
 And flung his wretched Charms about the floor ;
 Cursing the day when he to *Balaak* pack'd
 In sordid love of vile-bred Money more
 Than Truth and Heav'n ; and crying oft, *Alas*,
Who was the Wizard then, and who the Ass !

73.

There guilty *Achan* roar'd, himself to see
 So gorgeous in his *Babylonish Cloak* ;
 Besides, to make him rich in misery,
 Deep in his heart his *Golden Wedge* was stuck :
 And his two hundred silver *Shekels* fast
 About his feet were into fetters cast.

74.

There cursed *Ahab* with Soul-gnawing fright,
 Thought *Naboth's Ghost* came flashing in his face ;
 Whose guiltless Blood quite quenched that delight
 With which the Vine's should have inflam'd his glass :
 For all the stones which Calumny had thrown
 On *Naboth's* head, he felt upon his own.

75.

Gehazy there, as white with Leprosy
 As guilt had dy'd him odious and black,
 His double *Change of Garments* hates ; which he
 Can for his noisome sores no cover make ;
 And still he starts, and thinks his *Master's eye*
 Doth him and his two *Syrian Talents* spy.

76.

There *Dives* reads his Purple, and away
 Kicks his now bitterly-delicious Feasts :
 His Envy snarleth at his Dogs, since they
 Less dogged were than He to needy Guests ;
 Whose boils they kindly kiss'd and lick'd, whilst He
 With cruel railings griev'd their misery.

77.

There *Demas* curses all the World, with which
 His Gold-bewitched Soul in love did fall ;
 Lamenting his vain plot of growing rich,
 By flowing from the Poverty of *Paul* ;
 That glorious Poverty which to the fair
 Treasures of Heav'n was now the granted heir.

78.

This ugly Room the decent Portal was
 Into the Temple miserably builded

Of equal vileness : yet with lofty grace
 Its ruinous Roof was screwed up, and yielded
 Full space for *Majesty* to stand upright,
 And let the *God* appear in his own height.

79.

Hast thou not heard how, when on *Dura's* Plain
Nebuchadnezzar's Oven's hot mouth did gape
 For those who fear'd Hell's furnace, and the stain
 Of foul Idolatry ; proud He in deep
 Disdain of Heav'n, rear'd sixty cubits high
 The Mountain of his *Golden Deity* ?

80.

The Copy of that *Idol* hence he took,
 And still th' Original in this Temple stands ;
 Such is the massy Head and such the Look,
 Such are the Legs, the Breast, the Arms, the Hands ;
 Such is its monstrous Bulk, and such the Beams,
 With which its pure and burnish'd metal flames.

81.

His Name is *Mammon* ; and although he be
 So dead a Lump, that aid he cannot lend
 To's heavy self ; yet to [t]his Deity
 The most of living mortals couch and bend :
Heav'n's King with all his powers of Love and Bliss,
 Of works on humane hearts with less success.

82.

Both those who see, and those who want their eyes
 Are by his splendor equally invited ;
 For both alike are blind, when once they prize
 His worthless worth, and feel their Souls delighted
 With contemplation of enchanting Money :
 Their fond thirst's Milk, their foolish hunger's Honey.

83.

Thrift, that most slander'd thing, pretended is
 By every Sex and every Tribe of Men ;
 Who spare no pains to spare ; who weigh their Bliss
 In Gold's false scales ; who gain not what they win ;
 Who fretted by th' immediate itch
 Of heaping riches, ne'r think they are rich.

84.

Some Young, and Poor ; most Old, and Wealthy, at
 The *Idol's* footstool reverently lay :
 Active and stout was their Devotion's heat,
 Disdaining any respite night or day ;
 And mortifying with hard penance what
 Soever *Mammon's* Laws allowed not.

85.

Where'r He sent them, to the East or West,
 The North or South ; no War of Heat or Cold,
 Of Seas or Tempests, ever could resist
 Their venturous March, or make too dear their Gold ;
 Nor could Earth's mass their hardy pains repel ;
 Through Mountains they would dive, and dig to Hell.

86.

Thick at his shadowed feet there grew a Crop
Of every villany which taints this Earth ;
Fruits which those fond *Devotos* gather'd up
As fast's the pois'ned roots could bring them forth :
The *Golden Crime's* Prerogative is such,
That it in other sins is always rich.

87.

In other sins, and in the righteous Curse
Which by wise *Vengeance* is eternally
Ty'd to the strings of th' avaricious Purse ;
For still those *Cormorants* are tortured by
Vexatious cares and fears of *Want* the more :
They are incumbered with their growing *Store*.

88.

That *Store*, which with such tyrannising aw
In endless bondage holds their Souls, that they,
Though on their Lips their golden Torrents flow,
Yet durst not with one drop their thirst allay ;
But choose to antedate their Hell, and learn
Betimes in everlasting Drought to burn.

89.

The *Priest*, whose service waits upon this Shrine,
Is full as ugly as the *Idol's* fair :
The raving wallowing *Manades*, would fine
Spruce courtly Ladies seem compar'd with Her ;
So would the rankest *Witch* that ever yet
Disfigur'd was in any Magick fit.

90.

Age bends her downward to that Earth in which
To delve and grope, is her profound delight :
As are the backs of bunched Camels, such
Is Her's, and sutes as well with any weight ;
All load is light to Her, if but a grain
Of intermixed Profit it contain.

91.

Her face all over's plowed up with Care,
And gastly deep the wretched furrows be :
Her hollow Eyes quite damp'd, and dazell'd are
By glaring on her glistening *Deity* :
Her sallow Looks, and shrivell'd parched Skin
Confess what pains she takes about her Sin.

92.

Her Nails she never cut, but let them grow
Up with her Wealth, since *Scraping* was her Trade :
No greedy Vultures could such Talions show,
And with such hungry hooks no Harpys prey'd :
For with these Engines she was wont to break
Mine's bowels open, and the Center rake.

93.

A putrid Mantle round her stinking Waste
Was all the Robes she would her self allow,

Which she had found upon a dunghill cast
A thousand years before ; and which was now
Nine hundred times repatch'd : so deeply did
Her Soul the charges of a new one dread.

94.

Seven stuffed Pouches on a leathern thong
Crouded about her miserable Loins ;
With these, of massy *Keyes* two bunches hung,
The *Memorandums* of her Treasur'd Mines :
Which *Keyes* she twenty times a day would tell,
And count what sums did in their keeping dwell.

95.

Though thousand tongues with righteous indignation
Pour'd shames and curses on her sordid Head,
She scorn'd to blush, or from her self-vexation
Release her anxious Soul ; for still she fed
Her Thoughts with hopes of *more and more*, and still
Went on, what never bottom had, to fill.

96.

Patrocles was to Her a generous Knight,
And made his Board fat lavishness's scene :
When she with Dainties would her Taste delight,
Some rotten Root her Banquet was ; and when
Her fare she ventur'd highliest to enlarge,
She'd be in salt at half a farthing's charge.

97.

But planted deep she carried in her Breast
The horrid Root of all her monstrous cares,
Blind *Infidelity* ; by which she cast
About how to withstand what her own fears
Made terrible ; and built her trust upon
No Power or Providence, but her own alone.

98.

Besides, th' Ideas of her Gold, which lay
Pil'd there in cursed Mountains, rusty grew ;
This Rust, its dwelling turn'd into its prey,
And on her Heart with restless gnawing flew :
Yet was her Idol to that Heart so dear,
That for more Money she more Rust would bear.

99.

This *Hag* was *Avarice* ; whom *Satan's* Soul
Lov'd near as much as he thy *Spouse* did hate.
On her might's Axel he presum'd to roul
His final hopes of compassing his great
Design of Malice ; knowing well that she
Much more with Men could do, than Heav'n or He.

100.

To her vile Grot himself in person came ;
Where with all condescent of courtesy,
Wiping aside the sulphur and the flame,
Which flash'd about his royal Count'nance, He
Saluted her, who never had the Bliss
Obtain'd till now of her grand Sovereign's Kiss.

101.

This favour ravish'd her so deep, that She
The Task he set her triumph'd to receive :
First taking her Commission on her knee,
(Which thrice she kiss'd) and then her hasty leave,
To earth she posts, and findeth there a Cell
Almost as hellish as her native hell.

102.

For to *Iscariot's* breast her way she snatch'd
Which foolish he left ope without a guard :
With al her venom in she rush'd, and pitch'd
Down in the bottom of his heart : full hard
It was e'r she intruded there ; but now
No marble could such proofs of Stiffness show.

103.

Those Words of potent Sweetness which did drop
From *Jesus's* blessed lips, could Winds, and Sens,
And Sicknesses, and Devils bridle up,
And any Storms but *Judas* his appease.
Alas, that *Man* should that sole Monster be
Which is too hard for *Mercy's Suavity* !

104.

As he who boiling Lead hath swallow'd down,
As violently burns as it ; and though
A thousand Seas into his cup were thrown,
They could not quench his drought : so *Judas* now
Feels his impois'ned belking bosom fry
In covetous Thirsts impatient ardency.

105.

Millions of thoughts run raging through his breast,
And every one of these is all on fire :
He scorns and hates the Poverty of *Christ* ;
No Bliss but Money lureth his desire :
Talk not to him of penniless Piety ;
Whate'r it cost, he must have Coin, or die.

106.

Ah strange Resolve ! as if Life's Soul were Coin,
Which only paves the way, to flattering Death.
Fond Wretch ! who liv'd whilst he did poor remain,
But when for sinful Wealth he trafficks, both
His Money and his Life that Trading cost him,
And every thing but mere *Perdition* lost him.

107.

Yet was this Poison not enough to swell
His heart : another joyned in the Plot :
Deep in the nasty sink, of lowest Hell
Is situate a dismal gloomy Grot ;
A Grot which there in ambush seems to lie
Hatching the eggs of all Conspiracy.

108.

And yet within a goodly House was built,
As for the Palace of some virgin Queen :

With quaint Designs the frontispice was gilt ;
The total Fabrick smil'd like *Beautie's* Scene ;
Through all the Walls white veins of marble ran ;
And yet the Workmanship outshin'd the stone.

109.

What full Balconies, stately Terrasses,
Spruce Anticks, fair Compartments, handsome Cants,
Elaborate freezes, graceful Cornishes,
Brisk and wellorder'd Turrets ! nothing wants
That art could give to make the Outside fine ;
Yet still the House is gallanter within.

110.

The double Door with open lips invites
All Passengers ; th' officious *Porter* there,
Completely learn'd in complemental Rites,
Kind welcome bids them with his vocal cheer ;
He smiles, he bows, he fawns, he knows the Name
Of all the Guests ; and in he ushers them.

111.

The Hall's large Pavement silken Carpets spread
To court the strangers' feet with soft delight ;
The dainty Roof is arched over head
With checker'd Roses red, and Lillies white ;
Their precious Vapours liberal Odors deal,
And round the room sweet entertainments thrill.

112.

But at the upper-end upon a throne
Of moderate height sits crafty *Treachery* ;
A Fury older than her Hell, and one
Whose years would by her Count'nance witness'd be,
Had *Art* not interven'd, and taught her how
To make false Spring upon true Winter grow.

113.

Craz'd *Jezabel's* lank and wrinkled face, was yet
Less out of shape than hers ; until she found
A Paint's Hypocrisy to garnish it,
And with a youthful verdure cloth it round ;
Thus came her Chinks, all stopp'd, and either cheek
With beauteous politure grew plump and sleek.

114.

Though thousand frowns her thoughts had overspred,
Her outward Aspect wore a gentle guise ;
Loves, Joyes, and Smiles were sweetly marshalled
About her lips, her forehead, and her eyes :
Brave *Judith's* lovely glances ne'r could dart
More potent charms at *Oloferus's* heart.

115.

Her Tresses, which indeed were Knots of Snakes,
She overlaid with lies of dainty Hair ;
Whose waving circling net of amber takes
Spectators' souls as well's the sporting Air ;
Atchieving no less valiant wonders, than
The mighty Locks of *Manoah's* conquering Son.

116.

An Olive Branch adorn'd her dexter hand,
Her sinister a Wreath of Roses : but
The Wreath was slyly lin'd with Nettles, and
The gentle Branch with ireful thorns beset :
For this was She who *Peace* could teach to fall
To *Massacres*, and *Sweets* to flow with Gall.

117.

Her robe of state stream'd full about her feet ;
For such they fondly were esteem'd, whilst hid :
But she had neither feet nor legs ; a great
And knotty Tail hung sweeping in their stead ;
A Tail which she about her round could wind,
And hug and kiss the Sting she ware behind.

118.

The *Siren* thus, above the *Water*, is
As soft and smooth and clear a Nymph as she ;
But her Catastrophe of Monstrousness
Lurks underneath with wary subtilty ;
Whilst the most fairly foul contriveth how
To keep the Maid aloft, the fish below.

119.

Whene'r she speaks, a flood of honey flows,
And with her breath a cloud of odours breaks ;
Yet in her mouth a crop of poison grows ;
Between her lips a brood of adders makes
Its cursed nest ; her tounge's a mortal spear,
And all her teeth invenom'd arrows are.

120.

But in her desperate bosom treasur'd lies
The fatal Marrow and the Pith of Hell ;
Spight, Tumults, open Wars, Impieties,
Confusions, Desolations. Who can tell
The Monsters of that black Abyss, wherein
Full room is found for all the Sea of Sin.

121.

Her chosen Courtiers waiting round her throne
Were fulf'd *Peace*, and buxom *Courtissey*,
Freehearted *Friendship*, mild *Compassion*,
Neat *Complement* and golden *Flattery*,
Nimble *Officiousness*, large *Promises*,
Deep *Oaths*, false *Truths*, insidious *Faithfulness*.

122.

Sweet angel-faced things, *restored Laws*,
Reform'd Religion, *rescu'd Liberty* ;
For such the Vulgars' silly faith, which knows
Not what a Vizard means, presumes they be ;
Admiring for celestial Spirits of Light
The masked furies of infernal Night.

123.

But at her back the Crew whom most she tenders
Behind a Vail's dissimulation lies ;

Scoffs, Calumnies, Excise, Assessments, Plunders,
Engagements, Covenants, Pulpit villainies,
Thanksgivings, Fasts, Law-ruining Exigences,
Sacred Rebellions, Murdering of Princes.

124.

Beyond which vail, an iron Portal led
Into a Dungeon stuff'd with fire and smoke ;
A Dungeon horribly replenish'd
With all Damnation's furniture, whose look
Tortur'd with endless fright those Pris'ners which
Lay in that Jail of everburning Pitch.

125.

Grief liv'd in triumph there, and all the *Pains*
Profest excess : the Language of the Den
Was Sighs, and Groans, and noise of tumbled Chains,
Cries, yellings, Curses, Blasphemies of Men
And God himself, eternal Seizing by
The Souls which Vengeance doomed there to fry.

126.

On *Cain's* most guilty brow there might you read
A deeper Mark than God upon it set,
His innocent Brother's Blood, which scalt and fed
Upon its seat : his breast this made him beat,
And now with truer reason cry, My Pain
Is greater than my Patience can sustain.

127.

No longer now he dreaded to be slain,
But wish'd to meet another *Lamech* who
Might rid him of this dying Life : in vain
He gnash'd his teeth ; in vain he curs'd his Woe,
And Him who chain'd him in it ; for his Grief
Sunk now below the region of Relief.

128.

That Millstone which his cruel brains had grown'd,
Abimelech there counteth soft and light :
For now a *Stone* more ponderous he found
Squeezing his Soul with full Damnation's Weight ;
That *Stone* he made his desperate altar, when
To's Pride he sacrific'd his Bretheren.

129.

There *Delilah* lay tearing off her Hair
To think of whose her traiterous sheers had clipp'd :
The twisted *Withes* and *Ropes* less sturdy were
Than those her falsehood now on her had heap'd :
Those Chains, which bound her to her endless rack,
Stronger than *Samson's* sinewy arms could break.

130.

There lay fierce *Joab*, with his woful hand
Clap'd on his fift Rib : for th' insidious Wound
He thought he seal'd so sure on *Abner*, and
On *Amasa*, did on himself rebound !
Just *David's Will*, and *Solomon's* Command
This Legacy gave him by *Benaia's* hand.

131.

Falsehearted *Rechab*, and *Baanah* there
 With everlasting horror seem'd to see
 The Trunk of righteous *Ishbosheth*, and hear
 His dying Groans upbraid their *Treachery*.
 Gladly would they, to buy off this their pain,
 Give both their heads that his were on again.

132.

There hung rebellious *Absalom* by his Head
 Not on an Oak, but on a fiery Tree,
 Whose boughs of Torture round about him spread,
 And shadow'd him with flaming Misery :
 Three Darts stuck in his double Heart, and made
 Way for the stinging *Worm* therein to feed.

133.

His Tongue its popular blandishments forgot,
 By which it stole the Vulgars' loyalty,
 And nothing now but ugly Curses spit :
 Whence his religious *Sire*, whose piercing eye
 Descry'd his Doom, tun'd by no other key
 His Lamentation, but Extremity.

134.

There *Ziba* pour'd deep detestations on
 That fawning *Lie*, which help'd his fraud to gain
 Upright *Mephibosheth's* Possession,
 From which he reap'd this crop of endless Pain.
 There *Shimei* rail'd on his own *Railing*, who
 Had heap'd his curses on his Sovereign's Woe.

135.

The Pride of ready Wit, *Ahitophel*
 With all his Plots about his halter wound,
 Hung sadly there : and now the *Oracle*
 No *Answers* gave, but hideously profound
 Yellings and roars, which plain confession made
 That he himself more than his King betray'd.

136.

There *Zimri* howl'd to think how he was more
 With Treason drunk, than *Elah* was with Wine ;
 And now much fiercely flaming tortures bore,
 Than when his Palace all on fire did shine.
 There *Shallum* felt himself for ever by
 The wounds which murder'd *Zachariah*, die.

137.

There in their torn bemangled Flesh, and in
 Their broken bones, the *Median Peers* beheld
 Their Treason's recompence ; and found this Den
 More full of Terror, and more surely seal'd,
 Than that in which their cursed Fraudulence
 Had plunged blessed *Daniel's* Innocence.

138.

These and ten thousand more liv'd dying there ;
 For deep and large the woful Dungeon was,

And for their latest Heirs had room to spare ;
 Choise room for those to whom the loftiest place
 Of most profound Damnation was due,
 The *Christian-seeming Traylerous-being Crew*.

139.

That *Crew*, whose shameless zeal pretends to set
Christ on his throne, by pulling down his House :
 Who *vow* to make their *Princes* glorious, yet
 With monstrous triumph in their blood carrouse.
 That *Crew*, whose Pride and Lust's their only Reason ;
 Whose highest Sanctity deep-layed Treason.

140.

That *Crew*, whose several Stalls were ready built
 Of burning brass, and all in order placed
 (According to the merit of their Guilt)
 About a Throne, whose canopy was graced,
 With flames of sovereign Dreadfulness, a Throne
 Wide gaping for *Perdition's* venturous Son.

141.

For 'twas establish'd for prodigious *Him*
 Whom *Jesus* would have crowned King above ;
 But *Judas* in an heav'nly Diadem
 Would nothing find which might oblige his love ;
 With desperate impudence resolv'd was He
 To earn his torment's Principality.

142.

For hither now hell's anxious *Monarch* came,
 As to the Den of *Avarice* before ;
 When she beheld her dreadful Lord, the *Dame*
 Leap'd from her chair, and met him at the door,
 Where on her face, she humbly asked what
 Occasion brought his *Highness* to her grot.

143.

His red hot iron sceptre *Satan* here
 Reach'd forth for her to kiss in sign of peace :
 Then smiling on her answering face, Most dear
 Of all my Feinds, said he, my bus'ness is
 The weightiest that my Spight e'r undertook,
 Which if it fails, this Sceptre must be broke.

144.

Thou knowst time was when I and thou, did make
 A brave Adventure in the face of Heav'n,
 When at our Courage all the spheres did quake,
 And *God* was to his utmost thunder driven ;
 His Throne stood trembling at our rival Power,
 And had our foot not slipp'd, all had been our.

145.

But that Mishap's too sleight and weak to break
 The strength of our immortal Pride ; forbid
 It all my Hell, that *Belshazzar* should make
 Truce with that Tyrant who disherited
 Him of his starry Kingdom : No ; I may
 Perchance be beaten, but will ne'r obey.

146.

I am resolv'd to find Him work as long
As *He*, and his *Eternity* can last ;
My Spirit never must forget that wrong
Which me into this hateful Dungeon cast :
Nor need I fear Him now, since I can be
But still in Hell, should He still conquer me.

147.

Full well I know his spight : had any Place
Been worse than this, he would have damn'd Us thither :
Yet He, forsooth, must be the *God of grace*,
Of Pity, and of Tenderness the Father :
And silly Men believe him too ; but We
More wit have bought than so befool'd to be.

148.

For be he what he will to Men ; to Us
He is a sworn and everlasting Foe.
And is 't not just, He who maligns Us thus,
Should find that *Devils are immortal too* ?
I would not wrong Him ; yet mine own must I
Not clip, to save intire his Majesty.

149.

My noble Will He never yet subdued,
And I am now too old to learn to bow :
Upon my youth his utmost strength He shewed,
Yet tender though I was, himself doth know
Ev'n then I yielded not : And shall this fist
Now brawny grown, the Tyrant not resist ?

150.

It must and shall : my Confidence beats high ;
For now on even ground our fight shall be.
He from steep slippery heav'n is come ; and my
Footing on earth as sure as His will be.
Besides, should we miscarry, We are there
Nearer our hell, and no deep fall can fear.

151.

Yet that we may unlucky Chance defy,
Wise *Treason* must direct our Project's way :
Lend thou thine aid, and let th' iniquity
Of *Fate* or *Fortune*, if it can, say nay.
How oft when *Rams* in vain have push'd the Wall,
Have cunning Underminings made it fall :

152.

It can be no dishonor now, since *He*
Hath in the vile hypocrisy of Dust
And Ashes hid his heav'nly Majesty,
For *Belshazzar* on Fraud to build his trust.
'Tis true, I scorn to trace his steps ; yet may
I justly Him in his own Coin repay.

153.

Come, let's away : with hate to *Christ* I burn
More than with all my kingdom's flames. I swear

By my bright *Mother*, th' undefiled *Morn*
(A fairer Virgin than the Carpenter
Chose when he hew'd out Him ;) by this my Crown,
And Horns, I'll win his blood, or lose mine own.

154.

The cursed Souls within all heard him swear,
And clapp'd with damned joy their flaming pawes,
Hoping some fresh Companions destin'd were
To share in pangs with them : Hell op'd its jaws ;
Earth split into a mighty gap ; and He
Ascended with his Handmaid *Treachery*.

155.

Then having melted both himself, and Her
Into the next Wind's pliant lap he met,
He sliely flew to *Juda's* bosom ; where
In with his breath he unperceived shot.
Thus other Plagues infused in the air
With pois'nous stealth down to the Heart repair.

156.

As when a Tyrant hath usurp'd the Crown,
The Arms and Ensigns of the rightful Heirs
He blurs, and tears, and pulls their Statues down,
And in their rooms his own with triumph rears ;
Leaving no Sign to make the People dream
Of any Sovereign extant now but him :

157.

So *Satan* acts his spight in *Juda's* breast ;
All characters which were ingraven there
Of his leige Lord and only Master *Christ*,
His mighty Miracles, his Love, his fear,
His heav'nly Life and doctrine, he defaces,
And every line of Piety erases.

158.

Then by the help of those Allies, which He
Had there confederated (*Avarice*
The Mother of all Mischiefs, *Treachery*
The dextrous Midwife,) he erecteth his
Black standard in th' *Apostate's* wretched heart,
And thence his Conquest spreads to every Part.

159.

For *Judas* now breaths nothing else but Hell,
Whose fumes are tumbling all about his brain ;
With plots of spight and rage his fancies swell,
And with contrivances of cursed Gain.
No fury ever hatch'd such thoughts as He,
Nor brought forth such portentuous Villainy.

160.

O *Treachery* how desperately blind
And foolish is thy piercing Policy,
Which trembles not an headlong way to find
How to betray its own Felicity ;
Which ventures to project Destruction for
The Universe's only *Saviour* !

161.

O *Avarice*, how flat Idolatry
Is thine, who canst *vile rusty Wealth* prefer
Before the *King of heav'nly Majesty*
Whose beams than all thy Gold more golden are ;
Who canst adore what *Cankers* feed on, and
Scorn *Him* on whom bright *Cherubim* attend !

162.

Judas, the Slave of *Gain*, resolves to sell
His most inestimable *Lord* ; though He
And He alone, his thirsty soul could fill
With all the Riches of Eternity ;
But *Avarice* his heart doth so bewitch
That *Heav'n* he 'l sell, and only to be rich.

163.

His Chapmen are the *Priests* ; for they who had
Betray'd God's sacred *House* to Merchandise,
Will make no scruple to extend their trade,
And count *God* saleable : but in the price
They thrifty are, and beat their market low ;
But *Thirty silver paces* they 'l bestow.

164.

They little think their Heirs in time to come
Will scorn this sneaking Copy, and find reason
With lusty generosity to make their Sum
Suit with the brave Magnificence of Treason ;
When for a King (how much less precious?) they
Two hundred thousand Pounds will freely pay.

165.

Fy sordid *Caiaphas*, and *Annas* fy !
Your *Law* cries shame of this *unworthy Rate* ;
Consult your Books, and see if *Equity*
Has not the *meanest Man* esteemed at
Full fifty Shekels :¹ and will noble you
For *God and Man* no more than thus allow !

166.

His Worth has *Jesus's Godhead* lower sunk
Than is the vilest Wight's that breaths your air ?
Bid but like Chapmen ; of your credits think
And by the precious Ware your Offer square.
O could you purchase Him aright, the Prize
Would make you rich in all felicities.

167.

But thou improvident *Judas*, since thou art
Resolved Him to sell whose value is
Beyond the power of Arithmetick Art
To reckon up, proportion but thy Price
In some more near degree : let thy Demand
Make Buyers what they purchase understand.

168.

Ask all the gold that rolls on *Indus's* shore,
Ask all the treasures of the *Eastern Main*,

Ask all the Earth's yet undiscovered Ore,
Ask all the Pearls and Gems where Lustres reign,
Ask *Herod's* checker, ask the *Highpriest's* Crown,
Ask *Cesar's* mighty scepter and his throne.

169.

Ask all the silver of the glistering Stars,
Ask all the gold that flames in *Titan's* eyes,
Ask all the Jewels of *Aurora's* Tears,
Ask all the Smiles and Beauties of the Skies,
Ask Paradise, ask whatsoever can
Or cannot given be by God or Man.

170.

Trade not with these, the worst of Chapmen, who
So foully under-rate thy Merchandise :
To *John*, to *Andrew*, or to *Peter* go,
Who knowing 'tis past knowledge, know the price
Of their invaluable *Lord* ; and see
What for their Live's best *Life* they 'l profer Thee.

171.

Try what the *Virgin-mother* will bestow
For Whom she values dearer than her heart ;
Proclaim thy Market unto *Heav'n*, and know,
Whither wise *Seraphs* will not gladly part
With more than *thirty silver pieces* for
Him, whom with prostrate faces they adore.

172.

Or have but patience to see what *He*,
Not for his own, but for thy *Life* will give ;
And at what charge his Charity will be
Thee from that killing Bargain to reprieve.
Suspect not that his Poverty is poor :
Thou keepst his Bag, but keepst not all his store.

173.

Alas, though every Sin be *Blindness*, yet
Hell knows no Crime so full of pitch as this,
Nor doth the Sun of human Reason set
In any Night so black as *Avarice* :
Darkness ne'r sate so thick on *Egypt's* brow,
As on the mental eyes of *Judas* now.

174.

Urge him no more with *Sense* and *Reason* ; He
Against those tides is stify set to row ;
For since no God but *Money* he can see,
He nothing sees at all, and cares not how
He makes his desperate Bargain, so he may
Have but this *wretched Sum* in ready Pay.

175.

Thus *Jesus's* Wisdom had contriv'd to shew
The mighty patience of his Goodness ; who
Though from *Heav'n's* Glory his bright self he threw
Into the arms of dust and shame, that so
Man's cursed Seed he might redeem to Bliss,
Sold by ungrateful *Man's* perverseness is.

¹ *Levit.* 27. 3.

176.

And now the chink of his adored Coin
 Sounds in his Purse, the *Traitor* hasts to be
 As good 's his wicked word, and is in pain
 Till forth he brings his hired *Treachery*.
 He thinks it an unworthy odious crime,
 To cheat the *Priests*, who thus had trusted him.

177.

(O *Enigmatical Wickedness!* that He
 To whom his Heav'nly *Lord's* all-precious Love
 Could seem no bond of Faithfulness, should be
 By this most vile obligation bound, and prove
 So faithful to his foes! this, *Psyche*, this
 A knotty riddle to thy *Phylax* is.

178.

So strange a thing is Man's mysterious Heart,
 No Angel's Eye can through its secrets run :
 To sound this bottom is the sovereign Art
 And Privilege of *God* himself alone :
 A certain proof that his sole fingers did
 Write those dark Lines, which only He can read.)

179.

The *Caytiff* therefore, loth his plot should fail
 And *Treason's* matchless credit be prevented ;
 Begg'd some assistance, that he might assail
 Omnipotence the surer, and indented
 To have an armed Guard : the *Priests* were glad
 To see the Man so desperately mad.

180.

A Band they had, and of commanded Men
 Whose Hearts were iron, and whose Foreheads brass :
 No Boars or Tigres ever could outrun
 Their fury, when their aim at mischief was :
 Right Sovereign were these Monsters, had it not
 Been for their *Master's* and *Iscariot*.

181.

With churlish Clubs were some appointed, some
 With keen and thirsty Swords, but all with *Spight* :
 In front of whom new *Captain Judas* came,
 Resolv'd to slay, but yet afraid to fight :
 For *Cowardise* in *Treason's* essence rests,
 Which fraud or number more than *Valor* trusts.

182.

The Ensigns of this Band of Night-birds were
 Suspicious Lanthorns, and bold Torchcs, which
 With glaring beams awak'd the Midnight Air,
 Whose groping silent shades startled by such
 Unseasonable Apparitions, fled
 Behind the Hills and Trees to hide their head.

183.

Thus having marched over *Cedron*, they
 To yonder *Garden* came, too sweet a place

To be this *Mischief's* scene ; but yet his Prey
 Th' insidious *Serpent* ventured to chase
 In sweetest *Eden* ; and *Iscariot*, who
 His footsteps traced, hither chose to go.

184.

Thy sacred *Lord* with his Disciples, there
 Retired was, and now began to pray :
 When lo, a *Spectacle* of direr fear
 March'd full against his single face, than *They*
 Whose armed spight approach to sacrifice
 His Patience to contempts and cruelties.

185.

A black and labouring *Cloud* hung o'r his Head,
 In which his *Father* veil'd his gracious Eyes ;
 Yet through that pitch his dreadful Arm he spread,
 And reach'd it down to Earth : from angry Skies
 The Lightning never with such terror broke,
 Nor Thunder's trump the Rocks and Mountains shook.

186.

For in his Hand a mighty *Cup* he held,
 In which he made all *Horrors* boil and flame :
 Unto the brim's vast circle it was fill'd
 With all the World's excrementitious stream,
 Which *Vengeance* kindling with her fiery breath
 Had turn'd into the *Ocean of Death*.

187.

That *Universal Taint* whose rankling flood
 From *Adam's* veins through all his Race had run,
 Met in this *Sink*, and joyned with the Brood
 Of every singular *Transgression* :
 Besides, about the *Cup* each several *Pang*,
 Which every several *Sin* deserv'd, was hung.

188.

Had now the sublimated Soul of *Gall*,
 Had all the *Deaths* which live in *Thessaly*,
 Had every *Cockatrice's* egg, had all
 The maws of *Dragons*, had the Tyranny
 Of *Spight* her self, or had the odious flood
 Of *Anna's*, *Caiaphas's*, *Iscariot's* Blood.

189.

Had *Styx*, had *Phlegeton*, had all that *Wits*
 Have fain'd, and all that *Justice* made in Hell,
 Had all the *Flames* which *Etna's* furnace spits
 Had all the *Stinks* which in the *Dead Sea* dwell,
 Had all the *Poisons* of each *Serpent's* tongue
 Which *Lybia* frights, into the *Cup* been wrung.

190.

The Draught had *Nectar* been compar'd to this :
 Yet loe the monstrous Mixture to the lip
 Of *Sweetness's* own *Lord* presented is.
 O *Psyche*, how shall he digest this *Cup*,
 Which were the *Sons of Adam* forc'd to drink,
 The World would drowned be in its own Sink ?

191.

But well He knew the *Hand* which lov'd his Cheeks
 When he in Bliss's bosom made his nest ;
 And though so strange an Offer now it makes,
 'Tis still the same : and how can he resist
 What his dear *Father* tenders him, although
 The *Cup* with *Horror's own* heartblood do's flow !

192.

Were it as wide and deep and full again,
 This *Thought* alone commands it to be sweet ;
 And till he drink its Pangs he is in pain,
 So valiant's his *Obedience*, and so great
 His *Love to Man*, who else must needs have quaff'd
 This dismal Boul, and perish'd in the Draught.

193.

But then this *Thought* was justled by another,
 For He himself was *passive Flesh and Blood* :
Nature (whose earnest voice who e'r could smother ?)
 Up in her own defence right strongly stood ;
 For who can willingly be headlong hurl'd
 Into that *Gulf* which would devour the World ?

194.

O how He struggled in this mighty strait,
 Being *himself with his brave self to fight* !
 Had all the *Center's* most compacted Weight
 Pitch'd on his heart, the burden had been light,
 And easy unto that which squeezed He
 Endur'd in this *heroick Agony*.

195.

In vain should I contend to represent
 What no Comparison's excess can reach ;
Unknown, unknown the Sorrows were which spent
 Their fury on his Patience, and such
 As none but He himself could measure, who
 Resolv'd to grapple with the Soul of Woe.

196.

The Contestation grew so hot within
 That all his bosom fell on flaming fire ;
 And from that melting furnace, through his skin
 Thick Proofs of monstrous Fervor did transpire ;
 For at the mouth of every labouring pore
 Not watery Sweat, but Blood broke ope its door.

197.

O matchless *Combat* ! whose mysterious power
 Without the edge of sword, or point of dart
 Could cloth Him round with lamentable gore,
 And wound him from within ; whilst every Part
 Rack'd and transfixed with intestine strains,
 In streams of purple tears bewail'd its pains.

198.

Down to the *Ground* this sweating Torrent pour'd,
 From off its Face to wash the barren *Curse* ;

Whilst moated in *his melted self*, thy *Lord*
 The noble fight did freshly reinforce :
 His *Mortal Passion* three stout Onsets gave
 To his *Immortal Piety* and *Love*.

199.

Father, he cry'd, by that thy *tender Name*,
 Thy most afflicted *Son* commiserate :
 If *Mercy's* wisdom any way can frame
 How to relieve me from this dismal fate ;
 O let thine *Hand*, which brings this *Cup* to me,
 Remove, with it, my *Woe's* extremity.

200.

But strait by most athletic bravery
 Mounting above himself, he nobly cries,
 Although all *Bitterness* triumphant be
 In this one *Cup*, it must and shall suffice
 That from thy *Hand* it comes : thy sovereign Will
 And not mine own, shall be my *Pleasure* still.

201.

Thus when his adamant Fate doth call
 The *Phoenix* to his grave ; though *Life's* strong plea
 Urges his stay, yet to his *Funeral*
 He flies with joyful grief ; where generously
 Blowing the fire with's wings' applauding breath,
 To hatch his End he broods his *flaming Death*.

202.

Thus reverend *Abraham* when his *God's* Command
 Sent him to bath his sword in *Isaac's* blood,
 Divided was in his own bowels, and
 With his stout self in competition stood ;
 Till valourous *Piety* her powers strain'd,
 And th' arduous *Laurel* of *self-conquest* gain'd.

203.

But when thy mighty *Lord* atchieved had
 This triple Conquest : *Judas* and his Rout
 Like hungry bears into the Garden made,
 And for their booty rang'd and rov'd about ;
 Not knowing *He* as ready was to be
Betray'd, as they to act their *Treachery*.

204.

For like a known victorious Champion, who
 Before his other *Foes* hath conquer'd *Fear*,
 He meets their Rage ; demanding, whom with so
 Untimely strange a chase they hunted there.
 Them, and their *Spight's* design ful well he knew,
 Yet this brave *Challenge* in their face he threw.

205.

Jesus of *Nazareth* we seek, said they.
 Alas, blind Souls, *He* came to seek out you,
 And lead you safely in the *King's high way*
 Up to his Realm above, that on your brow
 The Crown of Bliss might ever shine : but ye
 In nothing would be found but *Treachery*.

206.

Nor They, nor his own *Judas, Psyche*, knew
Thy *Spouse's* face; which as it flam'd before
With royal beauty, so was clouded now
And smear'd in's bloody *Agonistik* Gore.

Thus like some dusky *Meteor Phœbus* shows
When an Eclipse has quench'd his glittering brows.

207.

But *He*, who would not be unknown to those
Who came to suck what blood was left behind;
(That blood which burned in his veins, till loose
It got, and flow'd like his liberal Mind.)

Reverts his Look with graceful Majesty,
And champion-like professes, *I am He*.

208.

If ever thou hast seen what killing Dread
Base-hearted Traitors doth arrest, when by
Their injur'd Sovereign discovered
Their naked Treason feels his awful Eye;
Treble this fright, and then compute what fear
Shot through the Souls of these vile Caytiffs here.

209.

A stream of horror drove them trembling back,
And overwhelm'd them flat upon the ground;
Deep in the Gulph of which dismaying wrack
Their shivering spirits had been for ever drown'd,
Had *He* to Mercy's shore not snatch'd out them,
The Tempest of whose fury storm'd at Him.

210.

O how will they endure his radiant Eyes,
Which all this World on flaming fire shall set;
When He in triumph sweeping through the skies
Shall hither come, and mounted on his great
Tribunal, once again cry, *I am He*;
No more the *Prey*, but *Judge of Treachery*.

211.

When they no Lantern's, nor no Torch's light,
Nor *Judas's* conduct any more shall need;
But by *Our Trumpet's* Death-awakening fright
Be summon'd from their dust, and hurried
Up to the Bar of Heav'n's all-dooming *Sen*;
Whom then they would not find, but cannot shun.

212.

But Bridling now this guilt-appalling splendor,
And cov'nanting, that his *Disciples* may
Safely retreat, He condescends to render
Himself to his unworthy foes, who lay
Quaking before him, and had quite forgot
Their own fell envy, and the *Highpriest* Plot.

213.

But feeling Life afresh their Bosoms beat,
And seeing *Jesus* upon yielding, (since

For all his braving flash, he stoop'd to *Treat*,)
They heartned up their frighted impudence,
And feared not to hope, that they might now
Safely as furious as their wishes grow.

214.

For as a Serpent brus'd and foll'd, if she
Spies any ways to reinforce her fight,
Her crest and looks she rears, and venturously
Advanceth both her wrath and bane to spit:
So started up these *Elves*, and cheer'd their head
(And this *Iscaiot* was) to do the Deed.

215.

When lo, *strange He*, forgetful of the *Fall*,
From which he rose but now, and fearing not
The hazard of a greater, muster'd all
His Impudence's power; and to get
The fame of *second Lucifer*, led up
Against the *Lord of Hosts* his desperate Troop.

216.

Yet golden was the Arrow that he shot,
Burnish'd with fair and complemental grace;
Though in as mortal venom dipp'd as that
Which slew *Eve's* Heart, when she saluted was
By Fair-tongu'd *Hell*, and by the *Tempter* driven
With courteous treason from her *Barthly Heaven*.

217.

Hail, Master, was the Word: What Ear could now
Disrelish such a sugar'd Noise as this!
Can discord's killing-jars be taught to grow
Upon a bed of Musick? *Master* is
The phrase of service; *Hail* of Love; yet He
Could make this sweet salute *insidious* be.

218.

And when his faithless *Tongue* her part had done,
His *Lips* succeeded in the *Treachery*,
With flattering-bloody malice venturing on
The very face of *highest Majesty*;
For, that his cursed Project might not miss,
He seal'd it on his *Master* with a *Kiss*.

219.

O Wit of Treason! which abuseth thus
The *Paronymph* of gentlest Courtesy
Into the *Bawd* of deepest Barbarousness!
Monstrous *Iscaiot* how dost thou by thy
Inhumane Kindness, both a *Traitor* prove
Of *Love's* great *Master*, and the *Pledge of Love*.

220.

Is not a *Kiss* the soft and yielding Sign
Which claps the *Bargain of Affection* up:
The sweetly-joyous *Marriage* between:
The tenderest *Pair of Lovers*, *Lip* and *Lip*:
The closing *Harmony*, which when the *Tongue*
Has done its best, completes the *pleasing Song*?

221.

Is not a *Kiss* that *Mystick Stamp*, which though
It sinks not in, yet deep *Impressions* leaves :
The *smooth Conveyance of the Soul*, which through
The closed Mouth her thrilling self derives :
Th' *Epitomy of genuine Salutation*,
And *Modesty's most graceful Copulation* ?

222.

Is not a *Kiss* the dearly-sacred *Seal*
Which cements happy *Friends'* concurring hearts ?
Must this *betrayed* be ! Must faithless *Hell*
Truth's daintiest Soder taint ! Must *Hatred's Arts*
Be clothed in the delicatest *Dress*
Of courteous *Peace* and amorous *Tenderness* !

223.

Must sweet *Arabia's* beds belch out a *Stink*
Outpois'ning all the Bane of *Thessaly* !
Must milky *Lilies* stain their leaves with *Ink* !
Thick-lin'd with *Thorns* must *Buds of Roses* be !
Must *Harshness* lurk in *Down* ! Must *Honey* flow
With *Gall* ! Must *summer Gales* bring *Ice* and *Snow* !

224.

O what will *Treason* not presume to do,
Which more than all these strange *Mutations* makes
In this one venturous Fact of *Judas* ; who
By *Love's* delicious *Tye* all *Friendship* breaks ;
Who biteth with his *Lips*, not with his *Teeth*
And plots to *Kiss* his dearest *Lord* to death.

225.

Who teacheth all *Succeeding Traitors* how
To mask with burnish'd *Gold* that rankling *Brass*
Of *Impudence*, which arms their sullen brow ;
To tip *Rebellion* with meek *Lies* ; to grace
Their arrogant *Treaties* with submissive *Words*
Whilst at their *Sovereign's* heart they aim their swords.

226.

But though *Iscaiot* his own *Love* betrays,
His *Lord's* triumph's beyond all *Treachery*,
Resolv'd against the *Traitor's* *Rege* to raise
An higher counter-work of *Lenity* :
Though *Jesus* yields his mighty self, he will
Intire maintain his *tender Pity* still.

227.

He call'd no *Lightning* from the *Clouds*, or from
His dared *Eyes* to flash on *Judas's* face,
And stamp upon his *Lips* that flaming doom
Which due to their blood-thirsty *Flattery* was :
He charg'd not *Earth* her dreadful mouth to ope,
And evermore this hellish *Kisser's* stop.

228.

O no ! with heav'nly *Tenderness* he cry'd,
Friend wherefore art thou come ? strange *Miracle*

Of most affronted *Patience*, which vy'd
With *Spight's Excess* ! upon the face of *Hell*
Shall *Friend's* celestial Name be printed by
Him who beholds and feels its *Treachery* !

229.

Is foul *Ingratitude*, rank *Apostasy*,
Right down *Rebellion*, into *Friendship* turn'd ?
Or rather has not this *Disciple* by
His curs'd *Revolt*, a *Fury's* title earn'd ?
And will his *wronged Lord* by none but this
Sweet *Name*, revenge his most invenom'd *Kiss*.

230.

O *Psyche*, *Jesus* tortured was to see
His *Foe* himself down into *Tortures* throw ;
And by this *Charm's* inviting *Suavity*
Back into heav'n endeavor'd him to draw :
He knew *Love's* *Cords* were strong, and strove by these
To pluck him from his gulf of *Miseries*.

231.

Why art thou come, thy *Friend* to undermine ?
Why art thou come, with arms against a *Lamb* ?
Why art thou come, to loose what would be thine ?
Why art thou come, to gain eternal shame ?
What means this madly-mighty *Preparation*,
For thy *Lord's* death, and for thine own *Damnation* ?

232.

I in its natural *Language* will thy *Kiss*
Kindly interpret, and to it reply
In that dear dialect, if thou to *Bliss*
At length wilt yield, and in my *Nursery*
Of heav'nly *Plants* enjoy thy ready room :
Say then my *Friend*, O say, *Why art thou come ?*

233.

Thus did the *Prince of Sweetness* woe and plead :
But this deaf *Serpent* stopp'd his cursed ear.
The stubborn bolt of *thirty Pieces* made,
Forbade all holy *Charms* to enter there.
When lo, the *Soldiers*, knowing now their *Prey*,
On *Jesus* fell, and hurried him away.

234.

The *Spouse of Souls* was thus, for love of thee
Psyche, and all his other *Brides*, content
By *Judas* to be vilely sold, and be
Insidiously destroy'd in *Compliment*.
Shrink not if thy near Friends abuse thy love,
Since God's own Favorite could so faithless prove.

235.

And let the *World* by this one *Copy* learn
That *hell-brad Boldness* is not strange or new ;
By which most foster'd favour'd *Creatures* turn
Fairtongued Enemies, and lead a *Crew*
Of *Miscreants* arm'd with bloody-meek *Pretences*
Against the *Powers* and *Persons* of their *Princes*.

236.

But mighty matter 'tis of Wonder, that
They who have seen what gains *Iscaariot* made,
Are not astonished with horror at
The thought of following his accursed Trade ;
But desperately forget what Him befel,
Him, their abhorred *Usher into Hell*.

237.

For when no Mercy could th' *Apostate* win
To entertain his Pardon, *Vengeance* made
Just haste to pour her self upon his Sin ;
Whilst *Satan*, of her fierce concurrence glad,
His Treason in its proper coin repay'd,
And this *Betrayer* fatally *betray'd*.

238.

Sæ to the Garden's grimmest corner, where
Thoughtful disconsolate Night sate thick and black,
Lash'd him aside ; and having fitted there
The implements of her infernal Rack,
With studied fury, not his body, but
His captivated Soul on it She put.

239.

For, by a Torch, which glar'd with hellish light,
She to *Iscaariot's* intellectual eyes
Her dismal Self display'd : Excessive fright
Did strait his wretched helpless heart surprise ;
Each joint and member quak'd and sweat ; and He
Felt in this Garden too *his Agony*.

240.

He saw dire *Belzebub's* sulphurous Look
Boiling with swarthy fire ; his Horns he saw
High mounted on his head, which as he shook
His Hair's intangled Snakes their knots did know :
He saw his adamant Nails and Paws,
His steely Teeth, his brazen gaping Jaws.

241.

He saw the Tempest of his flaming breath
Which gloomy volumes spew'd of stinking smoke :
He saw the windows of eternal Death
Flung open in his staring Eyes, whose stroke
Slew him alive : he saw his iron Mace,
His burning Feet, and his enraged Face :

242.

He saw his forked Tail in triumph thrown
Upon his shoulder, and his ireful Brow
With cruel scorn contracted in a frown :
Rampant *Implacability* he saw
In every gesture, and too plainly read
The full Description of *Immortal Dread*.

243.

Profoundly learn'd that Lesson made him in
The mighty Volumes of his own Distress :

The more he look'd, the more in every line
He found himself so lost, that no Redress
Could glimmer in his damped Hopes, or cheer
His woful Desolation's hemisphere.

244.

When lo, stern *Lucifer* threw out his hand,
And by her throat his guilty Conscience took ;
And now, he cry'd, I'll make thee understand
What thou hast chose, and what thou hast forsook :
Mark well this dainty *Pair of Damsels*, which
Could from thy God and Heav'n thy Love bewitch.

245.

Which said, he op'd to his astonish'd view
The face of his adored *Avarice*,
And *Treachery* ; not in their former hue
Of borrowed smiles and outside comeliness,
But in their naked native filth : and then
Shaking his Horns and Paws, he thus went on :

246.

Maddest of Fools, how many Hells dost thou
Deserve, who with such *Hags* couldst fall in love,
When *Jesus* woo'd thy heart? these *Hags*, which now
Th' hast paid so dearly for, must, doubtless prove
Sweet Brides, and precious adorn thy Bed
Which in the bottom of my Realm is spread.

247.

If they have any feature, joint, or lim
Which is not horrid ; may my Scepter break,
And may my royal Tongue no more blaspheme.
For once I tell thee true, and thou mayst take
The Devil's word, in monstrous ugliness
I know no *Furies* who thy Wives surpass.

248.

And was thy *Lord* so vile a Thing, that He
Might not with *These* in competition stand !
Were thy unthankful Eyes e'r grac'd to see
A face so rich in *purest* Beauties, and
Majestick Graces, as in His did shine,
Making *Humanity* appear Divine ?

249.

Most stupid Sot ! how oft didst thou behold
Divinity from his great Hand break out !
How oft has his *Omnipotence* control'd,
And put my stoutest *Legions* to rout !
Yet still with desperate devotion thou
(And here he beat the *Soul*,) to Me wouldst bow.

250.

Nay never houl ; 'tis but the Earnest, this,
Of what 's to come : Thou needs wouldst bow to Me,
Of whom that *Christ* the well-known Conqueror is :
He threw me down from heav'n's Sublimity
Into that Pit of Pangs, where I am now
The damned *Sovereign of such as Thou*.

251.

Hadst not as good have bow'd to mightier Him,
Whose *Yoke* thou wouldst have lighter found than mine?
I tell thee *Judas*, I am but a grim
And rugged Lord; what Prizes once I win,
I grasp for ever, and shall make them fry
In Torment's bottomless extremity.

252.

And can my Hell, and everlasting Spight,
Put on the looks of such prevailing Worth
As *Jesus*'s value to outshine! Can Night
Day's lustre dazel! brings *Damnation* forth
Such strong Temptations? can eternal Bliss
Not woe and win as potently as this!

253.

Sure Hell and Death are gallant Things, and I
Must not allow thee them, until thou hast
In all the storms of Hate and Infamy
Which *Salem*, or the *World* can raise, been tost.
This Preface shall for that eternal Smart
Which gapes and longs for thee, prepare thine heart.

254.

Go then, the Age's Blot and Monster, go;
Let every Mouth spit on thy hated head;
Let every Tongue thy way with Curses strow;
Let every Hand be arm'd to strike thee dead;
Let every Eye abhor thy baleful sight;
Let all the World revenge thy traiterous Spight.

255.

Let every mad Dog bark and snarl at thy
More currish Look; Let every Night-raven groan
Thy funeral knell; Let every Scritch-owl's Cry
Teach thee to tune Death's Ejulation;
Let every direful Mandrake's killing Shriek,
Thy ears, thy comforts, and thy heart-strings break.

256.

Let Heav'n frown on thee, and the starry Host
Pour on thy soul their angriest influence, who
Their and thine own great Lord betrayed hast;
In one vast bolt let all God's Thunders now
Conjoin their Wrath to tear obdurate Thee
Who by no Mercy mollify'd wouldst be.

257.

That Stroke will ram thee down into thy Death,
Thy dear-earn'd Death of never-dying Pain;
Where melted by my flaming eyes and breath,
Thy thirty silver pieces I will drain
Into thy heart; that thou mayst shriek and roar
Whilst there they burn and boil for evermore.

258.

This said; th' insulting Prince of Tyranny
A while withdrew, and rested confident

To see *Maturity* get wings, and fly
To overtake his Plot: yet e'r he went,
Seven times he thresh'd the Conscience with the flail
Of his enormous poison-pointed tail.

259.

As when the *Deluge* in the youth of Time
Broke out upon the World, and with a Sea
Of universal Wo surpriz'd the Crime
Which dar'd just *Vengeance*'s Severity;
Those bold Delinquents saw their opened graves
In *Desperation* first, then in the Waves:

260.

So *Judas* taken in this mighty flood
Of deepest *Anguish*, had no power of thinking
Which way to scape, or that his *Saviour's Blood*
Might drown that Sea in which he now was sinking.
O no! the thought of that pure Blood alone
Pour'd on his face *Guilt's blushing Ocean*.

261.

Since more in *Money* he his Trust, than in
His God had put; he dares not harbour hopes
That *Mercy* now could reach his heightened Sin:
A gap by fear to *Impudence* he opes;
For by this wretched Dread of Goodness he
Gives flat defiance to its Lenity.

262.

Revenge he sees full aiming at his head,
He sees his *Treason* flashing in his face,
He sees the World's just Anger marshalled
Against his odious Crime; hee sees the place
Deep in the heart of Hell, where damned He
Designed is for evermore to be.

263.

With that, his cloths, his hair, his flesh he tore,
He roar'd, he rav'd, and thus to *Cursing* fell:
May that unhappy Day be read no more
In any Calendars but those of Hell:
Which to this baleful Life did me betray,
A Life to living Death the dying way.

264.

Curs'd be my Father, who a Brat begot
The Heir to nothing but to Hate and Woe:
And curs'd be my Mother's womb, whose hot
Pleasures at my Conception, only to
Those hotter Pains prepar'd the path for me
Who now in fire's deep womb conceiv'd must be.

265.

Curs'd be those Paps, which nourish'd me, when my
Young Innocence might happily, have dy'd:
Curs'd be my tender Nurse, who feared by
Sure Poison's courtesy, in death to hide
Me from this deadlier Night: and curs'd be
All sicknesses which would not murder me.

266.

Curs'd be this Hand, which often ready had
A Knife, and yet forbore my throat to cut :
Curs'd be these feet, which often travelled
Over the brows of Precipices, yet
Would never stumble, that I might have fell
Then but to Earth, who tumble now to Hell.

267.

Curs'd be the Day, which first acquainted me
With *Jesus*, and my ominous Name inroll'd
Amongst his blessed *Chaplains*; Cursed be
That Thirst of Wealth, by which my self I sold
More sadly than my *Master*; Curs'd be all
The gravely-wicked *Chapmen*, and the *Sale*.

268.

Curs'd be this *Garden*; upon every bed
May fatal Hemlock, Wolfbane, Poppy grow;
May Adders, Basilisks, and Vipers feed
Their poison here; on every Tree and Bough
May winged Dragons perch, that something may
Resemble *Judas* here another day.

269.

Another Day! O no; may thickest *Night*
Upon this *Scene of Treason* ever dwell;
That neither Sun nor Star may reach their light
More unto this, than to the other Hell.
The bloody beams of *Ghosts* and *fends* will glare
With fittest lustre in this *guilty Sphere*.

270.

But may the deepest of all Execrations
On you my *Thirty Silver Torments* fall:
What Vengeance shall requite those sweet Temptations
Which thus have drown'd me in a Sea of Gall?
Can I no way contrive, base paltry Clay,
How I may you, as you did me, betray?

271.

Down shall I hurry you with me to Hell,
And hold you fast amidst my endless flames;
Or kick you back into your former cell,
The *High-priest's Bag*? this, this to *Judas* seems
The blacker and the crueller Pit; and I
Thither again will damn you instantly.

272.

This said; like that tormented Man in whose
Wild bosom reign'd a *Legion of fends*,
Himself to *Salem* in mad haste he throws,
Where to the Temple he his passage rends;
Not doubting but his *Chapman* he should find
Against their *God* in his own House combin'd.

273.

He found them there, and in among them ran,
Flinging about his hand, his head, his eyes;

And having strein'd his Ejulation
To Horror's tune; my Crime, my Crime, he cries,
Burns in my tortured breast, and domineers
Too fiercely to be quenched by my tears.

274.

No *Expiation* that Altar knows
Which for my monstrous Guilt can satisfy:
My *Master's* blood in such vast torrents flows
On my unpardonable Soul, that I
Am drown'd for ever in my deep Offence,
Being condemned by his *Innocence*.

275.

Take, take your *Trash*; and take my Curse with it:
Hell's gulf devour your Souls. Here first on *Them*,
Then on his *Silver pieces* having spit,
He threw them at their hated heads; and from
The Temple in wild indignation flung,
Raving and cursing as he ran along.

276.

For all the way he thought he struggled through
An army of reviling Detestations:
Over his head his arms this made him throw
To shield it from his own *Imaginations*:
Through which from heav'n and earth such arrows flew
As wounded him at every step anew.

277.

For *Melancholy*, dark as is the Pitch,
Which on *Avernus's* throat so thick doth grow,
Chok'd every glimpse of *Sense* and *Reason* which
Offer'd to dawn in 's bosom's orb, and show
Him by what *torturing Mistakes* he had
Himself unto himself a Tyrant made.

278.

Dive *Melancholy*; which, (though sober she
Whilst young and governable, gains the name
Of *Wisdom's Handmaid*;) when Maturity
Strengthens her gloomy poison, turns her tame
Hypocrisy to headlong Madness, and
All other *Feinds* in Fury doth transcend.

279.

Thus came he to a silent secret place
Without the Town, yet could not think it so;
But fancied still that all the City was
Hot in the chase of Him his *Saviour's* *Foe*.
Each *Hird* or *fy* that moved, made him start;
Each *Wind* that puffed, blew quite through his heart.

280.

His Eyes distracted were, 'twixt looking up
For fear lest Heav'n should fall upon his head;
And down, lest Earth her dreadful mouth should ope
And snatch him to his grave e'er he were dead:
Till with this Terror tir'd, his breast he stroke,
And into right-down *Desperation* broke.

281.

Adieu all *Hopes*, he cry'd, and *Fears* adieu ;
Come Vengeance come, my heart is ready here.
Back to the *Priests*, I see, in vain, I threw
That *Money*, whose sad burden still I bear ;
Still close and heavy sticks its Rust upon
My gnawed Soul ; and I must be undone.

282.

If *Heav'n* be just, what means its Wrath's delay,
Now it beholds my most-deserving head !
Am I not *Judas* ! did not I betray
Its only *Son* ? Is not my Conscience red
With *Yeshu's* spotless Blood ? and yet can I
Endured be to live, when *He* must die !

283.

At least great *Satan* do not thou deny
Thy *Servant* Pay for that grand Work, which he
Hath compassed with matchless Villany,
In high obedience to thy *Feinds* and *Thees*.
What Soul e'r dared more than I have done,
Or earn'd a *gallanter Damnation* ?

284.

Didst thou not nobly promise me but now
The dearest Torments of thy deepest Jail ?
Deceive me not *again* : if ever thou
Thy Credit tendrest, venture not to fall
Thy trusty *Judas* ; or ne'r hope to see
Man serve thee more ; if thou rewardst not *Me*.

285.

Come then, burn up these Lips which learn'd of thee
Their *killing Kiss* ; Dash out these Brains which thou
Taughtst how to plot, what now I dread to see ;
This Carkase in a thousand pieces throw,
And empty out on every cursed Part
The total rage of thy infernal Smart.

286.

Take this despairing Soul, and let it be
The Prey of thy immortal Furies : 'tis
No groundless challenge ; that, as due to me
I claim the utmost of thy Spight ; unless
Thy Debt's infinitude thou hast forgot ;
Yeshu and *Heav'n* into thine hands I put.

287.

Yeshu and *Heav'n* ; whom I must ever hate,
As having made them my eternal foes :
O how I long to be in that *Free State*
Where generous Blasphemy no bridle knows ;
Where I may Rage as loud's *Heav'n's* Thunders roar,
And, being cursed, curse for evermore.

288.

Here Fury's foaming Tide quite stopp'd his throat :
Yet still he star'd, and struggled with his Grief ;
Still off he tore his hair, his breast he smote,
And through Self-tortures hunted for Relief :
His Tongue he bit because it would not speak,
And stamp'd the Earth which would not open break.

289.

He hideously grinn'd and gnash'd his teeth,
With most importunate frenzy stung, to find
The cruel dalliance of his wooed Death
Which spar'd his Body whilst it slew his Mind :
His sides he griped, and was mad to feel
Hell in himself who long'd to be in Hell.

290.

But as the sullen Fat, and Pitch, and Hair
By *Daniel* cast into the *Dragon's*, throat,
Burned, and roar'd and rag'd, and tumbled there
More furiously than in the boiling Pot ;
Till with importunate swelling torments they
Quite through his monstrous belly burst their way.

291.

So flam'd this Lump of *Horror* and *Despair*
In *Judas's* bosom, till so strong it grew
That all his stretch'd and racked Entrails were
Conquer'd with tortures, and in sunder flew :
His Body split, and through that cruel wound
Pour'd his more barbarous bowels on the ground.

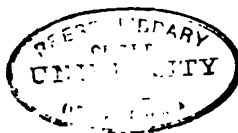
292.

Thus from this Prison his black Spirit ran
Into as black a Jail, prepar'd for it
Full in the center of Damnation ;
Where now it raves in chains at *Satan's* feet :
Enforc'd the pois'nous flames he spews, to drink.
O that all Traitors would of Judas think !



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- STANZA 4, '*belk'd*' = belched.
 St. 16, '*Salvagenesses*' = Savageness.
 St. 47, '*mains*' = manes.
 St. 61, '*Phrygian Monarch*' = Midas.
 St. 70, '*Æruginous*' = rusty.
 St. 77, '*flowing*' = robbing, causing to flow.
 St. 90, '*bunched*' = hunched.
 St. 100, '*condescent*' = condescension.
 St. 104, '*belking*.' See on st. 4.
 St. 109, '*anticks*' = grotesque figures: *ib.* '*Cants*' — see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*: *ib.* '*Cornishes*' = cornices.
 St. 113, '*politure*' = polishing.
 St. 118, '*Catastrophe*'—see Glossarial Index for an anecdote illustrative of this odd use of the word.
 St. 164, '*Two hundred thousand Pounds*' = Charles I.
 St. 219, '*Paranymph*'—see Glossarial Index for illustrations.
 St. 221, '*derives*' = communicates.
 St. 233, '*woe*' = woo. So st. 252.
 St. 255, '*Ejulation*' = lamentation.
 St. 267, '*ominous*' = omen-sounding. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.* G.



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